

THE
E C L E C T I C M U S E U M
OF
FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

From the Edinburgh Review.

- I. *Biographia Britannica Literaria; or, the Biography of Literary Characters of Great Britain and Ireland, arranged in Chronological Order. Anglo-Saxon Period. By Thomas Wright, M. A. Published under the Superintendence of the Royal Society of Literature..* 8vo. London: 1842.
- II. *Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature.* Second Series. Vol. I. 8vo. London: 1843.

So wide is the realm, and so densely peopled with a noisy multitude is the Republic of Letters, that we dare say there are many of our readers who know very little about the Society whose publications invite this notice. Yet it has been a number of years in existence, and was right royally founded and munificently endowed by George the Fourth. Among the literary institutions of the present century it holds a prominent place; and among its members and supporters are many individuals of the highest rank in society, and the highest fame in literature and science. Thus, standing apart from the numerous private associations formed for the cultivation and promotion of particular classes of learning, a brief account of its origin and progress may not be unacceptable. Having all the necessary information at our command, we shall therefore commence with a historical

sketch of this royal foundation, which, though singular, as having emanated spontaneously from the Sovereign, yet presents in its formation, all the features of analagous associations, whether springing from private individuals or learned bodies pursuing similar objects. The original steps taken, the difficulties encountered, the gradual progress, and finally, the maturity of plans resulting in operations and effects which endure for many generations, and have an influence on them all, present details of curious interest, well deserving of literary record.

The "Royal Society of Literature" originated in an accidental conversation between the late learned and worthy Bishop of St. David's (Dr. Burgess, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury,) and an eminent person of the royal household, in October, 1820, respecting the various institutions which adorn the British name and nation. It was agreed that there seemed to be one wanting for the encouragement and promotion of General Literature; and that if a society, somewhat resembling the French Academy of *Belles Lettres*, could be established, it might be productive of great advantage to the cause of knowledge. This suggestion was communicated to Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, and by him mentioned to the King; and his Majesty having expressed his approbation, a general outline of the institution was, by command, submitted to the royal perusal. From seed thus fortuitously scattered, sometimes arise

trees that furnish fruit and shelter to mankind.

In November, the Bishop of St. David's was summoned to Carlton House, for the purpose of devising the best mode of giving effect to the undertaking; and was entrusted with a full commission to arrange the plan of the society. He accordingly invited a few of his personal friends to assist him; and for some time they held frequent (almost weekly) conferences on the subject. Their first meeting took place on the 30th of that month; and the parties present were, besides the Bishop, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, (Mr. Vansittart, now Lord Bexley,) the Right Hon. J. C. Villiers, (the last Lord Clarendon,) and Prince Hoare, Foreign Secretary of the Royal Academy, a gentleman distinguished for his love of learning. Letters were read expressing his Majesty's "eagerness to promote the object" in hand, and appointing an audience for its further consideration. A statement was printed by Mr. John Mortlock, an early friend and member of this initiative committee, and five hundred copies distributed. The title was "Royal Society of Literature for the Encouragement of Indigent Merit,* and the Promotion of General Literature;" but the views and means it recommended were soon greatly modified and altered, to adapt them to the ultimate constitution approved of and munificently endowed by the King. A single part of the plan was, however, immediately acted upon, to give signs of public life in the society—namely, the offer of prizes for the following subjects:—

I. For the King's Premium, One Hundred Guineas—"On the Age, Writings, and Genius of Homer; and on the state of Religion, Society, Learning, and the Arts during that Period: collected from the writings of Homer."

II. For the Society's Premium, Fifty Guineas—"Dartmoor; a Poem."

III. For the Society's Premium, Twenty-five Guineas—"On the History of the Greek Language, and the Present Language of Greece, especially in the Ionian Isles; and on the difference between the Ancient and Modern Greek."

Anticipating somewhat the future result, we may here state, that five candidates appeared within the specified time for the second premium. Two others (as is not unusual with poets) were too late. Their

* At the first subsequent meeting of the committee, these objectionable words were ordered to be cancelled; and the title then stood simply, "For the Encouragement of General Literature."

productions were referred to a sub-committee of seven, and at a meeting in the British Museum, the prize was adjudged to the motto, "Come, bright Improvement;" and the poem, of which two hundred copies were afterwards printed at the expense of the society, was found to be written by Mrs. Felicia Hemans. The other premiums were renewed, the third being increased to fifty guineas, and another, of the like sum, was proposed for the best poem on "The Fall of Constantinople in the XVth century." By March 1822, six Essays were received for the Homeric premium, and ten Poems on the Fall of Constantinople; but only one on the Greek language!

Meanwhile, the Society continued to gather strength, enrolling among its first members the King, who again by letter spoke of "his anxiety for the success of the infant undertaking," the royal Dukes of York and Cambridge, (each subscribing 100 guineas,) the Bishops of Durham, Carlisle, Chester, and Gloucester, Sir M. Tierney, Archdeacon Nares, Dr. Gray, (afterwards Bishop of Bristol,) Sir Alexander Johnston, and others;—several of whom immediately began to take a more or less active part in the proceedings of the committee. Among these, the earliest to be found on the list of attendances, were the Rev. Archdeacon Prosser, the Rev. H. H. Baber, the Rev. Lewis Way, Mr. William Jerdan, the Bishop of Bangor, and Mr. R. Westley Hall Dare. Towards the close of the London spring season of 1821, it was deemed expedient to appoint a provisional council, authorized to act till the Society should consist of two hundred members; and, on the 17th of May, the following were appointed, with three to constitute a quorum. The Bishop of St. David's, president, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Vansittart, the Bishops of Bangor, Lincoln, Chester, Salisbury, Gloucester, Mr. J. C. Villiers, Sir A. Johnston, Sir M. Tierney, Archdeacon Prosser, Dr. Gray, Archdeacon Nares, Messrs. H. H. Baber, George Croly, Taylor Combe, Westley Hall Dare, W. Jerdan, and Prince Hoare. The sittings continued till the 26th of July, there being generally from three to seven or eight members present. To afford an idea of the trouble of working out such a design, we may intimate the number of what may be reckoned little less than preliminary conferences and meetings. The earliest conferences previous to the 30th November, 1820, were followed by fifteen committee meetings between that date and the 17th of May ensuing, when the provisional council was appointed; and during

the remainder of May, June, and July, the council assembled eleven times, and then adjourned till November.

From November to April, 1822, the council continued to attend regularly to the business of the society, and enjoyed the accession of Dr. Richards, who has since bequeathed a legacy of £5000, to promote the objects of the society, which will fall in on a future contingency; of W. Hamilton, Esq., who has long filled, and now fills, the office of foreign secretary; of the Bishop of Carlisle; of A. E. Impey, Esq., who became treasurer, and discharged the duties till very near his death; of the Rev. C. K. Sumner, then librarian to his Majesty at Carlton House, and now Bishop of Winchester; and of Dr. Pearson. But its proceedings were greatly paralyzed by a sinister report, brought before it by one or two of its members of high rank, and using the name of Lord Sidmouth, intimating that his Majesty had withdrawn his countenance, and that he had been mainly influenced to do so by written representations from Sir Walter Scott. Some of the council were for receding, some for giving up, some for modifying, and only two or three for going on. The state of affairs thus became perplexing, and the resolution of the kind-hearted President was somewhat shaken. At length it was determined to ascertain what were the real feelings of the royal founder, and private measures were adopted to obtain this intelligence—such as are resorted to where true and direct information is desired from the heads of palaces and courts. The issue was most satisfactory. A letter addressed to the President, was received from Mr. Hoare, at Brighton, where the King was then residing, in answer to one from a fellow-councillor, Mr. Jerdan, in London, to the effect that “his Majesty’s favor was in no manner withdrawn from the R. S. L.,” that “the question had been asked of the King himself, and that H. M. had expressly declared that *no change* had taken place in his sentiments of regard for the society, nor had the least unfavorable impression been made in his mind respecting it.” But the session was, by this time, too far advanced for much action; and Colonel Leake and Dr. Pearson being added to the council, an offer of the presidency was made to Lord Grenville, who, though warmly approving of the society, declined the honor, in consequence of his retirement from all public business to Dropmore, and other reasons of a personal nature. On the 11th of July, the adjournment till winter took place; and thus

it may be said the second year was spent, if not fruitlessly, yet with very little apparent fruit.

Of the third year, several months were, owing to accidental causes, wasted as before: the election of the Marquis of Lansdowne to the council, and a request that he would accept the office of president, which he also declined, being the most important of the transactions.

Up to this period, the end of February, 1823, nearly two years and a half were consumed before the constitution of the society could be framed, its objects distinctly defined, or any of its details forwarded into execution. The story of its vicissitudes is almost ludicrous, notwithstanding the continued and earnest exertions of the six or eight persons who might be considered the nucleus of its operations. To trace the thousand and one propositions made and discussed—occupying the time, and vexing the labors of this little conclave—might afford a lesson and a warning to all future laborers in the formation of any public establishment. The Royal Society of London objected to the title, and its president, Sir Humphrey Davy, must be met, argued with, and propitiated. Had that of the ‘Royal Academy of Literature’ been assumed, as was advised, the same sort of negotiation would have been necessary with Sir Thomas Lawrence! Separate plans of a constitution and regulations were propounded by Messrs. Hoare, Baber, Nares, Croly, &c., and each demanded its due share of attention: fortunately, the better parts of each were selected and condensed into one paper by Mr. Impey; but then *that* paper had as much of revision bestowed upon it, to fit it for its desired and final purpose, as any other of the endless schemes which every new week produced. Much of the evils experienced were attributable to the irregular attendance of members of the committee and council; some being thus only partially informed of what had been agreed to in their absence. Thus, what was done at one meeting was frequently undone at the next. Now appeared a person of authority, and suggested some new feature, which, being adopted and incorporated with the results of preceding deliberations, was found, on leisurely consideration, to be at issue with a previous rule, or in direct contradiction to the spirit of the whole. Then came a report that such and such a minister had expressed his disapprobation of the project—that such and such an author was hostile to it—that the mind of the King

(as we have already noticed) had been turned against it;—in short, there was a good deal of intrigue and timidity, a good deal of vacillation and want of straightforwardness, which hung up the proceedings from November, 1820, till June, 1823, when a general meeting was held. At this meeting a provisional council was elected, including most of those parties who had taken an active share in the preliminary measures. The Society thus obtained a public *status*; having narrowly escaped being altogether swamped in more than half a dozen instances, when opposition was strong, and rumors of royal indisposition rife. Means having been taken to obtain directly from his Majesty the cordial repetition of his sentiments in favor of his original design, the Bishop of St. David's went to work in earnest; the Constitution and Regulations were completed, and submitted to the King on the 29th of May, and, on the 2d of June, 1823, were finally approved of under the sign-manual. On the 17th the first general meeting ensued; and the following Council and Officers were elected to conduct the proceedings of the now fully constituted Royal Society, with laws and objects organized, and published to the world:—Council, Lords Landowne, Grenville, and Morpeth; Sirs A. Johnson and T. D. Acland; Messrs. F. Chantrey, Taylor Combe, G. Croly, James Cumming, William Empson, Prince Hoare, W. Jerdan, and the Rev. Dr. Gray; Archdeacon Prosser, Dr. Richards, and C. K. Sumner—President, the Bishop of St. David's—Vice-Presidents, the Bishop of Chester, Lord Chief-Justice Abbott, Right Hon. J. C. Villiers, Hon. G. Agar Ellis, (afterwards Lord Dover,) Sir Gore Ouseley, Sir James Mackintosh, Archdeacon Nares, and Colonel Leake—Treasurer, A. J. Impney—Librarian, Rev. H. H. Baber—Secretary, in which office he has continued to act most efficiently for twenty years, the Rev. Richard Cattermole.

Thus terminated three years of doubt, wavering, and uncertainty; and the good work was consummated by a Royal Charter, granted in the sixth year of George IV., in these terms:—‘To our right trusty and well-beloved *Thomas*, by divine permission Lord Bishop of Salisbury, (to which see he had recently been translated from St. David's,) and others of our loving subjects, who have, under our royal patronage, formed themselves into a society for the advancement of literature—by the publication of inedited remains of ancient literature, and of such works as may be of

great intrinsic value, but not of that popular character which usually claims the attention of publishers; by the promotion of discoveries in literature; by endeavoring to fix the standard, as far as practicable, and to preserve the purity of the English language, by the critical improvement of English lexicography; by the reading at public meetings of interesting papers on history, philosophy, poetry, philology, and the arts, and the publication of such of those papers as shall be approved of; by the assigning of honorary rewards to works of great literary merit, and to important discoveries in literature; and by establishing a correspondence with learned men in foreign countries, for the purpose of literary inquiry and information.’

It will be seen that the charter embraces desirable and comprehensive objects: and we believe that most of them have been attempted with greater or less degrees of success, as means and opportunities have permitted. The Society adopted, in 1828, the publication of the ‘*Egyptian Society*’ when *in articulo mortis*; and has since contributed some important researches into the antiquities of Egypt, that interesting cradle of civilization. Towards the reward of eminent literary men, the royal founder enabled it to act with princely liberality, by placing at its disposal no less a sum than eleven hundred guineas a-year; to be bestowed on ten associates for life, to be elected by the Officers and Council, each to receive one hundred guineas per annum; and the remaining hundred guineas to be expended on two golden medals, to be bestowed annually upon individuals whose literary deserts entitled them to the honor. The medals were very handsome, having the head of his Majesty on the obverse, and a whole length figure of Mercury, engraved from a beautiful gem in the Florentine Museum, on the reverse. During the donor's lifetime and reign they were adjudged, we believe, with impartiality and discrimination—in 1824, to Mitford, the historian of Greece, and Angelo Mai, the well-known archeologist; in 1825, to Dr. J. Rennell and Charles Wilkins, both eminent authors; in 1826, to the learned Professor John Schweighæuser of Strasburg, and to Dugald Stewart, the celebrated Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh; in 1827, Southey and Scott were their recipients; in 1828, Crabbe and Archdeacon Coxe; in 1829, Roscoe and Baron Sylvester de Sacy; and in 1830, Hallam and Washington Irving were presented with the last of the fourteen; for, in 1831,

George IV. died, and with him fell to the ground this gratifying bequest. King William, on his accession, had too many and urgent claims upon his private purse to continue the grant; and during the present reign, so friendly to literature and the arts, it has not been recommended, nor has it occurred to Queen Victoria and Prince Albert to follow, in this way, the illustrious example of the founder, whose 'earnest' endeavor to patronize the literature of England, and conciliate foreign sympathy for pursuits confined to no country, thus, as far as the throne was concerned, concluded with him.

The election of the ten royal and *pensioned* associates was a task of still greater responsibility; and how it was discharged the public must judge from the list of names. The following were the ten chosen:—Coleridge, the poet; the Rev. J. Davies, author of *Celtic Antiquities*; Dr. Jameson, the Scottish lexicographer; T. J. Mathias, author of the '*Pursuits of Literature*'; the Rev. J. R. Malthus, author of the celebrated work on '*Population*'; Mr. Millingen, of classic fame; Sir William Ouseley, the Persian traveller; Mr. Roscoe, the biographer of Leo X.; the Rev. H. J. Todd, editor and enlarger of '*Johnson's Dictionary*'; and Sharon Turner, the Saxon and English historian. Of these, Mr. Davies died before the royal bounty lapsed; and Coleridge, Jameson, Mathias, Malthus, Ouseley, and Roscoe, have since trodden the silent path. Three only, Millingen, Todd, and Turner, remain, in honored age, the relics of the learning and personal distinction so honorably recognized by the Royal Society of Literature.

Lord Melbourne, during his administration, made some inquiries respecting those associates who were deprived of a resource on which they had naturally relied for life; and it is to the honor of his government to state, that nearly all, if not all, were placed upon the usual pension list, to the extent of their annual loss; and thus the only difference was the failure of a few years, and the amount not being paid through the medium of the Royal Society of Literature. There was, and is, a second class of associates—an 'honorary' class—which consists of eminent Continental and British scholars. Before concluding this sketch, we may mention that the King, in 1826, made a grant to the Society of the crown land opposite St. Martin's Church; and that the leading and official members among themselves voluntarily subscribed £4300, as a building fund, with which they erected

their present place of meeting. It would be a departure from our purpose to continue this historical sketch to the present day; suffice it to say, that, on the death of the Bishop of Salisbury, the Earl of Ripon was chosen, and continues to be, President; that a valuable library has been formed, and greatly enriched by the lexicographical and antiquarian publications presented by Mr. Todd; that of Papers read at meetings, and furnished by many of the most eminent writers of the age, three quarto volumes have been issued; and that the expense of the biographical works named at the head of this article, as well as a second volume on the Anglo-Norman period, by the same author, now in preparation, has been supplied by the 'generous subscription' of noblemen and gentlemen in ministerial situations, and other long-tried friends of the Society.

It was in his address in 1838, that Lord Ripon, as President, recommended the biographical undertaking just mentioned:—

'I would recommend the publication in parts by, or rather under the superintendence of, the Council of the Royal Society of Literature, of a biographical series, not in the ordinary inartificial and imperfect plan of alphabetical arrangement, but in chronological order—thus obviating the inconvenience of the anachronism which occur between the early and late volumes of a long set, as is the case in Chalmers's Dictionary, which occupied upwards of five years in publication; in consequence of which, notices were given in the latter volumes of persons who had long survived others of whom no mention whatever is made in the earlier sections of the work, while a still greater anachronism occurs from the juxtaposition of men who flourished at the most remote periods from one another; by which means Alfred and Akenside, Wicliffe and Wilmot, Chaucer and Chatterton, are jumbled together in very absurd discrepancy.'

"Another defect of biographical dictionaries is the attempt to render them universal as to all nations, and as to every description of notoriety of character.

"I would endeavor to obviate both these sources of imperfection, by making the proposed biography purely national, and arranging it chronologically by centuries, on which plan each volume might be considered a separate work. The volumes might even be published simultaneously, or, beginning with recent centuries, work upwards to the source; and, in either case, the work would admit of indefinite continuance with the lapse of time, while the earlier portions would never become obsolete, or lose their relative value, as has invariably been the fate of all alphabetical biographies.

"The only attempt on any adequate scale at a national biography, was by the publication, between the years 1747 and 1766, of a "*Biographia Britannica*," of which an enlarged edition was in 1777 undertaken by Dr. Kippis and

others, and slowly continued until the year 1793, when it ceased to appear, having proceeded no further than the letter E. Independent of its vicious alphabetical arrangement, and its bulk and uncertain periods of its publication, enough of cause for its non-acceptance by the public, and consequent abrupt termination, would be found in its injudicious plan of giving the entire text of the former edition, and appending an immense quantity of elaborate and controversial notes, after the manner, but destitute of the critical acumen, of Bayle. A Dictionary of General Biography was soon afterwards compiled and edited by Drs. Aikin and Enfield, without, however, establishing any claim to distinction in the literary world.* Another mode of improving on the crude and desultory character of all existing large works in general biography, would be by a classification of the lives according to the different branches of literature and science to which they were devoted; but this would be attended with great difficulty, in consequence of the versatile pursuits of many distinguished geniuses, who, like Julius Cæsar or our own Alfred, have earned laurels in every field of fame.

"On the whole, therefore, I would repeat the expression of my predilection in favor of the scheme I have proposed; namely, a purely national literary biography, deduced chronologically from the first dawnings of British genius in the seventh century, to the mature, but I trust still far from declining, splendor of its emanations in the nineteenth."

On the execution of the first volume, which has appeared in furtherance of this design, we have now to pass judgment; and we at once concede, that we know of few literary undertakings of the kind which could be accounted more useful or more nationally attractive. A literary history of England—any tolerably correct and ample history—had long been felt as a great desideratum. We are in this respect far inferior to almost all our neighbors in civilized Europe. Nay, not to speak of nations, there is hardly a town of any considerable importance on the Continent which does not form the subject of a literary history. France has long had its *Histoire Littéraire*, begun by the learned Benedictines, and continued by the Institute, the funds being furnished directly by the government; whilst we, who can look to government for no such aid, are far behind, because such a work surpasses the utmost bounds of individual enterprise. It is, however, rather a memorable circumstance, that in the middle ages there were several attempts to form and produce literary biographies, or bibliographies which ran into that character. The performance of John Boston, a monk

of Bury, in the XVth century, remains a marked example of the fact.

But the first author who compiled a detailed literary biography of our island, was Leland, who, profoundly versed in antiquities, fortunately had the opportunity of visiting the monastic libraries just about the time of their dissolution. He made the best use in his power of the information thus snatched as it were from the fire; nevertheless, his manuscript remained *in statu quo* till the last century, when it was disinterred and printed at Oxford. John Bale, the celebrated Reformer, following Leland, used apparently part of his materials, and, with more zeal than judgment, produced his work entitled "The Centuries of British Writers;" which he commences, something like the Welsh pedigree, soon after the Flood. The violent enmity to the "Papists" exhibited in almost every page, soon raised up rivals among the learned Romanists of the sixteenth century, and gave rise to the similar work of the Catholic, Pitsius. These volumes comprehended almost all that we had on their subject till Bishop Tanner composed his "*Bibliotheca Britannico-Hibernica*;" in which was condensed all that had been written by Leland, Bale, Pitsius, and others, with innumerable corrections and additions. Tanner, instead of following the chronological order observed by his predecessors, reduced the whole into the form of an alphabetical dictionary. It certainly seems to many that the juxtaposition of names, remote by hundreds of years from each other, tends much to confusion of ideas and memory in any thing which goes beyond a mere nominal catalogue. Others again think, that as such works are not read, or but rarely, in a continuous method, the alphabetical order, as best adapted to ready consultation, is preferable. Having on former occasions discussed this point, we shall not at present resume it; but shall go on to observe, that Tanner's valuable "*Bibliotheca*," being written in Latin, is a sealed book to the multitude, and only useful for reference to the more instructed classes. Even for the latter it abounds in errors, mostly copied from the elder bibliographers; there is little attempt at minute criticism, either in dates or facts; and we can see, through many subsequent publications, how largely their compilers have been led astray by adopting them without examining the original authorities, and comparing them with the texts they have so carelessly copied.

It gives us pleasure to remark, that Mr. Wright has not followed this sordid prac-

The great work of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," described in a previous Number, had not, at the period of this discourse, been undertaken.

tice. In the principal biographies, those of "Gildas, Nennius, Asser," and others, there are pregnant proofs of his careful investigation of the authenticity, both of the histories of the writers, and of the works attributed to them. The discovery of the *un*-authenticity of Asser's "Life of Alfred" is particularly important, not only in itself, but because it affects so very interesting a portion of the Anglo-Saxon literary and political annals.

"It appears, in the first place, strange," says Mr. Wright, "that the life of Alfred should have been written in his lifetime, when he was in the vigor of his age, (in his forty-fifth year,) and particularly by a man in the position of Asser. It is not easy to conceive for what purpose it was written, or to point out any parallel case; but it is still more difficult to imagine why (if Asser the biographer and Asser, Bishop of Sherborne be the same) its author, who lived nine years after Alfred's death, did not complete it. When we examine the book itself, we see at once that it does not support its own character; it has the appearance of an unskilful compilation of history and legend. Asser's life of Alfred consists of two very distinct parts; first, a chronicle of events, strictly historical, from 851 to 887; and secondly, a few personal anecdotes of Alfred, which are engrafted upon the chronicle at the years 866 and 884, without any particular reference to those years, and at the conclusion. No person can compare the first, or strictly historical part of the work, with the Saxon Chronicle, without being convinced that it is a mere translation from the corresponding part of that document, which was most probably not in existence till long after Alfred's death. Why the writer should discontinue his chronological entries at the year 887, when he distinctly states that he was writing in 893, does not appear, unless we may suppose that the copy of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle he used was mutilated, and reached no lower than that year.

"The second part of the book, or the matter interpolated in the Chronicle, evidently contains legendary matter which could not have been written in Alfred's time, or by his bishop, Asser. The account he gives of Alfred's youth, cannot be strictly true; it is impossible to believe that the education of the favorite child of King Ethelwulf, who was himself a scholar, should have been neglected, or that in the court where Swithun was the domestic adviser, he should want teachers. His early mission to Rome is a proof that such was not the case. Yet Asser states that Alfred complained that in his childhood, when he was desirous of learning, he could find no instructors. There are several things in the book which are not consistent: on one occasion the writer quotes the authority of King Alfred for the story of the West-Saxon queen Eadburga, which must have been well known to Alfred's subjects; whilst in another part he goes to a legendary life of St. Neot for all the information relating to Alfred's misfortunes at Athelney, which he has added to what is said in the Saxon Chronicle. In the same manner he asserts in

one place that King Alfred labored under a painful disease, which never quitted him from the time of his marriage till his *fortieth* year, when he was miraculously relieved from it in consequence of his praying to St. Neot, after which he never suffered a relapse; and in a subsequent page, he says that the king still continued to suffer from it at the time he was writing, in his *forty-fifth* year, and that he had never been free from it an hour together.

"There can be no doubt that the writer of this life of Alfred made use of a life of St. Neot. The story of Alfred and the peasant's wife is considered to be an interpolation in the original text, because it was omitted in the older manuscript; but even in that manuscript (the one printed by Matthew Parker) the reference to Neot remained in the words—"Et, ut in vita sancti patris Neoti legitur, apud quendam suum vicarium." There are also other allusions to this life of Neot. It is our firm conviction that there existed no life of Neot in the time of the real Asser. There is, on the contrary, every reason for believing that the life of St. Neot began to be written after his relics were carried into Huntingdonshire, in 974. In this case, the life of Alfred attributed to Asser, cannot have been written before the end of the tenth century; and it was probably the work of a monk who, with no great knowledge of history, collected some of the numerous traditions relating to King Alfred which were then current, and joined them with the legends in the life of St. Neot, and the historical entries of the Saxon Chronicle, and, to give authenticity to his work, published it under the name of Asser. At the time when it was published, and when the Anglo-Saxons looked back to their great monarch with regret, it may have been intended to serve a political object. There is another work which bears Asser's name, itself a poor compilation from the Saxon Chronicle, but which is also described as a Chronicle of St. Neot's, though it is asserted that it ought to be called *Asseri Annales*. It is not impossible that the writer of both was a monk of St. Neot's, which would account for the frequent use of the life of St. Neot in the life of Alfred."

This extract affords a fair example of the author's style, reasoning, and learning. In like manner, he shows, in his sketch of Alfred himself, that the metrical translation of Boethius, attributed to him, must have been executed by another person; and the popular name of the king attached to it, either by the author or by fond posterity. The subject being curious, we shall present our readers with another extract of some length.

"We must not," says the author, "let ourselves be led by the greatness of his exertions to estimate Alfred's own learning at too high a rate. In "Grammar" his skill was never very profound, because he had not been instructed in it in his youth; and the work of Boethius had to undergo a singular process before the royal translator commenced his operations. Bishop Asser, one of Alfred's chosen friends, was em-

ployed to turn the original text of Boethius 'into plainer words'—'a necessary labor in those days,' says William of Malmesbury, 'although at present (in the 12th century) it seems somewhat ridiculous.' And in a similar manner, before he undertook the translation of the *Pastorale*, he had it explained to him—the task was perhaps executed sometimes by one, sometimes by another—by Archbishop Plegmund, by Bishop Asser, and by his "Mass-priests" Grimbald and John. But Alfred's mind was great and comprehensive; and we need not examine his scholarship in detail, in order to justify or to enhance his reputation. His translations are well written; and, whatever may have been the extent of his knowledge of the Latin language, they exhibit a general acquaintance with the subject superior to that of the age in which he lived. Whenever their author added to his original, in order to explain allusions which he thought would not be understood, he exhibits a just idea of ancient history and fable, differing widely from the distorted popular notions which were prevalent then and at a subsequent period in the vernacular literature. There is one apparent exception to this observation. In translating the second metre of the fifth book of Boethius, beginning—

Puro clarum lumine Phœbum
Melliflui canit oris Homerus'—

Alfred has added an explanation which shows that Virgil was then much better known than Homer. "Homer," says he, "the good poet, who was best among the Greeks, he was Virgil's teacher; this Virgil was best among the Latins." Alfred probably means no more than that Virgil imitated Homer; but in the metrical version of the *Metres of Boethius*, also attributed to Alfred, the matter is placed quite in another light, and Homer not only becomes Virgil's teacher, but his friend also.

' Omerus wæs	Homer was
east mid Crecum	in the east among the Greeks
on pæam leod-scipe	in that nation
leopa cræftigast,	the most skilful of poets,
Firgilies	Virgil's
freond and lareow,	friend and teacher,
pæm mæran sceope	to that great bard
magistra betst.	the best of masters.'

Metres of Boeth, ed Fox, p. 137.

We will, however, willingly relieve the Anglo-Saxon monarch from all responsibility for this error, which seems to have arisen from the misconstruction of Alfred's words by some other person who was the author of the prosaic verses that have hitherto gone under his name. Several reasons combine in making us believe that these were not written by Alfred: they are little more than a transposition of the words of his own prose, with here and there a few additions and alterations in order to make alliteration; the compiler has shown his want of skill on many occasions. He has, on the one hand, turned into metre both Alfred's preface (or at least imitated it) and his introductory chapter, which certainly had no claim to that honor; whilst, on the other hand, he has overlooked entirely three of the metres, which appear to have escaped his eye as they lay buried among King Alfred's prose.

The only manuscript containing this metrical version which has yet been met with, appears, from the fragments of it preserved from the fire which endangered the whole Cottonian Library, to have been written in the tenth century."

We have cited these passages, both as a specimen of the author's language and manner, and because they refer to a personage who never can be viewed without interest, whether considered in his personal history, his rule, or his love of letters. But there are other biographies of the Anglo-Saxon period which elucidate matters of much importance;—such as the lives of "Alfric of Canterbury," (one of three Alfrics mingled in hitherto inextricable perplexity;) and "Alfric, archbishop of York," his disciple; and of "Wulfstan, bishop of Worcester," whose Homilies were published under the title of *Lupus Episcopus*. From these, in particular, we ascertain the importance of the elder Anglo-Saxon religious doctrines, as approaching those of the Reformed Church. The principles of the future Reformation were there: they only expanded and flourished in the after days of Wickliffe and Lollardism.

The Anglo-Saxon mind appears to have been eminently poetical. Columbanus, Tatwine, Bede, Acca, Cuthbert of Canterbury, Boniface, Alcuin, Ethelwolf, Fridegode, Briestan, and Wolstan, who wrote in Latin; and Cædmon, Aldhelm, and Cynewulf, who composed their verses in the native tongue, are lasting expositors of this fact. Of the first-mentioned of these, Columbanus, Mr. Wright speaks as follows:

'His poems show that he was not ignorant of ancient history and fable, and that he had read attentively a certain class of authors; and his letters on the period of observing Easter, prove that he was well acquainted with the theological works then in repute. It has been conjectured from a passage at the end of one of his letters, that he could read Greek and Hebrew; but the inference seems hardly authorized by the observation which gave rise to it.

'The works of Columbanus, which have always found the greatest number of readers, and have been most frequently printed, are his poems. Yet they are few in number, and of no great importance. His style is simple, and not incorrect; but there is little spirit or vigor in his versification. He frequently imitates the later poets; and, like them, is too partial to dactylic measures—a fault which strikes us in his hexameters, most of which have a dactyl for their base. He also possesses another fault in common with all the poets of the middle ages, the frequent use of unnecessary particles, inserted only to help the verse. The subject of Columbanus's poetry never varies; all his pieces are designed to convey to his friends his exhortations to quit the vanities and vexations of the

world, which he seems to have thought would be longer retained in their memory if expressed in metre.'

We pass over the illustrations of the rude, alliterative, and punning imitations of the classics by Aleuin and Aldhelm—the 'Ænigmata of Tatwine,' who died A. D. 734, the second in point of date of the Anglo-Latin poets—the industrious versification of Bede, and the unknown poems said to have passed as those of his friend Bishop Acca of Hexham—Archbishop Cuthbert's poor epigrams, most of which have been lost—the superior literary remains of Boniface—Ethelwolf's 'Metrical Account of the Abbots, &c., of his Monastery, Lindasferne'—Fridegode the monk of Dovor's 'Life of St. Wilfred,' in heroic verse, so filled with Greek words as to need translation—Bricstan's 'Elegy on the Destruction of Croyland Abbey,' of which only a few lines have been preserved—and Wolstan's 'Miracles of St. Swithin,' about the last and best of these Saxon Latinists. Respecting the second class to whom we have alluded, we shall only quote a few remarks from Mr. Wright. Of Cædmon he says—

'While men of higher rank and education were laboring to introduce among their countrymen the language and literature of Rome, we find a person rising out of the common orders of the people, under remarkable circumstances, to Christianize and refine the vernacular poetry. No name has of late years excited more interest among scholars than that of Cædmon, yet he is not mentioned by any early writer except Bede.'

The 'Cowherd at Streaneshalch,' (now Whitby) furnishes a romantic history; and he was much imitated in his religious poetry, though so little of the imitations have survived the ravages of time. Of Aldhelm's Anglo-Saxon compositions we have no remains; and of Cynewulf, who lived at the commencement of the eleventh century, above 300 years after Cædmon, we learn that his identity, as an Anglo-Saxon poet, has only recently been discovered by the name, concealed in a playful Runic device, among the poems in the Exeter and Vercelli manuscripts. But the chief and peculiar interest created by a view of all these writings, and the general statements respecting the men of the Anglo-Saxon period, whose deeds and productions have reached us in story, is owing to their possessing so much of modern feeling and sentiment, and even, in some degree, of literary character. How extraordinary to contemplate the reflections of the mirror

of a thousand years!—to see how many of the features bear a strong resemblance—how much of the family likeness is preserved! To draw out the parallels would be a delightful task; but it would require a large volume, and we are near the close of a limited article.

We may, however, remark, what these biographies show, that the Anglo-Saxons cultivated almost every branch of literature and science, and that they even endeavored to solve questions which still puzzle the scientific world. What would the patentee of the *Aerial* say to their speculating on the possibility of making a machine to fly? The inventor of the Æolian harp was forestalled by St. Dunstan. He was accused of magic for making an enchanted harp, which performed tunes, without the agency of fingers, whilst it hung against the wall.

The biography of Bridferth has some curious and interesting references to the educational works of our Saxon ancestors, and those perused in their schools. Bridferth (who flourished A. D. 980) was one of the most eminent men teachers of the school of Ramsey, and commentator on the scientific treatises of Bede. He is said to have been a disciple of Abbo of Fleury, and called by some Thorneanus, perhaps from being a monk of Thorney.

'It has not,' says Mr. Wright, 'hitherto been observed, that Bridferth had pursued his studies in France; though in his Commentary on Bede, *De Temporum Ratione*, he mentions an observation which he had himself made at Thionville. Bale says that Bridferth flourished about A. D. 980. All the known allusions to him, seem to concur in pointing him out as the most eminent English mathematician of the latter part of the tenth century.

'Bridferth's Commentaries on the two treatises of Bede, *De Natura Rerum* and *De Temporum Ratione*, are extremely valuable for the light they throw on the method of teaching in the Anglo-Saxon schools. They are probably nothing more than notes of the lectures delivered in the school at Ramsey. Bede's Treatises were still the text-books of the Anglo-Saxon scholars. In commenting upon them, Bridferth adduced various kinds of illustrations. Sometimes he supports the statements of Bede by slight numerical calculations. In some instances he explains the meaning of the text, where the words of the original appeared to him not sufficiently clear—and sometimes his Commentaries become mere explanations and derivations of words. In his Commentaries, he 'quotes the authorities of the fathers of the Church, as Clemens, Augustine, Ambrose, Eusebius, Jerome, Isidore, &c.; with those also of Latin writers of a different class, such as Pliny, Macrobius, Marcus Varro, Terentianus, Priscian, Hyginus, and Marcianus Capella; and he fre-

quently cites the Latin poets Virgil, Horace, Juvenal, Persius, Terence, and Lucan, as writers well known to his readers.

In a general point of view, the 'Biographia' exhibits the greatness and energy of the Anglo-Saxon character. The labors of Wilfred, the first great patron of architecture, as manifested at York and Ripon to bring in the Papal authority, and cause it to be servilely obeyed, may be instanced as a proof of this; and so may the wanderings of Benedict Biscop to seek ornaments and treasures for his church and monastery of Wearmouth. Among other valuables, he imported vast quantities of books for the library; had foreign glaziers to adorn them with glass windows; and introduced, through the archicantor of St. Peter's, the Roman choral service into Wearmouth, whence it soon spread over the island. The library was doomed to perish amid the depredations of the Danes; and the loss is the more to be deplored, since, from references and allusions in the writings of his disciple Bede, it is evident that it must have contained, together with works of other kinds, a rare collection of Greek and Latin authors. With the same view, we might appeal to the daring missionary adventures of Wilbrord and Boniface to convert the German tribes; to the travels of Willibald (born 700, died 786) to the Holy Land, combined with King Alfred's sending 'alms' to the Christians of St. Thomas and St. Bartholomew, in the remote regions of India, whence his messengers, Sighelm and Athelstan, brought back numerous rich gems and other costly commodities; and lastly, to the struggles for the introduction of monarchism under Ethelwald, Dunstan, and Oswold. From all their biographies, facts strongly illustrating their perseverance and energy of character might easily be adduced.

We may remark, that notwithstanding the general and comprehensive title of the work, 'Biographia Britannica Literaria,' the author has (and we think wisely) omitted the numerous class of early but very doubtful writers enumerated by the Welsh and Irish bibliographers; inserting only such Welsh and Irish writers as can be proved to have been known to the Anglo-Saxons, and their productions to have had a wide circulation in that period of our literary history. Such were Columbanus, the geographer Dicuil, and the pseudo Gildas. Welsh and Irish literary history in its earlier ages, is full of obscurities and difficulties; and as yet, little, we fear, has been

done towards separating the false from the true. This is not, however, a task connected with the volume before us. To conclude: We think the work, of which it may be regarded as the first portion, singularly appropriate to the Society from which it has emanated; and that portion is certainly creditable to the care, research, and scholarship of Mr. Wright. We trust that the sequel will contain at least an equally interesting history of the Anglo-Norman period which followed, and which is so full of varied matter, connected with all that has since been done.

Of the other volume mentioned at the head of this article, we must fairly say, that though we have seen nothing from any English institution which could pretend to rival the Continental archeologists on its chosen ground, yet in Greek and Egyptian antiquities, it may compete with the best publications of France, Germany, and Italy; while, as a commencement, it may, on the whole, be allowed to be alike honorable to the Body and to our national literature.

ORTOLANS.—Perhaps the greatest refinement in fattening is exhibited in the manner of feeding ortolans. The ortolan is a small bird, esteemed a great delicacy by Italians. It is the fat of this bird which is so delicious; but it has a peculiar habit of feeding, which is opposed to its rapid fattening—this is, that it feeds only at the rising of the sun. Yet this peculiarity has not proved an insurmountable obstacle to the Italian gourmands. The ortolans are placed in a warm chamber, perfectly dark, with only one aperture in the wall. Their food is scattered over the floor of the chamber. At a certain hour in the morning the keeper of the birds places a lantern in the orifice of the wall; the dim light thrown by the lantern on the floor of the apartment induces the ortolans to believe that the sun is about to rise, and they greedily consume the food upon the floor. More food is now scattered over it, and the lantern is withdrawn. The ortolans, rather surprised at the shortness of the day, think it their duty to fall asleep, as night has spread his sable mantle round them. During sleep, little of the food being expended in the production of force, most of it goes to the formation of muscle and fat. After they have been allowed to repose for one or two hours, in order to complete the digestion of the food taken, their keeper again exhibits the lantern through the aperture. The rising sun a second time illuminates the apartment, and the birds, awaking from their slumber, apply themselves voraciously to the food on the floor; after having discussed which, they are again enveloped in darkness. Thus the sun is made to shed its rising rays into the chamber four or five times every day, and as many nights follow its transitory beams. The ortolans thus treated become like little balls of fat in a few days.—*Playfair, in the Journ. Agricult. Soc.*

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

From the Literary Gazette.

Report on the Mollusca and Radiata of the Ægean Sea, and on their distribution, considered with reference to Geology. By E. FORBES, Prof. Bot. King's College, London.

THE report now presented to the Association, and drawn up at its request, embodies the results of eighteen months' research in the eastern Mediterranean, among the islands of the Archipelago and on the coasts of Asia Minor, during the greater part of which time daily observations were made and numerous explorations of the sea-bottom conducted by means of the dredge, in all depths of water, between the surface and 230 fathoms. During the progress of the inquiry, the author was attached as naturalist to her majesty's surveying vessel *Beacon*, and received every possible assistance from Captain Graves and his officers, without whose active co-operation the results laid before the meeting could not have been obtained. The objects of the inquiry were—1st, to collect and define the several species of mollusca and radiata inhabiting the Ægean; 2d, to ascertain the conditions under which those animals lived, and the manner in which they were associated together; 3d, to inquire whether species known only as fossil existed at present in a living state, in depths and localities hitherto unexplored; and 4th, to compare the species and the associations of species now inhabiting that sea, with those found fossil in the neighboring tertiary deposits.

The first part of the report is devoted to an enumeration of the species observed, with an account of the range of each in depth, and the ground which it inhabits. The Ægean sea, although most interesting to the naturalist, as the scene of the labors of Aristotle, has been but little investigated since his time. The partially published observations of Sibthorp, and the great French work on the Morea, include the chief contributions to its natural history. In the last-named work are contained catalogues of the fishes and mollusca, with notices of a few other marine animals. The lists of Prof. Forbes greatly exceed the French catalogues, more than doubling the number of fishes, and increasing that of the mollusca by above 150 species; not to mention radiata, amorphozoa, and articulata. Of the animals which especially form the subject of the report, nearly 700 species were observed, full catalogues of which were laid before the meeting.

The second division of the report treats of the causes which regulate the distribution of the mollusca and radiata in the Ægean, and of the several regions of depth presented by that sea. There are eight well-marked regions of depth in the eastern Mediterranean, each characterized by its peculiar fauna; and where plants are present, by its flora. These regions are distinguished from each other by the association of the species they severally include. Certain species in each are found in no other; several are found in one region which do not range into the next above, while they extend to that below, or *vice versa*. Certain species have their maximum of development in each zone; being most

prolific in individuals in that zone in which is their maximum, and of which they may be regarded as characteristic. Mingled with the true natives of every zone are strangers, owing their presence to the action of the secondary influences which modify distribution. Every zone has also a more or less general mineral character, the sea-bottom not being equally variable in each, and becoming more and more uniform as we descend. The deeper zones are greatest in extent; the most superficial, although most prolific in animal and vegetable life, are least, ranging through a depth of two fathoms only. The second region ranges from 2 to 10 fathoms, the third from 10 to 20, the fourth from 20 to 35, the fifth from 35 to 55, the sixth from 55 to 75, the seventh from 75 to 105; the eighth exceeds in extent all the others combined, ranging from 105 to the lowest depth explored, and presenting a uniform mineral character, and peculiar fauna throughout. In the deepest part of this hitherto unexplored region, mollusca of the genera *Arca*, *Dentalium*, *Nucula*, *Ligula*, and *Neæra*, were found alive; and zoophytes of the genera *Idmonea* and *Alecto*. The region immediately above abounds in oozachiopoda. Annelides were found as deep as 110 fathoms. Certain species range through several zones; and two, *Arca lactea* and *Cerithium lima*, were common to all. Such testacea as had the greatest ranges in depth were for the most part such as have a wide geographical range. On the other hand, species having a very limited range in depth were found to be either forms peculiar to the Mediterranean, or such as, though very rare in that sea, were abundant in northern seas. The testacea of the Ægean are for the most part dwarfs as compared with their analogues in the ocean, and the numbers of medusæ and zoophyta comparatively small. Below the fourth region the number of animals diminishes as we descend, until in the lowest part of the eighth the number of testacea had decreased from 147 to 8; indicating a zero in the distribution of animal life at a probable depth of about 300 fathoms. In the upper zones, the more southern forms prevailed, whilst the inhabitants of the lower regions presented a northern character; indicating as a probable law, that in the distribution of marine animals regions of depth are equivalent to parallels of latitude. The colors of testacea become more varied and vivid in proportion to their proximity to the surface. The representation and replacement of specific forms by similar but not identical species has long been recognized in time and in geographic space. During the course of these researches, an analogous succession and representation of forms were discovered in depth. Each species attains a maximum in development of individuals, and gradually diminishes in numbers as we descend; but before its disappearance in many genera a representative species commences, attaining a maximum after the disappearance of its predecessor, and then in like manner diminishing to a minimum, and disappearing. When a genus includes several groups of forms or subgenera, we may have a double or triple series of representations, in which case they are very generally parallel.

There are representations of genera in depth as well as of species.

The eighth regions in depth are the scene of incessant change. The death of the individuals of the several species inhabiting them; the continual accession, deposition, and sometimes washing away of sediment and coarser deposits; the action of the secondary influences, and the changes of elevation which appear to be periodically taking place in the eastern Mediterranean, are ever modifying their character. As each region shallows or deepens, its animal inhabitants must vary in their specific associations; for the depression which may cause one species to dwindle away and die, will cause another to multiply. The animals themselves, too, appear by their over-multiplication to be the cause of their own specific destruction. As the influence of the nature of sea-bottom determines in a great measure the species present on that bottom, the multiplication of individuals dependent on the rapid reproduction of successive generations of mollusca, &c. will of itself change the ground, and render it unfit for the continuation of life in that locality, until a new layer of sedimentary matter, uncharged with living organic contents, deposited on the bed formed by the exuviae of the exhausted species, forms a fresh soil for similar or other animals to thrive, attain their maxima, and from the same cause die off.

The latter portion of the report is devoted to the geological bearings of the author's researches. A few testacea, hitherto known only in a fossil state, were found by him living in the *Ægean*. They were all tertiary forms, and were either species of which but few examples have been found fossil, though now plentiful, or such as are abundant fossil, while but a few stray specimens were taken alive. In the former case, the mollusc is now attaining its maximum; in the latter, the species is dying out. The definition of the regions, and the determination of the associations of species in each, afford a means by which to determine the depth at which a stratum containing organic remains had been formed; and the data embodied in the report tend to show that climatal inductions from organic remains are fallacious in geology, unless the element of depth be taken into consideration. By application of such test, the bay of Santorin in the Archipelago, now more than 200 fathoms deep, was shown to have had a depth of only between 20 and 35 fathoms previous to the up-raising of the island of Neokaimeni in 1707. This was ascertained by an examination of the animals imbedded in the sea-bottom upheaved during the eruption. Among the geological phenomena now in progress in the *Ægean*, the following are remarkable. The result of the filling up of the eighth region in depth by the fine white sediment continually in process of deposition, would be the formation of above 700 feet of chalky strata, uniform in mineral character and organic contents; whilst as the zero of animal life is in all probability close upon that region, and the *Ægean* is through a great part far deeper than 300 fathoms, thousands of feet of uniform strata may be formed, which will not present a trace of animal existence. Oscillations of level, however slight, would produce altera-

tions of strata, containing distinct groups of organic beings, with others void of such; and in places, alterations of marine and freshwater beds would be formed, a phenomena now in progress on the coasts of Asia Minor. All this would occur without convulsions or violent catastrophes of any kind. Changes of level, however slight, might cause the extinction of whole genera of animals and plants, of which only such as had hard parts would be preserved. Were the present sea-bottom of the *Ægean* to be upheaved, whole classes of animals would disappear, and leave no traces to assure the future geologist of their having existed. The zone now presenting the most varied and characteristic fauna would form but a small proportion of the upraised strata; and the species which now afford the surest evidences of climatal influence would, for the most part, leave few remains behind.

Prof. Owen wished that every person felt the pleasure he did in the statements they had just heard, and evidently with so much delight; but, in truth, until a person had spent years in like studies, he could not appreciate the full value of such researches. Naturalists of old were content if they could describe the specific character of any animal; but they had now learned better things; they had become geologists and naturalists: all, however, must be assured that Prof. Forbes had brought strange things to light. Looking at the curious animals he had delineated, one would almost suppose that they resembled the inhabitants of another planet. They illustrated another point also—the successive development of animal life. To illustrate this, let any person break an egg in successive stages of incubation. In the early period he would not find a perfect though microscopic bird, but a mass almost formless. Next he would observe the limbs resembling the fins of fishes; then passing through the reptile group to the perfect form. All these Prof. Forbes had illustrated at no trifling sacrifice of time and health, for none could wield the dredge safely beneath an *Ægean* sky.

Mr. Lyell pronounced the subject equally important to the geologist and the zoologist; in fact, geologists had studied the sea too little, forgetting that their spheres of operation had once been marine. The analogy of the lowest stratum with the old inorganic rock was very striking.

The Earl of Rosse then expressed his gratification; and the meeting closed.*

* The equal transmission of a sort of twilight to the lower depths of the sea, after it has reached a minimum at a certain point, is deserving of observation by all who feel (and who does not feel?) an interest in this new and strange course of inquiry; and also the striking result which seems to be elicited from what has already been done, that the "caves of ocean" may be divided into zones, according to their profundity; in which zones animal existence displays different colors as they descend or ascend in the scale—those at 20 fathoms being dissimilar to those at 40, and those at 40 unlike those at 60, &c. We hope that Prof. Forbes will have sufficient means placed at his disposal, not only to work out this remarkable problem, but to pursue (with his able coadjutors) a far wider series

Gigantic Bird of New Zealand.—To vary the scientific proceedings of the Association, Prof. Owen was induced to deliver a lecture, Lord Adair presiding, at the Corn Exchange, on Saturday evening, on the remains of the gigantic bird discovered last year in New Zealand, some account of which appeared in the particulars of Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London, on the 10th and 24th of last January. The learned professor fixed the attention of a numerous auditory, not only by his description of the subject immediately under his notice, but by many interesting illustrations drawn from that wide domain of anatomical research in the minute examination of which he is so greatly distinguished. Particulars of the bird are thus originally given in a letter from the Rev. W. C. Cotton to Prof. Owen, dated Waimate, near the Bay of Islands, July 11, 1842; and referring to his meeting with the Rev. Mr. William Williams, whose station is at the east cape of that bay, he thus writes:

"I spoke to him about the gigantic New Zealand bird, of which you described a single bone. Oddly enough, he had a basket full of the bones in the next room, which he immediately showed to me. He has sent two cases of them to Dr. Buckland, together with a long letter, fully detailing the circumstances under which they were found. I have no doubt but that he will ere this have communicated the letter to you,—that is, should it have safely arrived. The bones are very perfect, not at all fossilized; and have been buried in the mud of freshwater streams communicating with high mountains. Mr. Williams had bones of thirty different birds brought to him in a short time after he set the natives about searching for them. One of the largest leg-bones, which measures 2ft. 10in., and which has been sent to Dr. Buckland, leads him to think that the bird must have been 16ft. high! A clergyman who came out in the *Tomatia* with us is going to be located in the *Wairoa*, a river about seventy miles south of Poverty Bay, a locality in which these bones have been found in the greatest plenty, and I will commission him to save for me all he can, in case you should not have any in the distribution which Dr. Buckland is authorized by Mr. Williams to make. No bones of the wings have been found. The natives have some odd traditions about it, which you will see in the letter. Strangely enough, after Mr. Williams had obtained the bones, he heard of the bird as having been seen by two Englishmen in the Middle Island. They were taken out by a native at night to watch for the bird, which he had described to them: they saw it, but were so frightened that they did not dare to shoot at it, though they had gone out expressly to do so. After this I should not be surprised if the Zoological Society were to send out an army to take the monster alive, for alive he most certainly is in my opinion."

of investigation than has yet been accomplished. Indeed, we see but the beginning of the system; and there are many seas—the Dead Sea, Persian Gulf, &c. &c.—yet to be examined, and deep inland lakes (such as Killarney) to be dredged for long-drowned intelligence.—*Ed. L. G.*

Descanting on this theme, the professor gave his reasons for classing this bird with the *Struthionidae*, or ostrich-tribe, and similar to, but much larger, and not of the same species, as the apteryx. The femur and tibia of the collection sent to Dr. Buckland, and placed by him in the hands of Prof. Owen, were compared with those of other struthious birds, and the resemblances and differences pointed out. But "the most instructive bone in the collection, is a tarso-metatarsal bone with the distal extremity entire, showing that the gigantic bird was tridactyle, like the emeu, rhea, and cassowary. The remains of the proximal end of the bone prove it to have been articulated with a tibia about 2ft. in length; the length of the tarso-metatarsal bone is 1ft., or half the length of the tibia, which is exactly the proportion which the tarso metatarsal bone of the apteryx bears to the tibia. In the emeu the tarso-metatarsal bone is as large as the tibia; in the ostrich it is a little shorter than the tibia. The comparative shortness and strength of the tridactyl-metatarsal of the gigantic New Zealand bird form its most striking resemblance to the apteryx, to which it thus approximates more closely than to any of the large existing *Struthionidae*. The proportions of the leg-bones, their denser texture, especially that of the femur, which, as in the apteryx, contains no air, sufficiently indicate the generic distinction of the great New Zealand bird from the tridactyle emeu, rhea, or cassowary. The questions then arise—is it likewise generically distinct from the apteryx? or is it a gigantic species of that genus? These questions are determined by the tarso-metatarsal bone. The apteryx is distinguished from the other *Struthionidae* not more by its elongated bill than by the presence of a fourth small toe on the inner and back part of the foot, articulated to a slightly elevated rough surface of the tarso-metatarsal about a fourth of the length of that bone from its tridactyl distal end. There is no trace of this articular surface on the tarso-metatarsal of the gigantic bird, which was consequently tridactyle, as in the emeu, rhea, and cassowary. The dodo was tetradactyle, like the apteryx; the shorter proportions of the legs of the dodo also distinguished it from the gigantic bird, whose career in the north island of New Zealand was probably closed about the same period as that of the dodo's existence in the Isle of the Rodriguez. The results of the comparisons justify the reference of the great bird of New Zealand to a distinct genus in the struthious order, for which I propose the name *Dinornis*,* with the specific appellation *Nova Zealandia*. The extraordinary size of the tibia—still more that of the tibia said to measure 2ft. 10in. in length, obtained by Mr. W. Williams, and mentioned in his letter to Dr. Buckland—prove the *Dinornis* of New Zealand to be the most gigantic of known birds. There is little probability that it will ever be found, whether living or extinct, in any other part of the world than the island of New Zealand, or parts adjacent. At all events, the *Dinornis Nova Zealandia* will always remain one of the most extraordinary of the zoological facts in the history of those

* From *deivos* terrible, and *opvis* a bird.

islands; and it may not be saying too much to characterize it as one of the most remarkable acquisitions to zoology in general which the present century has produced."

In concluding his lecture the professor observed, that "it might be thought strange to have this giant creature confined to such a narrow limit on the planet's surface; yet the ostrich was confined to a smaller part of Africa, the rhea to South America, the cassowary to Java. Also, long ago the Dutch voyagers described a strange bird confined to Madagascar, but so perseveringly had they rooted it out, that modern naturalists doubted its existence altogether; but lately looking at a picture, he was enabled to identify the dodo, and to perceive that it had been correctly painted from a living specimen. These things should cause naturalists to avail themselves of every opportunity to describe. How valuable would some old Dutch description of the dodo be now! This bird, the *dinornis*, threw much light on a geological question. Some time ago Professor Hitchcock had discovered some footsteps of birds in the new red sandstone. He (Prof. Owen) at first doubted the probability of their being really the traces of birds in so old a formation, but conjured up in fancy some two-legged cockatrices to account for them. The *dinornis*, however, a bird of our own day almost, might have been coeval with them; and, indeed, its low type of organization fitted it for such a period."

Prof. Phillips paid a deserved tribute to the high attainments of Professor Owen. His researches had rolled away the reproach from our age, which the lament of the past for the departure of monsters had thrown on it. In conclusion, he hoped Mr. Lyell would describe the fossil-footsteps alluded to.

Mr. Lyell had not intended to speak, but the facts were briefly these: When Professor Hitchcock first discovered these footsteps of birds of various sizes, he (Mr. Lyell) doubted strongly the existence of animals so highly organized at such a period. Mr. Green, however, had adopted the true mode of induction in the investigation; he had examined the traces of all animals in the mud of the Mississippi, some of which he cut out and preserved. The Geological Society, to whom he communicated his conviction that they were birds, heard with doubt, and appointed a committee of investigation. The one appointed to examine Prof. H.'s museum dismissed the subject summarily, declaring that they were not birds, till convinced that one he had included in the same condemnation was really the impression of the foot of a modern snipe dried into the likeness of a fossil.

Mr. Murchison proposed the thanks of the meeting to Mr. Owen.—In reply to a question from the Marquess of Northampton, Professor Owen mentioned the contrast between the largest ostrich known, only about nine feet high, and the *dinornis*, nearly sixteen.—Professor Phillips then addressed the meeting, expressing the gratification which he felt at the splendid lecture which had been delivered by Professor Owen.

CARDINAL FESCH.—Our readers may remember that, amongst other bequests made to his native town of Ajaccio, by the late Cardinal Fesch, he directed that a collection of pictures should be given to the city, to be selected from his magnificent gallery, previously to its sale. Letters from Civita-Vecchia mention that these pictures have been embarked, at that port, for their destination, by the exertions of the French consul and two delegates from the town of Ajaccio, and at the cost of the Count de Surville, who has exhibited much zeal in carrying out the intentions of his uncle. They are to be placed in the vast edifice constructed at Ajaccio, in the cardinal's life-time, destined as an institution for the gratuitous instruction of the youth of Corsica in the higher branches of education.—*Athenæum*.

WAR AGAINST PEWS.—In Westminster Abbey the choir is to be altered, the present miserable screen work is to be removed, and pews abolished. In the cathedral at Canterbury the choir is about to be furnished with new stalls and a throne, and the pews are to be removed. The new church in the Broadway, Westminster, has been built without pews.—*Examiner*.

FALL OF FROGS.—An extraordinary phenomenon accompanied the heavy fall of rain on the 28th ult., namely, an innumerable quantity of frogs of small size. Thousands of them must have fallen during the evening and early part of Monday night. They were to be seen in immense numbers in the town of Stourbridge and its neighborhood, far removed from any place in which they could have been bred. On the same evening a man and a boy were passing in the storm from Brettel-lane to Stourbridge, when the latter called the attention of the former to the fact of one falling on his shoulder, which caused them to be more observant; and they afterwards noticed several which fell upon them. Similar phenomena have been observed before in different places. The circumstance may be accounted for on the supposition that a pool or other water containing the diminutive frogs has been within the influence of the storm, when the water and its contents have been carried up, in a similar manner to that in which we sometimes see dust or hay carried up in a spiral form by what is termed a whirlwind.—*Worcestershire Chronicle*.

NEW MODE OF PREVENTING HORSES FROM RUNNING AWAY WHEN IN HARNESS.—Hitherto several means have been devised to prevent accidents of this nature. One of them most in favor is a mechanism for detaching horses from the traces, and setting them suddenly free, but it is not certain in its action; and it is obvious that, if the horse take fright on a descent, the sudden detaching of the carriage may be attended with very great danger. The author of this paper, having remarked that horses rarely take fright at night, imagined that all that was necessary, in order to check a horse from running away, was to cause him to be visited with temporary blindness; and, in order to do this, he contrived, by means of a string connected with the reins, to cover the eyes suddenly. This was done when the animals were at the top of their speed, and the result was their instantaneous stoppage; for the light being suddenly excluded, horses no more rush forward, he says, without seeing their way, than would a man afflicted with blindness.—*Athenæum*.

THEODORET'S HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

From the Spectator.

THIS volume appears to form part of a new series of the Greek Ecclesiastical Historians of the first six centuries: the Ecclesiastical History and the Life of CONSTANTINE by EUSEBIUS, the "Narrative" of SOZOMEN, and the "History" of SOCRATES, would seem to have been already published, though they have not reached us. The design is worthy of encouragement, as furnishing a ready reference in a compact form to those who do not wish to be at the labor of consulting the originals, and a help to those who do. The execution of the only volume before us exhibits both judgment and ability. The translation is English in its idiom, whilst the character and style of the original author are preserved, so far as style depends upon the cast of mind without regard to the structure of language.

The time in which THEODORET lived was after the Church had conquered its Pagan foes, and succeeded in a great measure to the Pagan connexion with the State, to dispute and wrangle in a manner unknown to Paganism. He was born at Antioch, about the year 387, during the reign of THEODOSIUS the Great; and died about the middle of the fifth century, when the Western Empire was in the agony of dissolution, and LEO the Thracian, on the throne of Constantinople, vainly meditated to avert its downfall. It is said that the future Bishop and Historian of the Church was marked out for religion before his birth. "His parents had long been childless, and much prayer was offered, especially by Macedonius, a hermit, that a son might be born unto them. Hence, when at length, in answer to prayer, this child was granted, the name Θεοδώρητος was conferred upon him, signifying *given by God*." He was early designed for the church, and is reported to have studied under CHRYSOSTOM: he entered the ministry very young, having been appointed when a child as a reader of Scripture; and his parents dying as he approached manhood, he divided his rich patrimony among the poor, retaining nothing for himself but some clothes of inferior quality, and retired to a monastery about thirty leagues from Antioch. From this retirement he was compelled to emerge in 423, to take upon himself the office of Bishop of Cyrus, a diocese with eight hundred villages in Syria Euphratensis. In this post he greatly exerted himself, both for the spiritual and temporal benefit of his flock; but becoming involved in the controversies of the times, he was more than once deposed from his dignity on charges of heresy, and as often reinstated. He is supposed to have died about 458.

His works are various and voluminous,—a commentary on the Bible; many controversies; a book called "Philothheus," being the lives, austerities, and miracles of about thirty anchorites, with many of whom he was personally acquainted; and the *History of the Church*, before us. The period this work embraces is from the time when CONSTANTINE began to favor the Church, about 320, to the persecution of the

Christians in Persia, 414—424: but its principal subject is the Arian controversy, with the heresies that sprung out of it, and the troubles those disunions brought upon the Church. As preserving isolated facts and many epistles from Emperors and Bishops, it is very useful; it is also valuable for its incidental pictures of the times, and its notice of the practices of the Church: but it cannot properly be called a history. The arrangement and chronological order are admitted to be bad: these faults influence the narrative, which is incomplete and incoherent; and by bringing distant occurrences unskillfully together, makes the actions told look unlikely, when the fault is the narrator's. There is also a fundamental defect in the plan: the work is not a general history of the Eastern Church; nor is it a history of any particular part of it, such as the Arian controversy, for this is told imperfectly, and other things are introduced which do not belong to it. The History of THEODORET is in reality a species of memoirs—a collection of documents, which he strung together by an account of the principal events that caused them to be written, or a loose narrative of particular events that had interested him, often, very probably, from his own knowledge of the actions or the actors. His characters, however, are well drawn and fair, allowing for his prejudices; and his exhibition of the practices of the churchmen are always graphic, and sometimes startling. The good Bishop was a *reconteur*; and if any thing miraculous attached to the story, so much the better.

The style in a certain sense corresponds with the matter: it is easy, with an elegant though rather feeble prolixity, and impresses us as reflecting the character of an amiable, perhaps an humble-minded man, though not devoid of the professional prejudices of a priest, or the mild-spoken malignity of a theologian.

To the church historian, or the student of church history, every part of the book will have its value; nor can a passage be safely passed.

For such purposes, a translation is of great utility, by facilitating the general knowledge of the whole work, and limiting intentness, in the original, to those passages that are intended to be used. To the reader, even if a studious reader, the attraction will be confined to such parts as exhibit the manners or superstitions of the age: though these are often so intermixed with the narrative as not to permit of easy separation. One of the most striking scenes is a church brawl at Alexandria, consequent upon the triumphant return of the Arian party, which was made a pretext by a (suspected) Pagan governor to persecute the orthodox Athanasians. The account is by PETER, the then Bishop of Alexandria: but it must be received perhaps with allowance for its accusations, though doubtless true enough in its traits of the times.

"The people entered the church of Theonas singing the praises of the idols, instead of reciting words suitable to the place. Instead of reading the Holy Scriptures, they clapped their hands, shouting obscene words, and uttering insults against the Christian virgins, which my tongue refuses to repeat. Every man of correct feeling, on hearing these expressions, en-

deavored to shut his ears, and wished to have been deaf rather than to have heard such obscenity. Would that they had confined themselves to words, without carrying out into action the lewdness of their expressions! But the most insulting taunts are easily borne by those who have received the wisdom and doctrines of Christ. These people, who were vessels of wrath reserved for perdition, made loud and impudent noises through the nose, which might be compared to the gushing forth of a torrent; and at the same time tore the garments of the virgins of Christ, whose purity rendered them like the angels. They dragged them in a complete state of nudity about the city, and treated them in the most wanton and insulting manner, and with unheard of cruelty. When any one, touched with compassion, addressed a few words of remonstrance to them, they immediately attacked and wounded him. But what is still more painful to relate, many virgins were ravished; others were struck on the head with clubs, and expired beneath the blows; and their bodies were not permitted to be interred. Many of the corpses, even to this day, cannot, to the grief of the parents, be found. But why should comparatively small incidents be placed by the side of far greater atrocities? Why should I dwell upon such facts, and not proceed to the relation of what is still more important, and which will strike you with astonishment and amazement at the clemency of God that he did not destroy the whole universe! The impious people did that upon the altar which, as the Scripture says, was not done nor heard of in the days of our fathers. A young man who had abjured his own sex, and had assumed the dress of a female, danced upon the holy altar, where we invoke the Holy Ghost, as though it had been a public theatre, making various gestures and grimaces, to the diversion of the others, who laughed immoderately, and uttered many impious exclamations. In addition to disorders which they had already committed, as if they thought that what they had done was rather commendable than the contrary, one of their number, noted for his wickedness, stripped himself at once of his clothes, and of every remnant of modesty, and seated himself, as naked as when he was born, in the episcopal chair belonging to the church. All the others saluted him as an orator about to commence a discourse against Christ. He represented iniquity as superior to Scriptural doctrines, placed licentiousness above decorum, impiety above piety; and instead of inculcating temperance, taught that fornication, adultery, sodomitism, theft, gluttony, and drunkenness, are the most profitable pursuits in life. When these acts of impiety had been perpetrated, I left the church; for how could I have remained there while the soldiery were attacking it, while the people who had been bribed for the purpose were committing disorders, and while the idolaters had by means of great promises been assembled together in crowds? Our successor, [Lucius, an Arian,] who had purchased the episcopal office with gold, as though it had been a secular dignity, was a wolf in disposition, and acted accordingly. He had not been elected by a Synod of Bishops, by the votes of the clergy,

or by the request of the people, according to the regulations of the church. He did not go into the city alone; but he was not accompanied by Bishops, Presbyters, or Deacons, nor yet by the people; neither did the monks walk before him, singing hymns selected from the Scriptures: but he was attended by Euzoius, who was once a Deacon of the city of Alexandria, who was deposed with Arius at the holy and general Council of Nice, and who is now reducing the city of Antioch to ruin. He was also accompanied by Magnus, the Royal Treasurer, who headed an immense body of soldiery. This Magnus was noted for his readiness in every work of impiety: he had during the reign of Julian burned a church in Berytus, a celebrated city of Phœnicia, and was in the reign of Jovian, of blessed memory, sentenced to re-erect it at his own expense."

Besides its indication of the credulous character of belief in those times, the following passage has a further interest; for it in reality contains all the evidence which exists to identify the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE TRUE CROSS.

When she [the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine] arrived at the place where the Saviour suffered, she immediately ordered the idolatrous temple which had been there erected to be destroyed, and the very materials to be removed. The tomb, which had been so long concealed, was discovered; and three crosses, the memorials of the Lord, were perceived near it. All were of opinion that one of these crosses was that of our Lord Jesus Christ, and that the other two were those of the thieves who were crucified with him. Yet they could not discern upon which one the body of the Lord had been nailed, and upon which his blood had fallen. But the wise and holy Macarius, the Bishop of the city, succeeded in resolving this question. After engaging in prayer, he induced a lady of rank, who been long suffering from disease, to touch each of the crosses; and the efficacious power residing in that of the Saviour manifested its identity. In fact, it had scarcely been brought near the lady, when the inveterate disease left her, and she was healed. The mother of the Emperor, on being informed of the accomplishment of what she had most desired, gave orders that some of the nails should be driven into the royal helmet, in order that the head of her child might be preserved from the darts of his enemies; and she ordered some of the other nails to be fixed in the bridle of his horse, not only to insure the safety of the Emperor, but also to fulfil an ancient prophecy, for Zachariah the prophet predicted that "what is upon the bridles of the horses shall be holiness unto the Lord Almighty." She had part of the cross of our Saviour conveyed to the palace; and the rest was enclosed in a covering of silver, and committed to the care of the Bishop of the city, whom she exhorted to preserve it carefully, in order that it might be transmitted uninjured to posterity.

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND THINGS.

BY ONE WHO HAS A GOOD MEMORY.

LOUIS PHILIPPE, KING OF THE FRENCH.

From Fraser's Magazine.

PART II.

THAT was a striking moment, that was an auspicious hour, in the romantic history of Louis Philippe, when, standing on the sea-girt coast of his own well-beloved Normandy, whilst the golden rays of an early autumnal sun shed their beauteous colorings on the peace-approaching squadron of Great Britain, the monarch received with grace, dignity, and admiration, the young and charming queen of our own glorious isles! Ah! little did he think when a wanderer in Switzerland, a teacher of mathematics in a mountain college, a pedestrian exile in Scandinavia, or, at best, an outlaw in America, when the name of Orleans was a reproach and a by-word, and when to harbor him was almost an offence in Europe, when none could cherish and none would love him;—not that he did not possess merit or virtue, magnanimity or courage, but that none dared to acknowledge his possession of those virtues; little did he then imagine that the day would arrive when he should rule over the destinies of France, and when the ships of that "Britannia" who still "rules the waves," should anchor at peace in the quiet waters of Tréport, conducting to the shores of that land the young, noble, daring, active, energetic monarch of the British empire.

No one can describe but Louis Philippe himself, the light which fell upon his brow, when he beheld, with rapturous emotions, the graceful figure and the oft-described form of his "fair cousin." The roar of the artillery had music in it for his ears, since it announced to him that his wise and enlightened policy was appreciated; that his honor and fidelity were prized; that his alliance was sought and valued; that his sacrifices for peace and order were known and estimated; and that so satisfied were the people, the government, and the monarch, of Great Britain, with the King of the French, that the queen herself had come to receive the kiss of friendship and esteem from the French king, to hold out the hand of a sincere friendship to the French people, and to sit side by side in the château of the Orleans family, thus recognizing the monarchy of the barricades, the revolution of 1830, the charta of the new dynasty, and disarming all envious, jealous, or unkind spirits, by carrying herself, as a gentle

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dove, not merely an olive-branch of peace, but even planting on the French soil the olive-tree itself. Long, long may it grow! May it be cultivated, watered, defended by French honor, gallantry, and truthfulness! May there cease to exist any other rivalry between the subjects of Victoria and those of Louis Philippe than that noble rivalry of who shall be pre-eminent in encouraging the cause of peace, order, progress, national happiness, individual improvement, and the extension of civilization and truth!

And that was a striking moment, too, in the life of our gracious and graceful sovereign, when, casting her eyes back on the placid waters, on which were to be seen the "*St. Vincent*," the "*Caledonia*," the "*Camperdown*," the "*Formidable*," the "*War-spire*," the "*Grecian*," the "*Cyclops*," the "*Tartarus*," and the "*Prometheus*," she could point the King of the French to the "*wooden walls of old England*," but, at the same time, throw herself, her consort, and her retinue, into the arms of the French monarch, of his admirable family, and of his courteous and hospitable people; and, with the lightness and freshness of youth and of hope, tread with delight the shores of that Normandy, endeared to all lovers of history by so many glorious and interesting recollections.

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"—Yes!—"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!" were the first notes which greeted her as she landed in France. Those notes she knew right well. Often had they been played and sung in her hearing! Often had they called forth in her presence expressions of the most devoted loyalty! But it was a happy thought—it was a joyous mode of welcome—to greet her in a stranger land with the first song of her childhood, the old national anthem of her native shores. Oh! how her young heart must have beat with joy when, calling to recollection the history of past days, and remembering the long and sanguinary wars of other times between the French and the British empires, she now beheld the rival flags no longer rivals, floating in peace and friendship in the same breeze, and herself the bearer of a magician's wand, for she carried with her the emblems of respect, confidence, and amity.

These, these are the fairy scenes in the wide world's history! They are few, brief, and far between; but their results extend to ages, and stand forth to successive generations like mighty monuments of civilization: showing where restless ambition ceased to agitate, where rival nations ceas-

ed to suspect and to hate, where wise and enlightened statesmen took their stand for truth and for civilization, and thus help on the history of man, and rescue human nature from the oft too-merited charge of selfishness, pride, and want of sympathy with fellow-men.

That being must, indeed, have but a sorry and a limited view of public events, who does not perceive in the late visit of the house of Brunswick to the house of Orleans an event replete with good, and big with joyous hope and bright anticipation. For does he not see in it the union of western and constitutional Europe against any policy hostile to right and to freedom which northern powers might be disposed to establish or promote? And does he not see in it the security and permanency of Belgium as a neutral state—a neutral but effectual barrier against aggression and insult? And does he not see in that interchange of kindly looks, affectionate sympathies, and national respect, a security against the predominance of a Bourbon policy in Spain, and against the establishment of a clashing policy towards Portugal, as well as against any unworthy or illiberal and intolerant spirit in the South Seas? And does he not perceive in it a pledge that French policy as to Algeria will not be such as would require from us either protests or loud complaints, menaces or hostilities? Two of the most honest, well-principled, and admirable men, have met—we mean M. Guizot and Lord Aberdeen. The Queen Victoria was accompanied by the "Travelled Thane," and M. Guizot, with his unostentatious manners, simple and charming tastes and feelings, and irreproachable life, was there, to receive, with gentlemanly urbanity and statesmanlike dignity, our secretary of state for the foreign department. Tell me not that such an interview was nugatory. Tell me not that it will have no effect on the political or commercial relations of the two countries. Tell me not that all the charms of our youthful monarch, and all the high-minded courtesy and affability of her justly esteemed consort, have produced no effect on the French court, the French press, the French government, or the French people! Tell me not that the visit was one merely of ceremony, or of court friendship, or simply of pleasure and amusement. No! it was much more than this. The mere fact of the visit, which was asked by the one, and consented to by the other, was in itself a great event. To ask for a visit, and to pay it, showed how by pacific, honorable,

unambitious, and straightforward policy, Louis Philippe had gained the confidence of the British Conservatives. It proved that they had not forgotten the pains which the French king had taken to preserve the revolution of 1830 from the excesses and barbarities of the revolution of 1793. It proved they remembered that Louis Philippe, in order to preserve the peace of Europe, had refused the crown of Belgium, though offered to his son the Duke of Nemours; that, from the same worthy motives, he had withdrawn his troops from Ancona, as well as from the walls of Antwerp, the moment the citadel had surrendered; and that he had, year after year, kept under, even at the risk of his own life, and of the lives of his sons, that spirit of aggression, conquest, and war, which, if it had not been repressed, must have involved Europe in years of bloodshed, rapine, and desolation. Do not tell me that this was no national act of respect or confidence paid by the Queen of Great Britain, but that it was simply a personal mark of respect and confidence. In constitutional states this is not the course or order of proceeding. In absolute monarchies, the imperial or the monarchical will is every thing. In limited or constitutional monarchies the royal will is directed by public opinion. Not the ever-varying, unstable, and inconsiderate opinion of the multitude, of the thoughtless and ill-informed, but that calm, quiet, deliberate voice which is heard and obeyed, because it is the voice of reason, of national respect, and of public principle.

It is a glorious sight to behold the flush of joy and delight, proceeding from kindred hearts, and expressed in kindred smiles or tears, at first interviews or at second meetings, where recollections of the first are vivid and delightful. Such were the interviews of Albert and Victoria, after years of youthful separation! It is a glorious sight to see old veterans in the public cause, once rivals, afterwards hoary-headed contemporaries, meet again on neutral ground, and exchange those hearty congratulations which wise and good men will offer to each other in after years. Such was the interview to which Soult and Wellington were parties, when the hero of Toulouse met the conqueror of Waterloo in the metropolitan banquetting-room of the citizens of London. But it was even a finer sight than these, when the young queen of a mighty empire, herself full of love, light, life, hope, peace, and joy, quitted for a while the shores of her own much-loved empire, to do homage to the venera-

ble monarch of a great and a neighboring nation; and in the presence of other queens and other princes, to ratify the bonds of alliance and friendship which at present exist, and to give, besides this, a moral guarantee *for the future* to both governments and to both people, to both dynasties and to both empires, that slight causes should not be allowed to disturb the mutual relations of Great Britain and France. But there was more than even this. The visit of our monarch to the château of Eu is a pledge that our relations with France shall neither be stationary nor fruitless. The French people, sensitive sometimes almost to absurdity, are accessible to the most tender sympathies, and the most noble and generous aspirations. Talk as the republicans may in some of their journals, the smiles of the queen were not without their value—for they have disarmed the bitter spirits of the ultra-nationalists in spite of themselves. Talk as they may of France assuming an attitude of suspicion and distrust—but the French are as susceptible of acts of confidence and affection as they are of distrust and *méfiance*—our commercial relations will be influenced by our political alliances; and the chambers of peers and deputies will rightly feel that, when the Queen of Great Britain landed at Tréport, to render homage to the French government and king, the *nation was not forgotten*; and that the French were thus appealed to to form with us a yet closer and more compact alliance.

I have thus commenced the *second part* of the life of Louis Philippe; not that the events to which I have referred have any connection whatever with the portion of the history of that great man to which I am about to direct attention, but because events of such a nature as these are worthy of being most distinctly referred to and commemorated in the pages of REGINA. In future years, when the historian shall take his pen, and, searching through the periodical literature of our present times, shall turn to the journals which were contemporary with these transactions, he may, perchance, record that whilst *Fraser's Magazine* would yield to none in a love of national grandeur, independence, and dignity, nor to any in a desire to see all the old alliances of Great Britain maintained, and a profound respect for vested interests exhibited, as well as an adherence to existing and long-signed treaties displayed; and that, whilst it delighted at all times to contemplate the old governments, laws, and traditions, of by-gone days, as well as those

ancient monarchies and empires whose foundations are almost as old as the world, which sprang from the deluge; yet that it hailed with delight this visit of Britain's queen to the monarch of the Gauls, and saw, in that visit, the triumph of a wise, enlightened, pacific, and truly statesman-like and Conservative policy. Honor to the King of the French! and honor to the Queen Victoria!—but honor, also, to Lord Aberdeen and to M. Guizot!

THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

There is an incident in the life of the then Duke of Orleans belonging to the period at which I had arrived when I closed the *first part* of this monarch's extraordinary memoirs, which I had forgotten in my narrative. It is the following:—Whilst engaged as professor of mathematics, geography, and the French and English languages, at Richeneau, his conduct was so exemplary, his views so elevated, and his principles so worthy of one of his age and position, that, without knowing him to be either the Duke of Chartres or of Orleans, the inhabitants of that spot felt so sincere a respect for both his talents and virtues, that they elected him to be their deputy to the Assembly of Coire! True, indeed, the reception by him at that moment of the heart-rending intelligence of his father's execution prevented him from carrying into effect their highly complimentary intentions, but his majesty has always preserved a strong feeling of gratitude and affection for old Helvetia.

The day had at length arrived when, with knapsack on his shoulder, with staff in hand, and with a desire to increase his knowledge by travelling, and to obtain peace and repose from the dreadful agitations of western and of central Europe, he sallied forth, with a faithful French servant named Baudoin, to attain the objects he had thus in view. How often in his quiet family circle at Neuilly in after years did the duke converse with his friends and children relative to this expedition! He had originally intended at once to proceed to America; but, on arriving at Hamburg, his pecuniary resources were so small, that his aunt, the Princess de Conti, on the one hand, and his old and faithful friend, Madame de Genlis, on the other hand, so unable to assist him, that he came to the resolution of wandering over the regions of the north. Accustomed to brown bread and a draught of cold water, to a hard mattress, a very little wardrobe, and to a

variety of other privations, he proceeded with a small letter of credit to Copenhagen, procured passports for himself, for Baudoin, as well as for his sincere friend Count Montjoie, and hastened, as economically and as rapidly as he could to the Scandinavian peninsula. I remember to have met in Switzerland at the pretty villa of a lady, formed to grace, adorn, and elevate the circle of her family and friends, of which she was the centre, an ingenuous, able, and delightful old Swiss gentleman, M. de Bonstetten. Endowed with an admirable memory, enriched by great acquirements and by classical and historical knowledge, this most agreeable and well-informed man was received with delight into the best circles of Europe, and never failed to enliven and enchant all who listened to him. I connect his name with this portion of the life of Louis Philippe, because he related to me two anecdotes of the subject of this sketch which may be relied on, and which are worth preserving. Whilst at Hamburg on one occasion, an old refugee, a bad specimen of a good race, openly insulted him, and, accosting him in the public streets, demanded, "What right the son of a regicide had to meet the victims of his father's atrocious conduct, and why he did not hide his head in obscurity or the dust?" The young duke, who was unprepared for this unprincipled and ungentlemanly attack, fell back a few paces, regarded his adversary with a look of stern dignity, and then said, "Sir, if I have either offended or injured you, I am prepared to give you satisfaction; but if I have done neither, what will you one day think of yourself for having insulted in a foreign land a prince of fallen fortunes, and an honest and independent young man?" The wretched creature who had so insulted him stole off to his hiding-place, whilst some standers-by, who had understood the colloquy, applauded the young and courageous exile.

On another occasion at Hamburg the young duke, appealed to for relief by a former dependent on the bounty of his father "*Egalité*," but who had rushed from Paris to save his life, and had arrived at the city in question, the duke explained to him that his means were so limited, and his expectations of assistance so scanty, that he really had not the power of doing all he could desire for one whom his father and mother had regarded with respect and pity. "But," added the duke, "I have four louis left, take one of them; when I shall replace it I know not; make the best use

you can of this, we live in times when we must all economize." The poor, exiled, disconsolate old man was so struck with this proof of generosity, and of filial respect for the object of his father's and mother's bounty, that he declined receiving so much as one out of four louis from the prince's hands; but the duke took to flight, and left the grateful but unhappy exile weeping with gratitude and joy.

At Copenhagen the duke was better known, but was freed from the sort of *surveillance* almost everywhere exercised over him before he arrived in that city by the emigrants, who seemed to pursue expressly to torment him. The Castle of Kronenburg, the Gardens of Hamlet, and the Sound at Helsinbourg, were all visited by him, and he thence proceeded to Sweden, and found himself in the midst of a most hospitable and endearing people. Göttenburgh and Lake Wener, the waterfalls of Göetha Elf, and the majestic works at Trollhæthan, undertaken to connect the Gulf of Bothnia with the North Sea, were explored by the duke, who states, now that he is King of the French, that one of the first occasions on which he took a deep and abiding interest in undertakings of a large and national character, was when regarding that effort of skill and industry. Thence he bent his steps to Norway, resided a little time at Frederickshall, and then proceeded to Christiana, where, in virtuous and useful occupations, he spent his days, devoting his time to moral, scientific, and philosophical pursuits. There is a curious circumstance connected with his residence in Christiana which I delight to record. The late M. Monod, senior, an enlightened French Protestant pastor, whose urbanity and Christian gentleness his successors and descendants would do well to imitate, was residing at that period in the Norwegian capital. Educated by Madame de Genlis to respect and honor the characters of all truly good men, the young duke soon learned to estimate the merits of M. Monod; and although he did not make himself known to that good man, he discovered in him exalted rank, perfect manners, and a virtuous mind. Their conversations often turned to the subject of France, and the progress of democracy in that country, and on one occasion M. Monod introduced the character and conduct of the Duke of Orleans on the *tapis*. With that Christian moderation which distinguished the conduct and life of M. Monod, senior, he observed, "I have been accustomed to hear much that is disgusting and

revolting of the late Duke of Orleans, but I cannot help thinking that he must have had some virtues mixed up with his evil propensities, for no reckless or worthless man could have taken so much pains with the education of his children. His eldest son, I have been assured, is the model of filial affection as well as of all the virtues." The duke felt his cheeks suffused with blushes, and M. Monod perceived it. "Do you know him?" asked M. Monod.

"Yes I do, a *little*," replied the duke, "and I think you have somewhat exaggerated his praises."

The next time the venerable Protestant pastor saw the Duke of Orleans, was in his own palace at the Palais Royal! M. Monod was at the head of the Protestant Consistory of Paris, and was visiting the illustrious prince to congratulate him on his return to his native country. When the ceremony was over, the duke called M. Monod aside, and asked, "How long it was since he had quitted Christiana?"

"Oh! many years," replied the excellent man; "it is very kind of your royal highness to remember that I was ever an inhabitant of that city."

"It is more, then, M. Monod, than you remember of me!"

"Was your royal highness, then, ever an inhabitant of Christiana?" asked the astonished pastor.

"Do you remember M. Corby—the young Corby?" inquired the duke.

"Most certainly I do, and I have frequently sought for some intelligence with regard to him, but could procure none."

"Then I was M. Corby," replied the duke, and the rest of the conversation can be easily imagined. To the hour of his death the duke was much attached to the admirable M. Monod, and some of Louis Philippe's affection for Protestant families, Protestant communities, and the Protestant clergy, can unquestionably be traced to the influence exercised by that gentleman over the mind of his Christiana young friend.

There is, also, a story told respecting the Duke of Orleans at this period which is less authentic, but more generally known than the preceding. On one occasion he felt convinced he was discovered, and became much alarmed. The circumstances were the following. During a country excursion with some friends, or rather acquaintances, he heard one of the party exclaim aloud at the close of the day, "*The Duke of Orleans' carriage!*" There was no carriage to be seen. The duke became embarrassed, but he endeavored to conceal

it, and asked the Norwegian gentleman why it was he called out for the Duke of Orleans' carriage, "What have you to do with him?" The gentleman, who was the son of a banker, replied that there was no other reason for making the exclamation than that, when he was in Paris with his family, every evening as they were leaving the French opera he heard the people vociferating, "*La voiture de Monseigneur le Duc d'Orleans!*"

Ah! how the times had changed! The popularity of former epochs had given way to low jests and indecent and brutal reproaches as the former idol of the "*cannaille*" was led away by them to the guillotine and to death!

Drontheim and Hamersfeldt endeared themselves to Louis Philippe's remembrance by the courtesy of Baron Kroh at the former, and by the civility of the kindly Laplanders at the latter place; and to the inhabitants of that small and frozen spot the now King of the French has sent a large and handsome clock, capable by its admirable workmanship of resisting the influence of the temperature, to be placed in the church of Hamersfeldt. These are the changes in the life of a man which no romance can equal, and no fiction can imitate. The wandering exile, poor, unknown, visits the snows of Lapland, and almost envies the arctic and monotonous repose of its inhabitants. That exile is afterwards the King of the French, sends forth to those regions scientific expeditions of discovery, and forwards to the dreaming, sleepy, inoffensive, but still only half existing Laplanders, a permanent memorial of his interest and esteem.

Brought up by Madame de Genlis, by whom, at least, I will seek to do justice in this sketch of His Majesty Louis Philippe, wholly to disregard the luxuries of the table, to be indifferent to ease, to sleep, to soft couches, to fine linen, and, indeed, to all the superfluities of life, the young duke never repined at the humblest meal, never complained of the most wretched fare, never reproached those who supplied him with the least dainty provisions, thanked his God for his *daily bread*, laid up stores of information for coming years, and although he had no right whatever to presume that he would ever be called to the throne, yet acted as one should do who was certain of such an elevation.

Taught, likewise, to feel no fear, he visited on all occasions during his voyages and travels all that was interesting though surrounded by dangers; and amongst other

spots the whirlpool of the Maelstrom in the Gulf of Salten. There, indeed, it was that the lines of the poet could be realized :—

“ Like ships which do go down at sea,
When heaven is all tranquillity.”

Still, his curiosity, his spirit of enterprise, and his love of nature, were not satisfied, and Iceland bore the imprint of his steps on its mountains and its precipices, until on the 24th of August, 1795, he reached the most northern point of the olden world :—

“ Hic tandem stetimus nobis ubi deficit orbis.”

Yes, there he was, the successor of Maupertius and Regnard,—there he was, the exiled prince, learning philosophy from observation, drinking in happiness from the contemplation of the works of God, studying nature on the largest scale, and even sojourning with poverty and want, when compared with the profusion which once surrounded him, in order that he might learn to be contented with his singular and precarious lot, and be led to trust in Him who had said that man was of more value than many sparrows. And in order that his external aspect might not appear singular, and that he might be looked upon by the natives more as one of themselves than as a foreigner, he wore the *koufte* of the Norwegian sailors, inhabited the humble tent of the Laplanders, and identified himself with all their peculiar modes of existence. On foot and attended by some natives, he re-crossed Swedish Lapland, descended to Toraco, passed to Abo, traversed a part of Finland to examine on the spot the theatre of the last war between the Russians and Swedes under Gustavus III., and advanced to the river Kymène which separated Sweden from Russia. But there he stopped; for, though he was an ardent and enlightened traveller, he was above and before all a Frenchman; and although no one could more heartily disapprove and deplore the excesses and enormities of the French Revolution than himself, yet as the animosity of Catherine II. was not merely directed against the revolution, but against France herself, he resolved not to pass the Kymène, but to visit Stockholm, and remain at least where he would be free alike from the risk of the knout and from the chance of being sent to Siberia.

At a court-ball in the Swedish capital his *incognito* was put an end to by the French envoy, who recognized the prince; but, fortunately, that recognition led to no persecution or unfortunate circumstance.

Whilst sojourning in that part of Europe, he repaired to the ruins of Dalécarlia, visited the former place of concealment of Gustavus Vasa, descended into the famous copper-mines, associated with the honest peasantry, and examined that vast rock of Mora, from which the same Vasa had harangued the Dalécarlians, and excited them to march against the despotic and merciless Christiern. In the very same farmhouse in which Vasa had taken refuge from the persecutions of his enemies, the Duke of Orleans found himself also an exile; and whilst Gustavus afterwards became the king of Sweden, the French prince is now the constitutional monarch of France. When these curiosities and objects of interest had passed in review before him, he returned once more by Copenhagen and Lubeck to the city of Hamburg.

There is, however, a power and a vigor in the monarchical principle which democracy dreads, and from the influence of which it in vain seeks ever and anon to escape. So it was with the French Directory! Although Louis XVI. had been murdered, Marie Antoinette had suffered the same fate, Madame Elizabeth had been beheaded, and the eldest Duke of Orleans had ascended the revolutionary scaffold; although the princes and princesses of the eldest and of the Orleans branch were either exiles or captives, still the fact that the young Duke of Orleans was free, haunted the French regicides and all French revolutionists, and they could not believe that their new government could possibly be secure whilst in Europe he could range and wander without restraint. It was not a purseless and deserted exile they dreaded,—that was impossible; but it was the force of the monarchical principle, which in time was embodied. That was their terror and their political nightmare. The duke, on his return to Hamburg, found himself almost without pecuniary resources, and knew not where to turn for assistance and protection. True, he had been offered distinguished posts in the armies of foreign princes, but such offers he could not accept. His patriotism was as pure as his life was irreproachable. He preferred poverty and self-respect to opulence, rank, and a consciousness that he had forgotten the allegiance he owed, at all times, and under all circumstances, to his father land. And when, at a subsequent period of his eventful history, he was called on to ascend the throne of St. Louis, his friends and supporters pointed to his antecedents and said, “He never fought against France! he never

raised his arm against the liberties or independence of his country!" And but for such just and most efficient praise his majesty Louis Philippe would most certainly not now have been reigning in that country as King of the French.

The Directory, in order to accomplish its plan of procuring the expatriation of the Duke of Orleans from Europe to America, resorted to the expedient of offering to his mother, the Duchess of Orleans, to remove from her property the sequestration which affected it, as well as to grant the liberation of her sons Montpensier and Beaujolais from their captivity in the castle of St. Jean, at Marseilles, provided the whole three would embark for the United States. In the little town of Frederickstadt the Duke of Orleans was sojourning when news of these negotiations first reached him, and Mr. Westford, a Hamburg merchant, was the intervening party. The duke felt, when he received the application of his mother to consent to leave Europe for America, that to her he owed this proof of obedience and respect; and when with that sentiment he connected the fact that his brothers, by his consent to depart, would obtain an immediate liberation from prison, he did not hesitate as to the course he should pursue. Besides all this, he knew that a refusal on his part would first be followed by more arbitrary measures against his mother and brethren; then by an active system of espionage exercised against himself; and, finally, by applications from the then French government to foreign powers to surrender him into their hands, under threats of vengeance and war in the event of refusal. The negotiations with the Directory were continued, the conditions were fulfilled, and on the 24th September, 1796, the duke took leave of Europe on board "*The America*," an American vessel, and after a narrow escape of capture, arrived at Philadelphia on the 21st October.

The fate of his brothers, the Duke of Montpensier and the Count of Beaujolais, had long occupied the attention and excited the deepest interest of the Duke of Orleans their brother. He had often thanked God that the letters he had addressed to the former, in which he had inveighed against the Terrorists of France, had been providentially destroyed by La Barre just a few moments previous to the arrival of municipal officers to seize his brother's papers. Often, too, had he apprehended that blind and mad political fanaticism and crime would have demanded new victims, and

that Beaujolais and Montpensier would have been condemned to an ignominious death. When he heard of the death of the Duke of Byron, so true and devoted a friend to the Orleans family, his heart also quailed within him, and he felt how few were now left in the wide world who could and who dared to raise their voices for the sons of him to whom they yet owed nearly all that they possessed of station and importance.

Sometimes when travelling alone in the wild scenery of Scandinavia, his heart would sicken and sigh as he thought of the declaration of one of the sovereign people at Aix, made in the hearing of Montpensier, "Ah! we have cut down the tree, the old trunk, but that is only doing half the work. We must cut up the roots, or the tree may be seen sprouting at some future time." And how often did he think of that wretched small cell of nine feet square into which his beloved Montpensier had been thrust, though no crime, either moral or political, could be laid at his door. Nor less often did he weep over that horrid scene, the description of which had reached him, when the Convention, having ordered that all the Bourbons remaining in France should be at once imprisoned in the Castle of Marseilles, at the dark hour of midnight, Montpensier's cell-door was opened, a municipal officer desiring him to rise from his straw couch, dress, and descend without delay, and when he was thence conducted to the fortress of Notre Dame de la Garde, where his father Egalité, the young Beaujolais, the Duchess of Bourbon, and the Prince Conti, were all likewise incarcerated. That was a striking moment, indeed, in the history of the Orleans' family, and often did the young duke turn to it with emotions of the strongest and most honorable nature.

And how could he forget the question which was put to Montpensier, or rather the reproach addressed to him, by one of the presidents of a revolutionary tribunal before which he was arraigned: "You could not but have been well informed of the liberticidal intentions of your brother Louis Philippe, since you were always about him, and you ought to know that the moment you did not denounce him you became his accomplice." Oh! how did that threat, at once so cruel, insolent, and false, distress and annoy the Duke of Orleans! And how often did he apprehend lest the mere circumstance of Montpensier being related to him should be the cause, if not of his death, at least of bitter and un-

merited persecutions! And, finally, how his heart loathed the wretched, wretched tyrants who had condemned his two innocent brothers to separation as well as to confinement, and whose myrmidons, when appealed to by Montpensier, who asked with impetuosity as the bolts of his solitary cell closed heavily upon him, "Citizens, citizens! by what order, and for what offence, am I sentenced to be placed in this horrible dungeon?" received only for reply, "It is by the orders of the Convention; and the duration of your imprisonment is wholly unknown!"

At length the moment of deliverance arrived for the young, innocent, and unfortunate captives, and the Duchess of Orleans having consented to the expatriation of her younger sons, the Directory gave orders for their removal from Fort St. Jean, and for their immediate embarkation for America. To General Willot was confided the pleasing task of communicating to the young princes the news that they were once more to be free, and that that freedom was to have its value enhanced by the cheering fact of their elder brother being about to meet them on the shores of America. The 5th of November, 1796, at length arrived, and the brothers of Louis Philippe left the port of Marseilles for that far-distant land in which they hoped to enjoy the blessings of freedom and repose. Oh! how their young hearts leapt within them when General Willot asked of them in their melancholy prison, "What would you say, young gentlemen, if I came at this moment to release you?" Montpensier afterwards described their sensations in the following graphic language: "When the general pronounced the unexpected happy sounds, 'You shall quit this prison for ever, unless you desire to return to it,' Beaujolais and myself looked steadfastly at each other, then, throwing ourselves into each other's arms, began to cry, laugh, leap about the room, and exhibit signs even of temporary derangement."

The past was, however, forgotten. Even the long voyage of ninety-three days, with all its ports and annoyances, seemed luxuries to them, and heartily did they thank God that they were once more spared to press to their hearts a brother whose virtues, even more than his relative ties, entitled him to their admiration and affection.

That was another striking moment in the life of Louis Philippe when in the city of Philadelphia, surrounded by American citizens, himself living in comparative retirement, but endeared to General Wash-

ington and to the American government, he received into his arms, and welcomed with rapture to the stranger land, the brothers he loved so well, and who had suffered so intensely. There were they, the three sons of a deceased regicide, without titles, property, or home; without rights, or privileges, or any interests to defend; and possessing scarcely any thing more than the right to live, except, indeed, the good wishes of all who became acquainted with their characters, and who could appreciate their hearts. There was the Duke of Orleans, the chief of his small house, the master of his modest establishment, a model of private virtue and fraternal love, of respect for the government, at least "*de facto*" of the country in which his lot had been cast; there he was, expatriated only for his name, and condemned to poverty and disgrace, whilst his noble qualities entitled him to respect and love. "We will not repine," he said to Beaujolais; "we will do our duty, fear God, and have confidence in our fortunes and our courage."

It was in February, 1797, that the meeting took place to which I have just referred, and of which Louis Philippe often discourses with evident delight. Small were their resources, frugal was their board, they lived wholly free from all ostentation, visited the principal points of attraction in the northern states of America, and, accompanied by that dear, faithful, affectionate Baudoin, who had been the companion of the Duke of Orleans during many a long day of fatigue, heat, cold, and of insufficient supplies of nourishment, visited Baltimore, the falls of the Potomac, Alexandria, and Mount Vernon, where Washington received them with parental kindness and noble hospitality. With that great man the young dukes formed a friendship which was alike honorable to all parties, but which was eminently serviceable to the French princes. Letters of introduction were given, and many acts of courtesy performed, by the American general, and they profited greatly from his almost parental attention.

Amongst the varied qualifications of the King of the French none, perhaps, are more striking than his love of order. He has essentially an orderly mind. All his pecuniary arrangements, all his distribution of property, all his expenditure, all the management of his estates, all the provisions made for his children, all the matrimonial negotiations he has entered into for them—all his military plans, all his diplomatic measures, all his senatorial acts, all his

conduct as a citizen, as a subject, as a son, as a brother, as a prince, as an exile,—all were stamped with a love and a principle of order. Thus it was in America, when possessed of but a very small income for the support of himself and his brothers, he kept a minute account of the expenditure of every dollar, and that account is still in his possession. This principle of order it is which enabled him out of his civil list to found those glorious galleries of Versailles which are indeed noble memorials of his taste, of his love of the fine arts, of his just sense of all that is national and grand, and which will continue during many generations to add lustre to his great name, and to mark with just and deserved fame the age in which he flourished. Louis Philippe has been accused of parsimony, of meanness, and of love of money, not for the sake of applying it to great and wise ends, but of a love of money for the pleasure of hoarding up wealth. The charge is unjust. No prince has contributed more than the King of the French has done, of his own private wealth, to adorn the palaces, improve the parks and gardens, enrich the galleries and museums, encourage the arts, manufactures, sciences, and agriculture of his people. But he is economical, prudent, and just, as well as liberal, generous, and noble; and it is this union of excellencies which constitutes his grand characteristic of order.

That was also another interesting moment in the life of Louis Philippe when, accompanied by his brothers, and placing their saddle-bags on their horses, in which they had deposited their wearing apparel, money, arms, and all other requisites for a protracted journey, they embraced General Washington, and set out as pilgrims in search of knowledge and of improvement. "We will know this country well," said the young duke on one occasion, to Montpensier; "who can tell but that it may one day become a powerful ally of our own beloved France? It has vast powers and a wide territory; and surely we shall live to see an end to exile, proscription, and the scaffold at home."

Louis Philippe possesses another virtue, which is frequently displayed,—the memory of the heart, or gratitude. He forgets no favor, and will carry to the grave with him a sense of every kindness conferred on him by the Norwegian fishermen and the Lapland whalers, as well as by the humblest citizens of the United States. Thus the names of Law and Bingham, of Willing and Dallas, of Gallatin and Powell, are all

present to his kindest recollections; and on many occasions in after years, when enjoying all that this world possesses of good at Neuilly and in the Palais Royal, did he testify to hundreds of American citizens the interest he took in themselves and in their country.

Winchester, Stanton, Abingdon, Knoxville, Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, Maysville, Lancaster, Zanesville, Wheeling, and Washington, were respectively visited and examined by the duke and his companions; and at last they remained, for some time, at Pittsburg. There the health of the Count de Beaujolais considerably suffered; and the effects of three years' excitement, bad treatment, and imprisonment in the damp prison of Marseilles, began to display themselves. Then it was that the duke his brother proved all the tenderness of his character, by performing the duties of a nurse, and endeavored to soothe his "dear Beaujolais" by his affectionate devotedness and fraternal love. His own turn, however, soon after arrived, and at Bairdstown the party were detained in consequence of his illness. When Louis Philippe afterwards ascended the throne of France, he sent to that same Bairdstown a handsome clock as a memorial of his kind and generous recollection. Of General Neville and Judge Brackenburgh, whom he met at Pittsburg, the king relates some curious and amusing incidents; one of which, relating to the judge, is well worth recounting. Conversing on one occasion with that individual, on the advantage of living even under bad laws, provided they are written, known, and faithfully executed, than of living in a state of society where democracy in full riot sets up its own tribunals, and subjects its victims to its own caprices and decisions, often under the pretence of favoring popular rights and popular liberties, the judge looked severely, and then broke out as follows: "I guess that Nero was no better than Robespierre, nor Caligula than Marat; but it is quite true that obedience and submission might secure the people from the edicts of the one, whilst that very obedience and that very submission would subject them to the vengeance of the other. Democracy without laws is the most horrible of despotisms."

That was again another striking moment in the life of the Duke of Orleans, when, after reaching the margin of the lake of Erie, arriving at Buffalo, and beholding Cattaraugus, he found himself the compulsory guest of a tribe of the Seneca Indians.

During his brief stay among them, or, rather, at his departure, a circumstance occurred which evinced that cool, calm, collected mind for which the duke has ever been distinguished. His brother Beaujolais had lost, whilst among the tribe, a favorite dog. What was to be done? Cowardice would have said, "We are but three,—they are a tribe; if they had not stolen the dog, he would have been with us still; and since they have stolen him, it is not probable they will return him." But far different was the conduct of the duke. With all the dignity of his character he returned to the tribe, sought out the chief, and demanded restitution; and his resolution and *sang froid* secured the restoration of Beaujolais' favorite and companion.

To Buffalo, Fort Erie, and the Canadian side of the Falls of Niagara, the princes also proceeded, and during their approach to Niagara they visited the Chippewa Indians, and passed some hours in their extraordinary and original village. Louis Philippe often describes in graphic terms the curious appearance of their cavalcade as they entered this primitive spot, and contrasts it with the splendor of a levee at St. James's or a ball at the Tuileries; and then points out to his family and his listeners how mistaken is the notion that men can only be virtuous or happy, useful or good, under one particular form of government, or subject to one description of forms, usages, and customs.

The absent Mademoiselle Orleans, now that admirable Madame Adelaide, to whom our brilliant young queen has of late been for the first time introduced at the château of Eu, was not forgotten by the Duke of Orleans or his brothers. From nearly every new spot and scene of importance and interest they wrote to her descriptions of scenery, manners, and life, and assured her of their unabated and abiding love. And as they wended their way, or sometimes lost their track through uninhabited regions, immense forests, and green savannahs, they conversed of their hapless and widowed mother, of their young and far-removed Adelaide, of the scenes of their earliest associations, and of that France which, in spite of all the crimes of her government, and the fierce despotism of her rulers, was still the land of their birth, their family, and of their tenderest and dearest associations.

That was another event of a striking character in the life of Louis Philippe when, whilst traversing the untamed domains of nature from Buffalo to Canadai-

gua, he met that persevering and admirable man, Mr. A. Baring, who recently as Lord Ashburton has effected the treaty between Great Britain and America which bears his name. Little did the exiled duke then think, whilst listening to the relation of the endurances he had had to submit to during his long and most wearisome journey, that at some future period he, the young exile, would be King of the French; and that during his reign Lord Ashburton would be selected by the British government to terminate differences with America which should have existed more than a quarter of a century.

Unintimidated by Mr. Baring's descriptions, faithful and correct as they were, the duke and his companions ascended the Seneca Lake, proceeded to Tioga Point, and during the last twenty-five miles of their journey, each carried on his back his own baggage. From Tioga through Wilkesbarre they proceeded to Philadelphia; and, having visited the American Cincinnatus, travelled through several of the States, passed some days among the Cherokee Indians; and finally, in June, 1797, regained Philadelphia. They had scarcely returned a month when the yellow fever broke out with violence, and they were counselled to follow the example of all persons of respectability, and to leave the city. But this was impossible. Their means were nearly exhausted; they had to wait for supplies from Europe; to borrow, to beg, or to go into debt, the Duke of Orleans would not do; and with the utmost economy, therefore, he directed the domestic arrangements of their small establishment, until, in the autumn of the year just mentioned, they were enabled by the duchess, their mother, to proceed to the Eastern States. New-York, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New-Hampshire, and the Maine, they deliberately examined, and finally they arrived at Boston, the metropolis of New England.

That was a sad and sorrowing moment for this group of affectionate and devoted sons, when, whilst staying at New-York, they learned for the first time, from the public papers, that after the eighteenth Fructidor a law had passed expelling from France all the members of the Bourbon family. "My poor mother, my beloved mother!" exclaimed the Duke of Orleans; "she also is included in this unjust and severe decree! What has she done to France but love it, cherish it, plead for it, weep over it, suffer for it. We will speedily join her. She is gone to Spain! Dearest

mother, thou shalt not remain sonless as well as a widow whilst we are alive!" From that moment their resolution was taken; but how long it was before it could be carried into effect! England and Spain were at war. The communications between the United States and the Peninsula were, therefore, either interrupted or dangerous, and many difficulties opposed themselves to the realization of their filial enterprise.

The duke and his brothers arrived at New Orleans on the 17th of Feb., 1798, having resolved to proceed at once to Cuba. Whilst crossing the Gulf of Mexico, they were met by an English frigate sailing under the republican flag of France. How singular a coincidence is this, that that tricolored flag which was then the subject of horror and detestation on the part of the duke and his brothers, was afterwards the very flag which Louis Philippe adopted when called by the revolution of 1830 to the throne of France. "France readopts her colors with enthusiasm," said the Duke of Orleans at the Hotel de Ville; and yet, thirty-two years previously, with what very different feelings those colors had been beheld, may be gathered from the following incident! When the frigate had discharged several guns, the vessel in which were the duke and his brothers came to, and soon a voice was heard, "Come, my lads, you must follow us!" Poor Montpensier was *au désespoir*. "God only knows," he said, "where they are now about to conduct us; perhaps we shall have to sail round the world!" The Duke of Orleans was not so easily intimidated; but, advancing to the lieutenant of the frigate, said, "Sir, have the goodness to inform your captain that I am the Duke of Orleans; that my companions are my brothers, the Duke of Montpensier and the Count Beaujolais, and that we are proceeding to the Havannah." Captain Cochrane received them with politeness, conveyed them safely to Cuba, and there landed them on the last day of March, 1798.

The spirit of persecution against the Orleans family which had only for a while relaxed, now again displayed itself; and, although in the Havannah, the duke and his brothers lived in the most regular, retired, and virtuous manner, not expressing any political opinions in public or even private, but confining themselves to study and exercise; yet an order, dated Aranjuez, the 21st of May, 1799, directed the captain-general of the Isle of Cuba no longer to allow the three princes to remain in that portion of the Spanish territory; but to

send them immediately to New Orleans. During their fourteen months' residence at Cuba their resources had been extremely limited, and their hardships ill fitting their rank and real patrimony. But they did not repine at their lot, and waited patiently for the issue of events.

The life of Louis Philippe is so replete with extraordinary coincidences, that one is struck at almost every new step of his existence with something memorable and exciting. Little did he think when proscribed by France and Spain, and nearly the whole of Europe, and after having repaired to the Bahama Islands, and passed over to Halifax, where he was received by the Duke of Kent, the father of our beloved Victoria, that forty-three years afterwards he should receive at the old Normandy family château of his race the daughter of that same duke, who is now the Queen of England. And little did he imagine, when her father showed to him so much of honest politeness and unaffected sympathy, in the North American provinces, that he should have it in his power at a future period to return all the kindness and attention displayed to himself and his brothers, by greeting, in his best, most hospitable, and regal manner, the Queen of England, and the eldest daughter of that Duke of Kent. Such are the chances and changes of this varied world!

To England, the nation of the brave and the free, the duke and his associates now turned their attention, since wearied by the half-savage, half-civilized life of the North American provinces, and disgusted with the shameful persecution to which the royal wanderers had been exposed at the Havannah, they now abandoned the hope of seeing their mother, the Duchess of Orleans in Spain; but resolved to proceed to Great Britain, and there adopt plans which should conduce to that result. For it is a fact which cannot be too broadly or fully stated, that the Orleans family, both of the last and present generations, were, and are, amongst the most affectionate and devoted of their class. Their family affection was and is boundless; and a better father, husband, and son, does not breathe on the earth than Louis Philippe.

The Duke of Kent was applied to by the then Duke of Orleans to grant to himself and his brothers a free passage to England. With that request his royal highness felt he could not comply without first obtaining permission from the government at home; and as the French princes were too impatient to leave America, and get back at least

to the neighborhood of Europe, to wait for the exchange of couriers, and the then often long passage to and from Great Britain, they embarked on board a small vessel for New-York, and afterwards obtained in a packet-ship a passage for England. But who, save Louis Philippe himself, can recount all the annoyances and vexations, deprivations and sorrows, to which himself and his brothers were exposed before they could secure their passage, so small were their resources?

They, whose private fortunes were immense, often found themselves without a dollar between them, and knew not where to obtain the next. They arrived, however, at Falmouth in February, 1800. That fond and faithful Adelaide had prepared the way by correspondence with the English government for their reception; and the good and gracious George the Third directed that no impediment should be thrown in the way of their residence in or near London.

The arrival of the three sons of "*Egalité*" at Twickenham, was an event of some importance, not merely in the opinion of the diplomatic circles of London, but also in that of the princes of the elder branch of the house of Bourbon. The emigrants entertained, of course, a cordial hatred for the Orleans family, in consequence of the political principles and conduct of its late head. This was natural; and it led to the separation of the eldest branch from the Orleans race up to the period at which I have now arrived in the history of Louis Philippe. That the brothers and the child of Louis XVI. should feel an aversion even to the offspring of "*Egalité*," cannot excite surprise. He had voted for the death of their brother and father, and that was a crime which could not be forgiven. But, in addition to this, the peculiar circumstances in which the young Duke of Orleans was placed at the time of the defection of Dumouriez, and his entire separation from the eldest branch of the Bourbons, as well as his known political opinions being those of a constitutional and not of an absolute character, rendered him an object of suspicion and mistrust on the part of both the Bourbons and the emigrants. "What is the object of the Duke of Orleans in coming to London?" was a question everywhere put, and which excited great interest and attention. The next heir to the French throne was Louis XVIII. He was at Mitteau. The Prince de Condé endeavored to wreak his vengeance on France for the cruelties and

barbarities inflicted on his race by war. The Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles X. was residing in the British metropolis, and his abode was the rendezvous of those who were the most determined opponents of the new order of things in France. Some were of opinion that the Duke of Orleans had secret objects which he wished to accomplish; that he desired to ascend the throne of France, or at least to prepare his way for so doing; and that he had a party in France secretly at work for him. Others thought that his great desire was to obtain the patronage of the British government in the event of a general peace, or of some other arrangement by which he might, with its aid, be put in possession of the Orleans family estates. Whilst those who knew him best were quite certain that he had only one straightforward course in view, and that was to reside quietly in England, without listening to intrigues, or being mixed up in plots or conspiracies, to associate with the English gentry, to "*bide his time*," to take his chance in coming events, and to be (as he hoped) one day again a prince and a gentleman in his own country. When he settled down in Twickenham, his intentions were as honorable as they were open and public. He lived without ostentation and display; spoke but little of politics or political events; sought the society of the best English families; and would not on any occasion deviate from the line he had marked out of acting in a foreign country as a private individual, and not as a political personage.

During the absence of the Duke de Montpensier and the Count Beaujolais at Clifton, for the benefit of the health of the former, the Count d'Artois invited the Duke of Orleans to visit him at his residence in Welbeck-street, Cavendish Square. That invitation was accepted, and led to a reconciliation with Louis XVIII., by means of a correspondence, in which the Duke of Orleans expressed his deep regret at the fatal vote of his father, and his own horror at the enormities perpetrated by the regicide factions in France; but, at the same time, avowed that to the early and original principles of the Revolution of 1788, before they were stained by bloodshed and crime, he was as warmly as ever attached. It was on that occasion that the Count d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.) reproached him with his "*errors*;" and oh, strange coincidence! that same Charles X. just thirty years afterwards, wrote to the same Duke of Orleans to entreat him to become regent of France, and to rule for, and in the name

of, his grandson the Duke of Bordeaux, during his minority. How little did either the Count d'Artois or the Duke of Orleans think when, in February, 1800, the former had reproached the latter with his "errors," that thirty years subsequently the *real* "errors" of Charles X. would lead to his abdication; that he would himself apply to the Duke of Orleans to step between the eldest branch of the French people, as a sort of third party or hostage, and that the throne of the Capets should afterwards become that of the family of Orleans!!

Mr. Pitt soon satisfied himself of the purity of the intentions of the duke, introduced him to George the Third, who held a special levee to receive him and his brother, and, from that moment, they were invited during the whole of that season to the most elevated and fashionable circles. Still the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon was not satisfied. The members of that branch desired to see the duke and his brother at the head of an army with the "Drapeau blanc" as their emblem, to announce their principles, marching against France. Numerous were the efforts made by the Count d'Artois, by the Prince of Bourbon, and by the emigrants, to prevail on the duke to identify himself completely with the emigrant party; but neither their efforts, nor those of the court of Louis XVIII., in Courland, could prevail on the Orleans family to follow their counsels; and although they associated with the eldest branch, and wished success to the cause of the Bourbons, they resolved not to become parties to a counter-revolution.

In order, then, to get rid of importunities which were disagreeable, and to put an end to unprofitable negotiations, the Duke of Orleans requested Mr. Pitt to grant him and his brother a free passage to Minorca, hoping from that island to be enabled to pass over to Spain, and enjoy the long-desired interview with their royal mother. The duchess was then living in comparative comfort in Spain, since Buonaparte had caused her to receive a large portion of the produce of the sale of the Orleans estates. To her sons she was kind, attentive, and even generous; but the difficulties which then existed in the way of safely transmitting money were much greater than is generally imagined.

The voyage to Minorca was unfortunate. Time and money were consumed without any result being obtained. Although they arrived at the Spanish coast, so great was the aversion of the government of that country even to their names, that they

were not allowed to proceed into the interior of the kingdom, and they returned to England without enjoying the satisfaction of an interview with their mother. They succeeded, however, by their correspondence, in prevailing upon the duchess to send for her daughter Mademoiselle, now Madame Adelaide, from Hungary, where she was then residing with the Princess of Conti, and to cause her to become her companion in her Spanish exile. Most unsuccessful were all the efforts of the French princes once more to clasp in their arms their beloved mother; and to England they returned, fully resolved to reside at Twickenham in complete isolation, and the most retired and private manner.

From this period, 1802, when, with but one servant the princes resided in England, living a life of seclusion on the banks of the Thames, to the year 1807, when the beloved Montpensier was separated by death from the Duke of Orleans, the days of the princes were calm and peaceful. The Duke of Orleans studied the constitution and laws of Great Britain; Montpensier distinguished himself as a painter; and Beaujolais watched with intense interest the affairs of France and of the Continent; and kept his brothers "*au courant*" with the events of each day. They were indeed admirably formed for each other, and never was a brighter example given of fraternal affection. But, alas! the healths of both Beaujolais and Montpensier were too deeply affected by the imprisonment and sufferings of their earlier days ever really to recover; and, notwithstanding the best medical aid was resorted to, the Duke de Montpensier died in his thirty-second year, at Salthill, near Windsor, to the inexpressible grief of his surviving and most disconsolate brothers. Of that prince much has been written of a commendatory nature, but not one word too much. He had a noble and tender heart, a fine elevated mind, a high sense of honor and virtue, and a great love of order, truth, and obedience. His ashes repose in that Westminster Abbey, beneath whose roof are entombed the great, the learned, and the good; and, in 1829, when the present King of the French visited for the last time this country, he caused to be erected to the memory of his beloved brother a monument worthy of his name.

The Count de Beaujolais soon followed, though in another land, his beloved Montpensier to the world of spirits. Prevailed on by the Duke of Orleans to accompany him to Malta, for the benefit of a milder and more genial atmosphere, they took up

their residence at Valetta; but only a few weeks afterwards, this adventurous, refined, and courageous prince existed no longer. It was in the month of October, 1808, that the Duke of Orleans truly found himself alone in the world; and although the members of the eldest branch had acted with much of kindness and sympathy, yet nothing could compensate him for the loss of two brothers with whom he had spent so many years of devoted and mutual love. Broken-hearted and alone, he now sought in change of scene some mitigation of his sorrows; and having received from Ferdinand IV., the King of the Two Sicilies, an invitation to visit himself and his family, he proceeded to his majesty's dominions, and landed at the port of Messina.

At Palermo the Duke of Orleans was received with noble hospitality and affectionate sympathy, and there he became acquainted with that most admirable and amiable princess who is now the Queen of the French, and whose virtue, maternal and conjugal love, and unaffected piety, cannot possibly be too highly extolled. Indeed, her devotedness, her sweet counsels, and unbounded attachment, her good sense, admirable prudence, and yet cheerful and resigned conduct on occasions of the deepest trial, and almost unheard-of anxiety and sorrows, have been to the duke and the king the charm of his life, and have rendered him one of the happiest of husbands and of fathers. Their views have so completely harmonized with regard to the education of their children; their domestic and family arrangements have been adopted so wholly with each other's full consent and approbation; and they have on all occasions so entirely acted in concert on all important questions, that notwithstanding the various attempts made since 1830 to assassinate the king and his offspring, as well as the political convulsions of the kingdom and the deaths of two beloved children, her uniform and devoted love, pious resignation, and practical religion, have made life almost charming, and mitigated the severity of their mutual sorrows.

It was soon after the period when the Duke of Orleans first saw the princess Marie Amelia that Napoleon had decided upon becoming arbitrator between the King of Spain and his son Ferdinand, and had resolved to deprive one of the present, the other of his prospective right to the throne. He had formed the project of placing the diadem of the peninsula on the brow of Joseph Buonaparte his brother. This led to the Peninsular War. The

Queen of Sicily hoped that the moment would arrive when Napoleon might favor the claims of her second son prince Leopold, and besides which she hoped that the Duke of Orleans might be induced to appear in the field and rally round him all the royalist emigrants. She, therefore, desired to postpone the marriage of her daughter with the Duke of Orleans until she should be perfectly convinced that Napoleon would despise her machinations.

That was a striking event, and an extraordinary moment in the life of Louis Philippe, when in August, 1808, prevailed on by the mother of his future wife and queen, he accompanied Prince Leopold, his future brother-in-law, to Gibraltar, in order to propose from thence to the senate of Seville to adopt the former as regent. Such a line of proceeding was so unlike his former prudent and wise policy, that nothing can explain its adoption but the influence exercised over his mind by the mother of that princess to whom he so ardently desired to unite his future destinies. But although, for the moment, his mind had been unduly influenced and his heart had lent itself to the deception, it was *only* for a moment, and as soon as the duke had conferred with Lord Collingwood, this strange adventure was wisely terminated. The whole of the previous life of the Duke of Orleans supplied so great a mass of evidence that this momentary intrigue was not his own invention, that Lord Collingwood therefore took great pains to convince his royal highness that the project was senseless, and had not the smallest chance of success. Convinced by the unanswerable arguments of his lordship, the Duke of Orleans returned on board the "*Thunderer*" to England, although, to gratify his future mother-in-law, he sent in a protest to the British government and a complaint against the governor of Gibraltar, but pursued them no farther than was requisite to fulfil the promise he had made to the Queen of Sicily.

The project, long conceived, but so often frustrated by unexpected events, of once more beholding his venerable mother, he was now resolved to prosecute until success should crown his efforts. He accordingly applied to the British government for permission to proceed to the Mediterranean and to correspond with the Duchess of Orleans, who was residing at Port Mahon; and he was on the very eve of embarking when he had the happiness of meeting at Portsmouth (to which place he had proceeded for the purpose of finding out her

abode) his beloved and devoted sister Made-moiselle d'Orleans. After a few days' residence in England, they left for Malta, and reached Valetta in February, 1809. To the Chevalier de Broval were intrusted the negotiation for an interview, but that mission, unknown to the duke, assumed a political character, and the Duke of Orleans was appointed to the command of a corps of the Spanish army destined to act on the frontiers of Catalonia. This measure, however, was instantly frustrated by Napoleon by the sudden invasion of Andalusia by a powerful French force. The project, however, brought suspicion on the duke, and its failure deprived him of some of the fame he had acquired for his "ability" and courage.

At the court of the Queen of Sicily he was of course libelled by his foes, and his chances of success in his matrimonial projects became but small, when he determined on facing his enemies and on proceeding without delay to Palermo. There the frankness of his manners, the charms of his society and conversation, and the sincere and avowed attachment of the Sicilian princess for him, removed all obstacles, and the Duchess of Orleans having given her consent to the union, embarked on board an English vessel, and arrived at Palermo on the 15th of October, 1809.

And was not that a memorable moment in the life of Louis Philippe when, after so many years of persecution, poverty, exile, and misery,—when, after having lost his Montpensier and his Beaujolais, his two faithful and devoted brothers, he once more pressed to his heart his beloved and long absent mother? How sad had been her destinies! Her husband had first deserted her, and then had been put to death; her children had been banished from her; her property had been confiscated and sold; her own peaceful asylum at Figueiras had been laid in ruins by a Catalonian army; and she had become a miserable wanderer on the face of the earth! But once more ere she died she beheld herself in the society of two of her children, and one month after her arrival at Palermo, she witnessed the execution of the marriage contract of her son and Princess Maria Amelia of Sicily. On the 25th of November of that year the illustrious pair received the church's benediction in the old Norman chapel of the Palazzo Reale. "The old Duchess," wrote Lord Collingwood, "who is a delightful old woman, seems to have forgotten all her misfortunes, (and they have been

great,) and is very happy in the choice which her son has made of a wife."

The marriage in question, if looked at solely from the point of time at which it was celebrated, and the then prospects both of Louis Philippe and the Sicilian dynasty, was any thing but fortunate. For he was an exiled prince without wealth or power, and she was the daughter of a prince who was compelled to seek safety in an insular portion of his dominions, protected, indeed, by the British navy, but, without such protection, weak and helpless.

But a few months had passed over his head before the Duke of Orleans received an urgent solicitation on the part of the Spanish provisional government to enter the Peninsula, and the proposal was received by him with pleasure and adopted with delight. Why was this? The struggle was between liberty and tyranny, and involved the independence or the subjection of the Spanish nation. But the duke arrived too late, (May, 1810,) and he re-embarked, and sailed for Cadiz.

The Duke of Wellington disapproved of the invitation which had been sent to the Duke of Orleans, and anxiously hoped for his own honor, that he would reject it. The Duke of Wellington also regretted the difficulties in which the misfortunes and the intrigues of Spain had involved so amiable a person as the subject of this memoir. More than this, the Duke of Wellington stated in a letter to Dumouriez, "I have often lamented the lot of the Duke of Orleans. He is a prince of the most estimable character, great talents, and deserved reputation; he will one day prove a great benefactor to his unhappy country."

That the Duke of Orleans did not go unbidden to Spain, and that the regency had pressed upon him the acceptance of the command of the troops, cannot be doubted; but the Cortes supplanted the regency, and the Duke of Wellington sought to dissuade the Duke of Orleans from taking up arms against France, even in so noble and just a cause as that of Spanish independence.

And, surely, that was an interesting moment in the life of Louis Philippe when, on the 30th of September, 1810, full of honest indignation at the conduct both of the regency and the Cortes towards him, he presented himself unbidden before that assembly, alighted at the principal door of entrance, and demanded to be heard. He was so; but the Cortes would not retract its decision, and three deputies waited on

him to state that his withdrawal had become necessary for the safety of that very country he had arrived to defend. His protests were fruitless, his retirement was enforced, and on the 3d of October he embarked for Palermo.

On the Duke of Orleans arriving at Palermo in October, 1810, he learned that on the 2d of the previous month his duchess had given birth to that noble prince the Duke of Chartres, and afterwards the Duke of Orleans, whose premature and melancholy death all Europe and the civilized world have not yet ceased to deplore. Brave, generous, well instructed, amiable, chivalrous, loyal, and patriotic, the late Duke of Orleans was the charm of every society in which he mingled, the idol of his family, and the hope of every man of sense and moderation in France. His admirable temper, his great good sense, his love of his native land, his moderate but well-guarded ambition, his attachment to French constitutional institutions, his aversion to extreme principles and measures, and his excellent tact and discrimination, pointed him out as a man from whom France had much to expect, and the world at large much to hope. Foremost in the field of battle when his country called him to attack her foes, he was, nevertheless, a lover of peace, of the fine arts, of his family circle, and of domestic life. He has left a widow who still sorrows for his loss as one who cannot be consoled, but who will educate his children with wisdom, love, prudence, and virtue.

There is a story told of him in familiar circles which is not generally known, but which is greatly to his honor and praise. On one occasion after the birth of the Count de Paris, a lady whose attachment to the Church of Rome was far greater than that of the late duke, expressed her fears that as his duchess was a *Protestant*, the count might receive some bias towards that religion. The duke listened with attention to all the observations of the illustrious lady, and then replied, "The first thing necessary for a prince, in the days in which we live, is to be an honest man, and to love above and before all things truth; then to be prepared to live and to die for his country, and then to govern according to its laws and constitution. If my son does all this, I care not whether he be called a Catholic or a Huguenot. He will be in both cases an honest man, a good king, and I hope a true Christian." But to return to Louis Philippe.

The then Duke of Orleans entertained

some hopes that he might obtain employment and secure honor in the army of his father-in-law; but the king and queen could never agree either upon the objects to be pursued, or on the mode of carrying them into effect. The queen insisted that the English were opposed to the restoration of Ferdinand to the throne of Naples, and her son-in-law in vain tried to persuade her to abandon the notion of rescuing Italy, and employ all her resources in defending Sicily. He urged her also to cultivate by all the means in her power the alliance of Great Britain. His advice both as to foreign and domestic policy was disregarded; and the unfortunate revolution confirmed the accuracy of his counsels, and demonstrated the folly of the queen's decision. The duke foresaw the approaching storm, lived with his duchess and the young Duke of Chartres in comparative seclusion, secured to himself and his family by his admirable conduct the respect and confidence of the Sicilians, and there remained not far from Palermo, a spectator rather than an actor on the great arena of political contest, until aroused from his state of comparative indolence by the thrilling news of the AB-DICATION OF NAPOLEON!

That was another striking moment in the life of Louis Philippe, when on the 23d of April, 1814, he entered the Marine Hotel at Palermo, occupied by the British Ambassador, and received from him the startling intelligence that Napoleon had fallen, and that the race of the Bourbons was restored to the throne of their forefathers! Surprise, incredulity, amazement, were all marked on his countenance, and alternately he rejoiced at the *result*, whilst, as a Frenchman, he could not but deplore the defeat, disgrace, and subjugation of his country. And was not that a moment of the deepest and even inconceivable interest when, on the 18th of May, 1814, he re-entered that city of Paris in which his father had been guillotined amidst the acclamations of the populace, and in which barbarities and horrors had been perpetrated, which would have disgraced even the savages and cannibals of New Zealand? Yet there stood the same Tuileries in which he had seen collected so much of pomp, and wit, and beauty, and gorgeousness, and all that was glittering and gay. And there stood the same palace of the Palais Royal, though debased and degraded by republican and imperial governments; and there were the same Boulevards, conducting to that same Place de la Bastille, to which Madame de Genlis had conducted him to

witness its famous demolition! "Your highness was a lieutenant-general in the service of the country twenty-five years ago," said Louis XVIII. when the duke was presented to him the day after his arrival, "and you are still the same!" Yes, there he was, standing in the same palace, bearing the same title, and yet once more destined to return to the shores of England, and seek the sylvan shades and retreat of Twickenham.

There is a very curious fact connected with this portion of the life of Louis Philippe which, when compared with another period of his history, cannot fail to strike with interest the reader. I allude to the fact, that Prince Talleyrand, who accompanied Louis XVIII. to Compiègne, remarked to the king, "that he saw no *necessity* for hastening the return of the Duke of Orleans; that the air of Palermo agreed with him so well, that perhaps it would be best he should remain there." And yet, when after a lapse of sixteen years, that same Duke of Orleans was raised to the throne of France, the Prince Talleyrand was amongst the first to do him homage, and negotiated with such ability with foreign powers the recognition of the *Orleans dynasty*, that he obtained its admission into the family of European sovereigns! This was a specimen of Talleyrand. Zealous for all, faithful to none; successful for all, sincere to none; ever true to the rising star, the rising sun, and the smiling fortune; and ever false to the sinking star, the setting sun, and to misfortune and defeat. He had every vice,—and not one virtue.

In the month of July, 1814, the duke returned to Palermo, and was accompanied by the same Baron Athalin, who afterwards became the private and left-handed husband of Mademoiselle Orleans, now Madame Adelaide, and for whose courage, honor, and devotedness to the Orleans dynasty, Louis Philippe has since rewarded him with every mark of esteem and gratitude. To the palace of his ancestors Louis Philippe now returned. He was received with coldness at court, and with suspicion by the restored Royalists. This was unwise and cruel. But new events changed the whole aspect of affairs. Napoleon escaped from Elba, and, on the 5th of March, 1815, landed at Cannes. Louis XVIII. sent for the Duke of Orleans. What was to be done? "Sire," said he, addressing himself to Louis XVIII., "as for me, I am prepared to share both your bad and good fortune; although one of your royal race, I am your

subject, servant, and soldier; dispose of me as your majesty pleases for the honor and the peace of France!"

Directed to proceed to Lyons to oppose the progress of the usurper, he pointed out the impossibility of success in such an undertaking, but undertook the command of the army of the north. There, with that same valiant Mortier Duke de Treviso, who was subsequently shot by his side on the Boulevard du Temple by the infernal machine of Fieschi, the Duke of Orleans visited Cambrai, Douai, Lille, and other fortified stations on a tour of inspection, and did all he could to excite his soldiers to fidelity, and the population to a love of peace. But his efforts were wholly unavailing, and after having ascertained beyond the possibility of doubt that, at least for a period, the cause of the usurper would triumph, he addressed to Marshal Mortier a farewell letter, and returned to Twickenham, whither had preceded him his Duchess, the Duke of Chartres, and his second son, the present gallant and very able prince, the Duke of Nemours. That scion of the house of Orleans was born at Paris on the 25th of October, 1814, and is at the moment I am writing this sketch visiting the French provinces in company with his duchess, in order that he may become intimately acquainted with the wants and wishes of France, in the event of his august father Louis Philippe dying before the Count de Paris shall arrive at his majority, in which case the Duke de Nemours would be regent. That duke is a Conservative. Possessed of great talents, considerable eloquence, presence of mind, decision of character, and a firm resolution to do and to say that which he believes to be right, no man of his family, or of his time is better qualified to become regent should that death occur, which would, alas! render a regency inevitable. For the sake of the peace of France and the repose of the world, may that day be yet far distant.

The Duke of Orleans retired from France with mingled sentiments of regret and discouragement. He had ascertained the fact that the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon could not rely on the support of the French army! and therefore that foreign intervention and foreign occupation could alone secure to that dynasty possession of the throne. To what events a foreign occupation would lead, how it might be opposed, and what would follow that opposition, he could not possibly predict or foresee; and when he arrived at Twickenham he did not hesitate to state that he

could not imagine what might be the result of the new struggle. But THE HUNDRED DAYS of rule,—and that battle of Waterloo, which in spite of all the falsehoods which have been published respecting it, was one of the greatest, most important, and honorable to British arms and valor, ever fought in any land, soon put an end to the ephemeral success of the usurper, and recalled to the throne of France the house of Bourbon.

The enemies of the Duke of Orleans were not, however, few or inactive. The Jesuits and the Court of Rome, the emigrants and their families,—all sought by forged documents and signatures, and by every other unworthy and disgraceful means, to interrupt the cordiality which existed between the house of Bourbon Capet and that of Bourbon Orleans, and to cause it to be believed that the head of the latter house was conspiring with the Liberals, to depopularize the then reigning dynasty, as well as to create a party for himself. When he returned to the French capital, he found therefore little cordiality. When he carried by his manly eloquence in the chamber of peers the *rejection* of an address invoking the king to exercise measures of vengeance against Marshal Ney and Labedoyère, and others, and which would have virtually deprived his majesty of the free and unbiassed exercise of his judgment and compassion, he was suspected and denounced; and Louis XVIII. prevailed on to recall that ordinance by virtue of which princes of the blood royal sat in the chamber of peers. They were not to appear in the chamber in future without special authorization. This was a blow so direct and violent levelled against the Duke, and which was followed by so decided a refusal of the king to avail himself of his assistance in the formation of his new government, that he deemed it at once more expedient to retire to England, and from the quiet scenery of Twickenham to watch the progress of events and the measures of the Bourbon government. There, for nearly twelve months, he “looked through the loopholes of retreat,” and examined, though from a distance, the proceedings of the Ultra-royalists. Talleyrand was at the moment occupied with the project of sending the Duke of Orleans permanently to Palermo; but the answer received from the prince was so manly, decided, and constitutional, that the artful courtier and diplomatist was wholly defeated.

When the period of reaction had passed

away, Louis Philippe returned to France in the spring of 1817. From that moment he resolved to devote himself to the management of his extensive domains, and which had not been sold under the usurping governments of the republic or of Buonaparte; to the administration of his sumptuous household; and, above all, to the education of a numerous and charming family, redolent of health, wit, and beauty.

The management of his estates, the liquidation of his debts due upon them, and their restoration to order, occupied the duke during a period of nearly ten years; and, although it has been the habit to accuse that prince of having devoted a large portion of that time to intrigues against the reigning dynasty, nothing can be farther removed from the truth than those allegations. Louis Philippe is essentially a family man; attached to family and quiet pursuits; fond of literature and literary men; and naturally much more disposed to follow and adopt the habits and pursuits of an English country gentleman, than to engage in diplomatic negotiations or in political pursuits. It was not, then, natural for Louis Philippe, with his far different and opposing tastes and inclinations, to engage in political intrigues, and in secret opposition to the king's government. Besides which, he owed too many obligations to Louis XVIII., for the assistance afforded to him in procuring possession of his patrimonial estates, and for the millions of francs assigned to him under the act of indemnity, to be so ungrateful and disloyal. That the duke believed that some further political revolution might occur in France is certain; but that he contributed to bring about, either directly or indirectly, the events of 1830, I do most unhesitatingly and wholly deny. Undoubtedly, his associates were neither Romish priests nor Ultra-royalists; and it cannot be denied that Foy, Constant, Perier, and Manuel, were amongst the constant visitors at the Palais Royal, Neuilly, and Eu. Nor will those who write or speak conscientiously of Louis Philippe attempt to deny that his political views were rather those of Lord Grey than of Mr. Pitt, of Mr. Fox than of Lord Liverpool, or of Mr. Canning than of Lord Castlereagh. But Louis Philippe, whether as Duke of Orleans or as king, was, and is, of opinion, that in countries governed by limited monarchies, changes should be effected solely by the parliament, and not by the populace; and that no excuse can be offered for those who conspire under con-

stitutional governments. I am anxious, then, to assist, at least, in removing a general impression, which I think on the whole unfounded, that the Duke of Orleans, either under the reign of Louis XVIII. or under that of Charles X., conspired against the government of his country, or against the monarch on the throne. I know he often disapproved the policy of Talleyrand, of Villele, and of Polignac; but as the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Kent, and the Duke of Sussex, were not conspirators, though I regret that they all once belonged to the opposition ranks in parliament, so neither was the Duke of Orleans. This is the line of distinction to be drawn:—and for want of it being attended to, the conduct of Louis Philippe during the restoration has been either not understood or greatly misrepresented.

No family circle in the whole world was more united and happy than that of the Duke of Orleans at the period of which I am now speaking. Those who were admitted to the château of the duke were in love with all they saw and all they heard. "They are delicious creatures, those Orleans girls," exclaimed the Duchess of Berry, as they left on one occasion the favorite evening's "*causerie*" apartment of Charles X.; "there is not such another family in your majesty's dominions." The system of education adopted by the duke was admirable; and this thought reminds me of a few words written about that same Prince de Joinville who has lately escorted our fair queen from Eu to Brighton, and has expressed in touching and feeling terms his admiration of her character and of *the whole British nation*.

"I saw the young Prince de Joinville," wrote Madame de Genlis, "who was only two years old, but who spoke as distinctly as a child of six or seven; he was also as polite as he was handsome and intelligent: in fact, the whole family of the Duke of Orleans is truly the most interesting I ever knew. Its members are charming by their personal attractions, by their natural qualities and education, and by the reciprocal attachment of parents and children."

The determination of Louis Philippe to confer on his sons the benefits of a public education in the schools of Paris has been unjustly and unkindly ascribed to a wish to render his branch of the Bourbon race more popular than that of the eldest branch.

I am satisfied that this is a libel. It is true that the duke did not believe that the revolution of 1793 or 1788 had been terminated. He did not witness that quiet

and calm settling down to existing institutions on the part of the middling classes in France, which was necessary to assure to a thoughtful mind either security for the present, or confidence for the future. There was an evident conviction that something else had to transpire, that an attempt would be made by the court to unsettle the settlement of 1815, and that this attempt might lead to new disasters. That the Duke of Orleans was, therefore, disposed to stand aloof from a line of policy he did not approve is certain; but he never conspired against that policy. It is by no means improbable that he resolved on the education of his sons in the public schools, partly with the view of showing that he was in no wise mixed up with the re-actionary views and the counter-revolutionary determinations of the high Roman Catholic party, but it by no means followed that he desired either to excite distrust in the minds of the people against the eldest branch of the Bourbons, or to form a political party in his own favor. I firmly believe that the principal reasons why the Duke of Orleans determined on educating his sons in the public schools were; first, because he was of opinion that they would receive in them a far better education than at home. And, secondly, because, since, owing to the birth of the Duke of Bordeaux, his branch of the Bourbon race would not probably ever be called to the throne; that his own children should belong rather to the upper ranks of French society than be regarded merely as princes, and Bourbons.

The marriage of the niece of the Duchess of Orleans with the Duke of Berry was an event of great importance in the history of the former family. Lively, gay, witty, generous, and open-hearted, the Duchess of Berry captivated all parties, and even gained the affection of the Republicans themselves. Few women have ever lived whose passions have betrayed them into more acts of indiscretion and impropriety than this unfortunate lady; and yet, few have ever possessed such admiring and devoted followers. She had the art of making herself loved to a greater degree than almost any other woman of her time; and to this day the name of the Duchess of Berry carries a talismanic influence with it, even in the liberal circles and saloons of Paris. That marriage then introduced more frequently the Duke of Orleans to the court, but the priest party was always opposed to him; caused him invariably to be distrusted; and induced Louis XVIII., and subsequently

Charles X., to believe that, in him, the eldest branch had a dangerous and decided foe. It was, therefore, that the former prince refused to confer on him the title of "Royal Highness."

The death of Louis XVIII., in some respects, however, changed the position of the Duke of Orleans. The latter was received with greater kindness at court, his children were regarded with more attention and affection; and, during the first month of the reign of Charles X., the advice of the duke was not wholly neglected. But this state of things was not of long duration. The old Roman Catholic party once more rallied: the Court of Rome installed itself at the Tuileries: doubts were entertained whether the new monarch should take the oath of fidelity to the charter: and that unhappy and misguided man, who possessed a noble and benevolent heart, was at last prevailed on to believe that it was possible to re-establish in France the old French monarchy of 1780. From that moment the Duke of Orleans resolved on standing aloof, as far as possible, from political events. He determined, yet more than ever, to consecrate his life to his large and admirable family, and to encourage the arts, science, and literature; to relieve the distresses of the unfortunate; to administer his own vast domains; to aid all improvements in manufactures, commerce, and agriculture; and to be the encourager and patron of all that could tend to embellish and adorn that France he loved so dearly, and that illustrious family of which he was the head.

When Charles X. announced to the national guards of Paris their dissolution, because some cries had been uttered at a review unfavorable, not to the king, but to his government, the Duke of Orleans was silent. "Another step, deplorable and false, has this day been taken," said the duke to an intimate friend; "but I am only a subject; and, although I greatly fear that this indicates a desire for counter-revolution, my course is clear—to obey and be silent."

When Count de Peyronnet's bill for restraining the liberty of the press was brought into the House of Peers, the Duke of Orleans regarded it as the presage of a coming storm; but he raised not the drapeau of disobedience, whilst he rejoiced at the repudiation of the measure.

When the Duke of Berry was assassinated, the Duke of Orleans and his family were plunged into the deepest grief. They really loved him. His blunt and honest char-

acter, and his affection for the French people, endeared him to all who knew him; and the conduct of the Orleans family on that occasion tended to increase that affection for them, which the Duchess of Berry never hesitated to avow.

When the Count de Villele prevailed on the offended monarch to avenge himself on the Chamber of Peers by creating seventy-six new members of that Assembly, the Duke of Orleans sighed over a policy, which was conducting throne, government, and country, to the verge of a terrible and awful abyss. Yet, still faithful to his principle of obedience, he inculcated submission to the wishes of the king, although he hailed with internal pleasure the accession of the Martignac ministry.

When, at last, the ill-advised monarch dismissed that admirable cabinet, and called to his counsel the ultra-monarchists of former days, the Duke of Orleans "hoped for the best; would never admit it to be possible that Charles X. would violate his oaths and most solemn engagements: carefully abstained from becoming a member of any opposition society: and kept more closely than ever to those family occupations and pursuits which were the charm of his life and the secret of all his happiness.

It was at this period, 1829, that the Duke of Orleans paid his last visit to Great Britain. There he saw men of all parties, and from him they learned the imminent perils to which the French monarchy was exposed. He revisited the scenes of former years, but he secretly resolved never again to quit France, much as he loved the peaceful tranquillity of Twickenham.

It is not true, as his enemies have alleged, that the Duke of Orleans was then secretly arranging for the proclamation of himself as king of France in the event of a revolution. It is not true that his visit to England had any thing of a political character about it. The duke dreaded and believed in a revolution, and feared that not many years would elapse ere it would occur; but events moved more rapidly than he anticipated, and the folly and weakness of the Polignac administration hastened a *dénouement* which he most undoubtedly apprehended and feared, but which he did not believe was so near at hand.

On the appointment of the Polignac cabinet, the Duke of Orleans felt it to be his duty to endeavor at least to open the eyes of his sovereign and relative, Charles X., to the dangers of his position, and to seek to prevail on him to avoid a collision which could

not but terminate in a fearful revolution. Verbally, and by writing, did he approach the king, and in terms the most respectful, but still the most decisive, did he labor to impress on the mind of the monarch that the extreme principles of the Polignac administration were too well known to be endured.

At length came the visit of his august father-in-law, the King of Naples, in May, 1830, and the Palais Royal became a scene of festivity and splendor worthy of the most joyous and magnificent days of former ages. Charles X. and his family were present at the splendid banquet, but the words, "We are dancing upon a volcano," were uttered by M. de Salvandy, and the duke replied, "Yes; there is indeed a volcano, but I have nothing with which to reproach myself. I have done all I could, but my efforts have been useless."

The fête did not terminate without disturbances. Chairs and tables were burnt, and monuments and statues destroyed in the garden of the Palais Royal. The inflamed state of the public mind gave vent to some rude and boisterous expressions of dissatisfaction; and the words of Napoleon passed from mouth to mouth, "*It is the beginning of the end.*"

That was a striking moment in the life of Louis Philippe, when, two months afterwards, he read in the columns of the *Moniteur*, at Neuilly, the fatal ordinances of July, 1830! M. Dupin rushed to the château: all was agitation and alarm. But the duke had resolved not to alter his independent and dignified attitude. He had come to the resolution to remain in France let what would occur; and no longer to be exposed to the insults, ignominy, persecutions, and sorrows of foreign exile. Although the duke had been prepared for some *coup d'état*, the ordinances of July greatly exceeded his worst expectations, and the resistance of all ranks of the people by no means surprised him. Yet, again, to him his duty was clear. He remained at home, in the bosom of his family, attended no meeting, gave no advice, entered into no correspondence with the revolutionary party, and so acted during Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday. On Wednesday, having been apprized that an attempt would be made to arrest him, the duke concealed himself at the house of a friend, and but a short time had elapsed after his departure, before the soldiers of the Polignac cabinet arrived, to carry that intended arrest into effect. So wholly did the duke isolate himself from the revolution and its agents, that even when his presence was called for by

the chiefs of the successful movement, he could not be found, and his retreat was not known to his most familiar friends. At length the cry was heard, "Long live the Duke of Orleans!" and the Scandinavian pedestrian, the Swiss professor of mathematics, and the dollarless wanderer in America, was proclaimed

KING OF THE FRENCH.

The history of that creation, and of the leading events of the reign of that extraordinary man from 1830 to the period of the visit of the Queen of Great Britain to France in September, 1843, will form the *third* and concluding part of these reminiscences; and these I propose to submit to the readers of REGINA in the number for November.

But I cannot terminate this rapid sketch of that portion of the life of Louis Philippe, during which he was Duke of Orleans, without inviting those readers to remember that whilst I am the historian of a successful revolution, I am not its eulogist or admirer; and that, whilst I deplore that Charles X. should have thought it necessary to resort to the letter of one article of the charter in order to destroy the spirit of the remainder, I cannot but insist that when the revolutionists of Paris and the members of the Chambers of Peers and Deputies visited on the head of the Duke of Bordeaux the errors and mistakes of his dethroned grandfather, they committed an act of injustice and of vengeance which history will rightly designate, and which all wise and good men will concur in denouncing as violent, unprincipled, and excessive. The fact that the Duke of Orleans, in the exercise of a sound, manly, and patriotic judgment and will, preferred the throne to banishment, and the preservation of some kind of monarchy to the establishment of a ruthless and anarchical democracy, neither consecrates the justice of the change, nor removes the odium from its principle. But to that act of injustice the Duke of Orleans was no party. I saw, heard, and knew all that passed. The chances lay between the Duke of Bordeaux, Napoleon II., the Republic, and the Duke of Orleans, and no man who saw, heard, and knew all that passed at that period of time, can possibly deny the fact, that wholly unsolicited on his part, and wholly unexpected, a vast majority of the property, intelligence, and good feeling of the country, heartily concurred in proclaiming the Duke of Orleans

KING OF THE FRENCH.

THE ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

From the Literary Gazette.

WE congratulate the country on the happy return of one of the most memorable expeditions ever recorded in English history; an expedition fortunate in every respect, in the outfit provision made for its success, in the intrepidity and skill of its conduct throughout, in the perfect accomplishment of all its scientific objects, in the continued health and preservation of the human beings exposed to its perils and privations, in the harmony which has never for a moment been interrupted among officers and men by jealousies or misbehavior, and finally, in its auspicious arrival at home, after four years of brave and unwearied exertion, in safety, to be crowned with the rewards and honors so nobly earned from an admiring and grateful nation.

Justly may Great Britain be proud of this achievement; and sure we are that its glory will not be felt by Britain alone, but be acknowledged by the whole civilized world, to which, as well as to ourselves, its interesting and important results in science belong. The exemplary humanity and prudence of Captain James Ross, Captain Crozier, and their gallant companions intrusted with the command and direction of the undertaking, are above all praise; and the reciprocating steadiness and devotedness of the crews of the two vessels are no less creditable to the national character. Three fine fellows were lost by accident within the four years; but such was the effectual care and management bestowed during all that time, under every circumstance of toil and danger, that the first natural death occurred at Rio, on the homeward voyage, and the first and only corpse was there committed to the earth. Highly as we must think of what has been done in other respects, the attention paid to the comfort and welfare of the men, and thus restoring them to their country in robust health and vigor, must, in our opinion, demand the warmest tribute of applause, and redound most signally to the honor of their leaders.

But we will not detain our anxious readers any longer by introductory remarks, from the account of this expedition, which we have the good fortune to be able to lay before them; the sailing of which, its equipments, experiments, and other particulars, imparted much interest to the columns of *The Literary Gazette* four years ago, when its Editor bade farewell to his friends on board the *Erebus*, as they sailed on their long and adventurous career. It is not easy to express the delight he experiences in welcoming their return.

We may, in order to make the statement more complete, run over the journal from the period to which we have alluded.

The *Erebus*, Captain James Ross, and the *Terror*, Captain Crozier, left England on the 29th of September, 1839, and made observations at Madeira, Port Praya, St. Paul's Rocks, and Trinidad. On the last day of January 1840 the expedition reached St. Helena, Captain Ross having been desirous, in taking this course, to determine the important point of minimum magnetic intensity, and the nature of the curve connecting those points in which that intensity is

weakest. This he accurately accomplished; and we may note, that the large space of Atlantic Ocean so traversed possesses the least magnetic intensity of any like portion of the surface of the globe. The position of the line, presumed to be proceeding towards the north, being thus ascertained, it will be easy in all future time to mark its progress, and establish a certain law upon the subject. (Vide *Transactions of the Royal Society for 1842*.) The position of the line of nodip or magnetic equator was also determined, and fixed grounds laid for subsequent observation of the changes to which it may be liable.

The magnetic observatory at St. Helena having been set on foot, and the officers and instruments landed, the expedition sailed again Feb. 8, and, March 17, arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, where similar services were performed. A series of daily experiments was made on the temperature and specific gravity of the sea, at the depths of 180, 300, 480, and 600 fathoms, and at length soundings at the bottom of the ocean were struck by the plummet. From all which, the physical condition of this element will come to be better understood.

April 3. The Cape was left behind, and the system of magnetic observation sedulously and zealously continued, to connect the voyage with the observatories established in other parts of the world. Kerguelen's Land was reached on the 12th of May; and on the 29th, (the day previously fixed for simultaneous observations,) the magnetometric instruments were noted every $2\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, for 24 hours; and, fortunately, one of the magnetic storms which have been noticed in various parts of Europe occurred, and its affecting the instruments, as at Toronto, afforded complete proof of the vast extent of magnetic influences, pervading the earth's diameter with a velocity equal to light or electricity.

Geological and geographical investigations were carried on here. Large fossil-trees were found in the lava, and indicated the igneous origin of these islands. Extensive seams of coal were also imbedded in the volcanic mass, which may, with great benefit, be employed for the purposes of steam-navigation in this quarter of the world, and be of immense importance to the commerce of India.

FIRST YEAR.

From Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land, the expedition proceeded to Auckland Islands, and completed a perfect series of magnetic observations on the important term-day of November 1840. The anticipatory attempts* of the American Lieutenant Wilkes, and the French Commodore D'Urville, having become known to our countrymen, Captain Ross wisely used his discretionary power in altering his route from that originally intended. He accordingly directed his course for the utmost south, at about the 170th deg. of east longitude, by which the isodynamic oval and the point exactly between the

* This was a paltry proceeding, when the preparation of the English expedition to explore these seas, antarctic and southern pole, was so fully known. To try to be beforehand with it was only worthy of failure.—*Ed. L. G.*

two foci of greater magnetic intensity might be passed over and determined directly between the tracks of the Russian navigator Bellinghausen and our own illustrious Cook. He then proposed to steer S. W. towards the pole, rather than attempt its approach directly from the north on the unsuccessful footsteps of preceding voyagers.

On the 12th of December he quitted Auckland Islands, touched at Campbell Island, and, passing through numerous icebergs to the southward of 63° lat., made the Pack-Edge, and entered the Antarctic Circle on New-Year's day 1841. This pack was not so formidable as represented by the French and Americans, but a gale and other unfavorable circumstances prevented the vessels from entering it at the time. A gale from the northward blew them off; and it was not till the 5th that they regained it, about 100 miles to the eastward, in lat. 66° 45' S., and long. 174° 16' E., when, though the wind was blowing and the sea running high directly upon it, the entrance was achieved without the slightest injury to either ship. After advancing through it a few miles, they were able to make their way to the southward with comparative ease and safety. Thick fogs, however, ensued, and, with light winds, rendered their course more difficult as well as tedious; and constant snow-showers impeded their operations. Whenever a clear glimpse could be obtained, they were nevertheless encouraged by seeing a strong water-sky to the S. E.; and on the morning of the 9th, after sailing above 200 miles through the pack, they gained a perfectly clear sea, and bore away S. W. for the magnetic pole!

Jan. 11, lat. 70° 47' S. and long. 172° 36' E., land was discovered at the distance of nearly 100 miles, directly in their course and between them and the pole—the southernmost known land ever discovered, though somewhat nearly approached by the Russians twenty years ago. As those who accomplished this honor for their country approached, it was seen to rise in lofty mountain peaks of from 9,000 to 12,000 feet in height, entirely covered with eternal snow, and the glaciers projecting from the vast mountain brows for many miles into the ocean. By and by exposed patches of rock were visible; but the shore was so lined with bergs and pack-ice, with a heavy swell washing over them, that a landing could not be effected. They therefore steered to the S. E., where were several small islands; and on the 12th Captain Ross landed, accompanied by Captain Crozier and a number of officers of each ship, and took possession of the country in the name of our gracious queen Victoria. The island is composed altogether of igneous rocks, and lies in lat. 71° 56' S. and long. 171° 7' E.

The east coast of the mainland trended to the southward, and the north took a north-westerly direction; and Captain Ross resolved on penetrating as far as he could to the south, so that he might, if possible, pass beyond the magnetic pole, which the combined observations had placed in 76° S. nearly, and thence proceed westward till he completed its circumnavigation. They accordingly steered along this magnificent land; and on the 23d of January reached 74° 15' S., the highest southern latitude that had ever been previously attained!

Here strong southerly gales, thick fogs, and perpetual snow-storms impeded them; but they continued to examine the coast to the southward, and on the 27th again landed on another island, in lat. 76° 8' S. and long. 168° 12' E.; like the former, all of igneous rocks. On the 28th a mountain 12,400 feet above the level of the sea was seen emitting flame and smoke in grand profusion; which splendid volcano received the appropriate name of MOUNT EREBUS. Its position is lat. 77° 32' S. long. 167° 0' E.; and an extinct crater to the eastward of it was named—though not quite so fitly—*Mount Terror*.*

Continuing to follow the mainland in its southern trending, a barrier of ice, stretching off from a prominent cape, and presenting a perpendicular face of above 150 feet, far above the mast-heads of the vessels, shut up the prospect of further advance in that direction. They could just discern beyond, the tops of a range of very lofty mountains towards the S. S. E., and in lat. 79° S. This barrier they explored to the eastward, till, on the 2d of Feb., they reached lat. 78° 4' S., the highest they were at any time able to attain; and on the 9th, having traced its continuance to the long. of 191° 23' in lat. 78° S., a distance of more than 300 miles, their farther progress was stopped by a heavy pack pressed closely against it, and the narrow lane through which they had hitherto found their way being now completely covered by rapidly forming ice, nothing but the strong breeze which they fortunately had with them put it in their power to retrace their course. At the distance of less than half a mile they had soundings on a bed of soft blue mud, with 318 fathoms. The temperature was 20° below the freezing point; and aught more here being impracticable, they bore away for the westward, and again reached lat. 76° S. (that of the magnetic pole) on the 15th of February. They found the heavy ice partially drifted away, but its place supplied by more, recently formed, through which they got a few miles nearer the pole—lat. 76° 12' S., and long. 164°, the dip 88-40, and variation 109-24 E.,—thus only 157 miles from the pole. The nature of the coast rendered it impossible to lay up the ships and endeavor to reach this interesting point by land; but it is satisfactory to know that it was approached some hundreds of miles more nearly than ever it was before, and that from the multitude of observations made, in so many different directions, its position can be determined with almost as much certainty as if the spot had been actually visited.

The advanced period of the season in this high latitude now rendered return advisable; but yet they made another effort to land on the north part of the coast, which was defeated by

* The volume of smoke ejected by the volcano was in sudden jets, and attained an altitude of 2000 feet; the diameter at the crater's mouth was about 300 feet, and it gradually assumed the shape of an inverted cone till it was 5 or 600 feet in diameter at its highest elevation. The smoke then gradually dispersed and left the crater quite clear, filled with intensely bright flame flashing even in the face of the meridian sun. The permanent snow extends to the very edge of the crater, and no appearance of lava-streams could be detected on the surface.—Ed. L. G.

the heavy pack-ice. They found it terminate abruptly in lat. $70^{\circ} 40'$ S., and long. 165° E., trending considerably to the southward of west, and presenting an immense space, occupied by a dense pack, so firmly cemented together by the newly formed ice, as to defy every attempt to penetrate it. The whole southern land thus traced extends from nearly the 70th to the 79th degree of latitude, and was distinguished by the name of our beloved sovereign.

Their way from hence lay near the chain of islands discovered by Balleny in 1839, and more extensively explored by the American and French expeditions in the following year. On the 4th of March they recrossed the antarctic circle, and being necessarily close by the eastern extreme of those patches of land which Lieut. Wilkes has called "*the Antarctic Continent*," and having reached their latitude on the 5th, they steered directly for them; and at noon on the 6th, the ships being exactly over the centre of this mountain range, they could obtain no soundings with 600 fathoms of line; and having traversed a space of 80 miles in every direction from this spot, during beautifully clear weather, which extended their vision widely around, were obliged to confess that this position, at least, of the pseudo-antarctic continent, and the nearly 200 miles of barrier represented to extend from it, have no real existence!!*

Continuing to bear westward, the expedition approached the place where Prof. Gauss supposed the magnetic pole to be, which was proved, by extended investigation, to be erroneous; and they then, April 4, departed for Van Diemen's Land.

No disease or casualty of any kind attended their first labors, and there was not one individual in either ship on the sick-list! Sir John Franklin, too, the estimable friend and arctic companion of Ross, was still at the opposite pole, ready to welcome and entertain him. It was doubtless a happy meeting.

SECOND YEAR.

The magnetometers, &c., again strictly compared with those of the fixed observatory, the crews refreshed, the ships refitted, the gallant band again proceeded with their arduous task. The expedition went to Sydney and the Bay of Islands, in order to extend the magnetic observations, and finish meteorological and other philosophical experiments. These at the antipodes of European observatories, and equally separated from each other, are of much interest to science; and have decided the important question of the exact correspondence of the momentary magnetic perturbations. The perturbations at Van Diemen's Land and New Zealand were found to be in exact accordance.

Nov. 23, 1841. They sailed from the Bay of

* Lieut. Wilkes may have mistaken some clouds or fog-banks, which in these regions are very likely to assume the appearance of land to inexperienced eyes, for this continent and range of lofty mountains. If so, the error is to be regretted, as it must tend to throw discredit on other portions of his discoveries which have a more substantial foundation.—Ed. L. G.

Islands, and passing by the Chatham Islands, bore away to the eastward to examine the supposed position of the focus of greater magnetic intensity, and, favored with fine weather, obtained a series of observations which demonstrated the error of the assigned position. They accordingly proceeded to the south to resume the examination of the antarctic seas.

Dec. 18. In lat. $62^{\circ} 28'$ S. and long. $146^{\circ} 57'$ W., they made the pack 300 miles farther north than before; which unexpected obstruction showed that they were too early for the season. They entered, however, and pursued their voyage for 300 miles, when it became so close that they could push the ships no more to the southward. With untiring zeal and unflinching fatigue of officers and men, it was again new-year's day, 1842, before they could cross the antarctic circle. The intense brightness of the sky foreshowed them that they would still have to encounter vast bodies of ice in that direction, whilst more encouraging appearances held out inducement to try their fortune to the westward. By Jan. 19th they had succeeded in reaching within a few miles of the open water, when a violent gale sprung up and placed them in a situation of appalling jeopardy. The rudder of the Erebus was shattered, and that of the Terror was soon after utterly destroyed; and violent shocks against the ice for twenty-six hours, as they rolled deeply among its heavy masses, severely tried their strength and threatened their existence. On the 21st the gale abated; and though driven back far into, and closely beset by, the pack, they went to work to repair damages and prepare for new efforts. Their condition was very helpless, and their vexation the greater, as the last days were fast shortening, and the season drawing to a close. They had, however, gone through the pack in a direct line 450 miles, and were more south than Cook or Bellinghausen had been able to reach in more favorable seasons. At length, Feb. 2d, they cleared the pack in lat. $67^{\circ} 28'$ S., and long. $159^{\circ} 0'$ E., after an imprisonment of forty-six days in the "thick-ribbed ice." This was only ten days earlier than they had been obliged to abandon their operations the year before; but still they advanced to see what could be done. They pursued their course to the southward along the edge of the pack, but it was found to trend to the westward across their course, which obliged them to stretch farther in that direction than was wished; and a continuance of violent gales added more to their difficulties. They fought against every obstacle, and at midnight, on the 22d, they had the satisfaction to make the great barrier a few miles to the eastward of the spot where their examination of last year had concluded. This enormous mass gradually diminishes, from its commencement at the foot of Mount Erebus, where it is about 200 feet, to 150 feet at the eastern extreme, as far as could be seen. At the point now reached it was farther diminished to 107 feet, and broken into deep bays and low projections not above from 50 to 70 feet high. Soundings in a bed of blue mud were obtained at 290 fathoms; which, together with the strong appearance of land, gently rising in ridges to the height of several

hundred feet, at a distance of 50 or 60 miles from the barrier, leaves little doubt of the existence of an extensive country to the southward, but so entirely covered with perpetual ice as to conceal every conceivable feature of marked character to establish its positive existence.

The barrier was, with a strong breeze, traced about 130 miles farther eastward than in the preceding year, but all beyond was fruitless. Capt. Ross therefore retraced his course, and, where he was before prevented by the weather and fogs, obtained two additional lines of magnetic determinations at no great distance from the pole, by which its position can be still more accurately ascertained. The antarctic circle was again repassed, and another hazardous enterprise undertaken, in these long dark nights, which confirmed the opinion regarding the non-existence of the supposed focus of magnetic force. On the 12th March, in a heavy breeze, the ships were driven into violent collision with an extensive chain of icebergs, and the bowsprit, fore-topmast, and some smaller spars of the *Erebus*, were carried away and lost. The vessels were providentially preserved from being dashed to pieces; and the coolness, promptitude, and activity of their crews were never more energetically displayed. A direct course was held for Cape Horn, as far from the tracks of former navigators as possible; and in a heavy gale, James Angeley, quarter-master, fell overboard and was drowned, the only casualty during 136 days of arduous duty, and again without one man on the sick-list. Provisions were supplied from Rio de Janeiro, and the ships were put in as complete a condition to renew operations as the day they sailed from England.

THIRD YEAR.

On the morning of Dec. 17, 1842, the expedition sailed from the Falkland Islands, and on the 24th saw the first icebergs, when nearly in the latitude of Clarence Island; and next day their progress was arrested by a rather solid pack. The 26th was spent in endeavoring to find out a penetrable part, and they were led to stand along its edge to the westward. Capt. Ross, being persuaded that the great extent of open water found by our late worthy friend, Capt. Weddell, to the 74th deg. of latitude, was produced by the prevailing westerly winds driving the ice away from some extensive shore, probably the eastern side of Graham Land, determined, if he could, to get hold of that coast, and penetrate to the southward and eastward, between its shores and the pack, and thus he hoped to arrive at the open part of the open sea found by Weddell; deeming it more desirable to trace the land to the southward than to attempt to follow his track, from which no discovery could be expected. On the 28th they discovered land, extending S. to S. W. by W.; but its shores lined with so extraordinary an accumulation of grounded icebergs as to prevent all approach nearer than three or four miles. They had, therefore, only to pass along and examine the coast as they could. The whole land, with the exception of two bold projecting head-lands near

its north extreme, was found to be entirely covered with snow or ice, which descended from the height of 2000 or 3000 feet into the sea, where, broken by the violence of the waves, it formed perpendicular icy cliffs of from 20 to 30 feet high, from which the bergs already mentioned constantly broke away and grounded in the shallow water. Between them the whirlpools, caused by a strong tide, were very troublesome; and several small islets, quite free from snow, were observed, extending to the south-eastward from the farthest visible point of the land. A dense fog arose, and compelled the expedition to haul off to the eastward, where they soon met with the western edge of the packs. On the evening of the 30th, they again closed the land, and steered across a deep gulf for the extreme point; but the pack was close against its shores, and by the 4th, in lat. $64\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ S., the ships were beset, and drifted rapidly back to the northward. Next day they were extricated, and finally succeeded in landing on an island at the extreme of a deep inlet on the south side of the gulf, of which Captain Ross took possession in her majesty's name. This island is of volcanic origin, and though not more than two miles in diameter, projects a perfectly formed crater to the height of 3500 feet above the level of the sea. It lies in lat. $64^{\circ} 12'$ S., and long. $56^{\circ} 49'$ W. A magnificent table-topped mountain to the westward rises to the height of 7,000 feet, and the whole western shore of this great gulf consists of mountainous ranges covered with everlasting snow. It was named the Gulf of Erebus and Terror; is about 40 miles between the capes, and nearly as many miles deep. Excepting the south part, it was full of heavy pack-ice, and there were two spaces at its deepest parts where no land could be discerned, and which probably communicate with Bransfield Strait. In the evening, the ice being driven off the land, they rounded the south part of the gulf, and coursed the land to the south-westward between its shore and a chain of grounded bergs two or three miles distant. All this portion was free from snow for twenty miles, when they again came to perpendicular icy cliffs descending from a snow-covered mountain about 2,000 feet high. This was a complete barrier in miniature, and tended to confirm Captain Ross's opinion that an extensive continent exists to the southward of the great barrier discovered in 1841, extending to the east 450 miles from Mount Erebus.

Ice, in various forms, beset them for some time, and observations were taken on that which was fixed. No doubt remained that the strait before spoken of communicated with Bransfield Strait, and probably with the Canal d'Orleans; but it was so completely closed, that nothing farther could be done to decide this geographical point. The struggles with the ice continued to the 1st of February, when it became essential to extricate the ships, and endeavor to penetrate to the south. On the 4th they succeeded in gaining the pack-edge, and were once more in clear water, after having been more or less entangled for the space of forty days. East winds and thick fogs prevailed, and the best of the season was past. They, however, in lat. 65° nearly, crossed Weddell's returning track, and

found pack-ice where he had perfectly clear sea.* They could not penetrate beyond lat. $65^{\circ} 15' S.$ where their position was 100 miles to the southward of Admiral D'Urville's track where he unsuccessfully attempted to follow the route so nobly achieved by our countryman Weddell. On the 22d they crossed the line of the no-variation in lat. 61° and long. $24^{\circ} W.$ in a dip of $57^{\circ} 40'$; a fact of much importance to magnetic science, since the observations appear to prove that the supposition of there being two magnetic poles of verticity in the south (as is well known to be the case in the north) is erroneous, and that there is in reality but one magnetic pole in the southern hemisphere.

We may notice that the whole of this year's observations tend in a remarkable manner to confirm the position assigned to this pole by Captain Ross from his first year's experiments in its close vicinity.

On the 23d they rounded the last extreme of the pack, and stood to the S. E., and crossed the antarctic circle on the 1st of March in long. $7^{\circ} 30' W.$ From judicious considerations Captain Ross now tried to penetrate to the southward in the meridian exactly between Bellinghausen's and Weddell's tracks, and consequently stood to the S. W. On the 23d, in lat. $68^{\circ} 34'$, and long. $12^{\circ} 49' W.$ he was becalmed, and seized the opportunity to try for soundings, but 4,000 fathoms of line failed to reach the ground. This great depth is against the probability of meeting with land near. For some time, however, they persevered in an attempt to get farther to the south, but the ice was too strong for them, and considerable danger was encountered in a tempestuous gale, which lasted, without interruption, during three days. The darkness of the nights and the number of icebergs seemed only to increase the confidence and courage of the men; and the management of the ships was, throughout, most worthy of admiration. At length, on the 8th, the wind veered to the eastward, and with hearts overflowing with gratitude to God for his merciful protection, when human efforts were all but useless and unavailing, our brave fellows were in safety, and steering for the north. It was not, however, till the 12th, that they were relieved from the apprehension of being driven against the still-threatening pack.

On the 17th they reached the latitude of Bouvet Island, ($64^{\circ} 19'$) about 8° to the westward of the assigned position; but they, like Cook, searched for it in vain; and Captain Ross concludes that Bouvet had been deceived by the form of an iceberg. The last berg was seen on the 25th, in lat. $47^{\circ} 3' S.$, and long. $10^{\circ} 51' E.$, when bearing away before a fair gale for the Cape of Good Hope, where the expedition prosperously anchored on the 4th of April.

In the third season, it will thus be seen, they did not penetrate so far as Weddell; yet the unusual prevalence of easterly winds preventing the pack from drifting off shore, was the means of enabling them to reach the lat. of $71^{\circ} 30' S.$

*The doubts endeavored to be thrown on Weddell's narrative by the French, merely because they were unable to follow his track, ought not to be passed without reprehension.—Ed. L. G.

on a meridian usually occupied by the pack when driven by the prevailing westerly winds from the east shore of Graham's Land, and extending their researches in that meridian ($15^{\circ} W.$) twelve degrees of latitude beyond their predecessors, Cook, Bellinghausen, and Biscoe.

The discovery and examination of a considerable extent of unknown coast, proving the insularity of those portions of land first discovered by Bransfield in 1820, for years afterwards frequented by our sealers in search of their prey, and finally, in 1839, seen by Admiral D'Urville, and called by him "*Louis Philippe's Land*," cannot but be regarded as important additions to our knowledge of those parts, which, though islands of inconsiderable size, might have extended, and were supposed to extend, even to the pole.

At the end of April, the Erebus and Terror left the Cape of Good Hope, and touched at St. Helena and Ascension for the purpose of repeating the magnetic observations they had formerly made, and verifying their instruments. In order to render the whole series complete, it was necessary to repair to Rio de Janeiro, which the expedition reached on the 18th of June. After a few days employed in observing and refitting, they sailed for England, and, touching at one of the Western Islands, made the land of Scilly on the 27th of August. The passage up channel was rendered tedious by calms and light winds, so that Captain Ross was unable to land until Monday last, the 4th Sept., when he disembarked at Folkstone, and arrived in town on the afternoon of the same day. Need we add, that his reception at the Admiralty was most cordial and gratifying. Lord Haddington complimented him in the warmest manner, in the presence of the other lords; and all joined in the highest eulogy upon his services. This is only the preface to the fame he has, with his brave comrades, Captain Crozier, Commander Bird, and the rest, so nobly earned; and it will be echoed not only now and by his country, but by the whole civilized world and forever. Heartily do we wish him, and all who were with him, the perfect enjoyment of that high health in which they have been restored to us after all their fatigues and perils.

Having given the outline of this great national exploit, we have only to annex a very few particulars in connection with it, which may interest our general readers.

When at Cape Horn, making magnetometric observations, the ships anchored in St. Martin's Cove, where they fell in with a small party of Fuegians, a most miserable race of human creatures, wandering naked amongst the constantly falling snow-storms of this inclement region.

On their path from Cape Horn to the Falkland Islands, they observed a very dangerous bank, directly in the line, on which it is probable that many a daring bark has been lost, whose fate has never been disclosed to mortal ears.

On the island on which they landed, in lat. $71^{\circ} 56' S.$ and long. $171^{\circ} 7' E.$, where they procured

specimens of minerals imbedded in the igneous rocks, there was not the least appearance of vegetation; but it was so densely covered with penguins, which stoutly resisted their landing, that it was with difficulty they could force their way through them.

The acquisitions to natural history, geology, geography, but above all towards the elucidation of the grand mystery of terrestrial magnetism, raise this voyage to a pre-eminent rank among the greatest achievements of British courage, intelligence, and enterprise.

We mentioned the plummet having struck the ground in a sounding of great depth, but had not at the moment the exact extent before us. It was at 2677 fathoms; and by an able contrivance the vessels veered out more than 4000 fathoms of line, and yet (as in lat. $66\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ S.) with all that scope could find no bottom. In the former case, where they did, they could not bring the lead up again to indicate the nature of the ground.

In the highest latitudes, however, which they reached, and much within the antarctic circle, their dredging was very productive, and they have brought home, in spirits of wine, many specimens of molluscs and other creatures, shells, &c., &c., which are believed to be rare, if not new in this branch of scientific exploration, and which will be the more welcome now, since Professor Forbes's *Ægean* researches (see fortunately, in this very same number, his report, and the results to which it leads) have, as it were, opened a vast novel field of inquiry for the investigation of the nature of our globe.

In these desolate regions, where so little could be seen or found on the surface, it was some compensation to be able to divulge even a few secrets from the depths of the sea. Above and around them it was almost as if life were extinct. Animals there were none; and birds were very few. The stormy petrel occasionally flying over their heads was shot; and a new species of white petrel was also obtained. The other ornithological inhabitants of the antarctic, such as gulls, &c., were identical with those of the arctic regions; the same in colors, feathers, and form. Only they were "like angel visits, few and far between." Of shrimps under the ice there were myriads; but apparently nothing to feed upon them except the worthless finner-whale. For the mess the ocean was a blank. Seals, however, abounded, with skins of a long coarse hair. And this was *all*—all except the extraordinary penguin, whose habits seemed to be impenetrable. This bird was found always on the ice, and at immense distances from land. How it existed appeared to be a mystery. There were thousands and tens of thousands of the smaller species; and the lightly fledged young in their first year were often met with. But there were, besides, a patriarchal order, never encountered in more than three at any time, and of an immense size. Their appearance on the summits of icebergs and elsewhere were almost ludicrous; for, with their stately stalk and short legs, they looked, for all the world, like the padres of a religious order. One was weighed at 76 lbs., and stood about 4 ft. 6 in. in height. The average weight of this

large class was 64 lbs. And heavy as they were, and seemed, their activity in leaping was incredible. In their walk, and glancing over their shoulders as it were with wonder at their strange visitors, they betrayed no fears, and hardly took themselves out of the way. But if an impulse led them to jump up the face of a piece of ice, their flappers came down on each side, and they rose with a spring (considering their form) truly astonishing; as several of the officers estimated such exploits at 10, 12, or 14 feet in perpendicular height.

How these birds contrive to live on icy masses, unable to fly, and not much made for running, is, we repeat, a natural curiosity. There are no insects within many degrees in the antarctic circle where they abide.

Of the dreadful storm mentioned in our last, we have since seen a sketch; which, we are assured, is an under-wrought representation of the scene. It is perfectly appalling! The *Erebus* and *Terror* are but one wave apart, and the tremendous masses of ice seem as if they must crush a thousand navies. Their escape was indeed miraculous. Both rudders lost at nearly the same time, and a dreadful swell driving them up and down, whilst the rolling ice was sometimes under them and sometimes emerging from the water around. It must have been terrific; and it may be observed, that the ocean-swell, of which we have spoken, renders the navigation of the south infinitely more perilous than that in the northern sphere, where the waves and currents are comparatively smooth, and the forcing a way through the ice a very different and much safer operation.

Among the memorable objects of the voyage, the volcano we described last week was the most memorable. Its appearance is spoken of by all the officers and crews as of stupendous beauty; and some idea may be formed of its grandeur when we state, that on sailing away from it in a direct course, the vessels could see it distinctly at the distance of 130 miles!

The geology near this phenomenon would be of extreme interest; but it was not attainable; and we have only to console ourselves with the abundance of specimens brought from other parts. Kerguelen's Land was rich in this respect, and seems altogether to have been one of the most remarkable spots visited by the expedition. We said it was of volcanic origin; but it is a puzzle to tell exactly what it is. Covered with lava, it imbeds immense fossil trees, some of them 6 or 7 feet in circumference; and numerous fine minerals, quartz in huge masses in basaltic caverns, and other singular remains. It looks as if a land had been submerged, and again thrown up to the surface by volcanic action; the former solid earth and all its products having been restored to view under an igneous power, which destroyed it. Here, however, our countrymen fared well, and were fortunate in their magnetic observations. They could not thin the multitudes of teal which surrounded them and afforded good table cheer, and an excellent species of the brassica tribe, though wild, furnished a vegetable much esteemed after a long voyage. The seed of this cabbage furnished food for many

birds, and several specimens were brought from this quarter. Altogether, we understand, about sixty have been sent or brought home, out of which, no doubt, some will augment our fauna. Shooting these was one of the principal amusements of the officers, when not on duty.

From Kerguelen's Land we have on our table, kindly presented to us by Lieut. Smith, a beautiful specimen of the fossil wood—a black silex, with the woody fibres obviously circling in the anterior, and the outer bark, particularly on one side, of a different brown consistency. It is about five inches in diameter, and very heavy. From Van Diemen's Land we have also silicified vegetable remains, of singular beauty; and in mentioning the place whence they came, we are happy again to notice the hearty welcome from Sir Jahn Franklin, who made it a *home* to the expedition. But before we leave Kerguelen's Land, we must revert to the scientific operations there, though merely to mention that the "ambulatory" observatories, from which so much information has been acquired, have all been safely relanded in England, and are ready for any other expedition. These houses answered their purposes admirably, as did the instruments generally; and as the *Erebus* and *Terror* worked simultaneously, and communicated the results by signal daily,* there cannot be a doubt of the correctness of the experiments and observations. This is of infinite consequence, for it must prevent all question, or cavil, or pretence from other quarters.

The visit to Cape Horn, whither they ran from the Falkland Islands, brought them (as we observed) acquainted with the natives of that wild promontory. They met them on an island, not on the mainland, but a place evidently much frequented by them. They never met more than six or seven of the men together, and found them a fearless and rather robust, active, and well-looking race. They were matchless imitators, and very dexterous thieves; had nothing to offer in barter but small pieces of skins; and were careful to prevent the appearance of their women. These were kept sedulously out of sight; and in one instance, where a party from the ships surprised two of them crouching in a concealed part, they leapt up and ran from them, screeching with terror. The "Jerdan Island" of Capt. Weddell's map was near; and upon it, as upon others, rabbits (brought from the Falkland Isles) were put ashore; and as the soil is light and sandy, and covered with grass and brushwood, they will no doubt thrive, and replenish the land. Our kind voyagers also, on other remote shores where vessels will hereafter touch, landed rabbits, poultry, goats, and sheep, of which their future successors may reap the advantage.

The boats of the natives of the Terra del Fuego are curiously built, and their bottom ballasted with clay, on which their cooking is performed. The men, as we have said, are great

mimics. One of our officers danced and sung Jim Crow to a set of them; and a Fuegian immediately, to the great entertainment of the ships' crews, copied both dance and song; the first to perfection, and the last so well that it was thought he pronounced every absurd word whilst he jumped Jim Crow!

Among the happy returns, we cannot conclude without mentioning the pretty kitten sent on board the *Erebus* just before starting, and which we declared to be a "Pole-cat." It has certainly become one, with a thick rich fur, as if the antarctic seasons had agreed with it. There is also a goat shipped at Van Diemen's Land, which has stood all the hardships of three years' *iceing*. They are now animals of considerable interest; and, like their commanders, we are glad to observe, they give themselves no airs about it.

EMBASSIES TO CHINA.—*La Presse* observes, that as a French Ambassador is about to be appointed to China, it may not be uninteresting to know the dates and duration of all the European embassies sent to the Celestial Empire. The following is an exact list of them:—1. The Dutch embassy, which arrived at Pekin the 17th of July, 1656, and remained there 91 days. 2. A Dutch embassy, which arrived the 20th of June, 1667, and remained 46 days. 3. A Russian embassy, which arrived the 5th of November, 1692, and remained 106 days. 4. A Russian embassy, which arrived the 18th of November, 1720, and remained 114 days. 5. An embassy from the Pope, which arrived in 1720, and remained 91 days. 6. A Portuguese embassy, which arrived the 1st of May, 1753, and remained 39 days. 7. An English embassy, which arrived on the 4th of August, 1793, and remained 47 days. 8. A Dutch embassy, which arrived the 10th of January, 1795, and remained 35 days. 9. A Russian embassy in 1806. 10. An English embassy, which set out in February, 1816, and remained 15 days. 11. That about to be conducted by M. Lagreene. "It must be remarked," adds *La Presse*, "that the English ambassadors never approached the Emperor of China, because they always protested against the laws of etiquette observed at the court of the Celestial Empire. In order to approach the emperor it is necessary to proceed from the door to the throne on the knees, to strike the head nine times against the ground, and to kiss the left heel of the sublime emperor several times.—*Colonial Magazine*."

PROF. WHEATSTONE'S ELECTRO-METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER (noticed in Lit. Gaz. No. 1372) for observing the states of the barometer, thermometer, and psychrometer, every half-hour, and printing the results, is now completed. It requires no attention for a week, and then five minutes suffice to prepare it for another week's operation. The daily record will be given next meeting. Col. Sabine stated that it was a matter of great importance to have this instrument completed during the first year of their occupation of the observatory at Kew, which had been conceded by the Government for the use of the British Association. He also pointed out the great advantage of it for universal meteorological observations, dispensing with a corps of observers, &c. It cost only £25.—*Lit. Gaz.*

* "Daily" may be a word misapplied through a considerable portion of the time, when the sun was shining over their heads for three weeks together.—*Ed. L. G.*

THE ENGLISH ON THE CONTINENT.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

1. *The Mountains and Valleys of Switzerland.* By Mrs. Bray. 3 vols. London. 1841.
2. *A Summer in Western France.* By J. A. Trollope, Esq., B. A. 2 vols. London. 1841.

AN English party, devouring sandwiches and drinking bottled stout amidst the broken walls of the Amphitheatre, might sit for the portraits of a large class of our travelling countrymen. The ruins of antiquity go for something; but they would be of no account without the *débris* of the luncheon. Eating is the grand business of a weighty majority of the English out of England. It arises partly from a certain uneasy apprehension that they cannot get any thing fit to eat anywhere else; and this very fear of not finding any thing they can eat, probably tempts them to eat every thing they can find. It is a common occurrence at a continental *table d'hôte* to hear an Englishman declare, after having run the gauntlet of twenty or thirty plates, that he hasn't had a morsel to eat.

A great deal of this feeling may be traced to the sudden conflict of habits and antipathies, brought face to face at that moment in the day when a man is least inclined to compromise his desires; but making all due allowances on that score, there is no doubt that the English carry a mighty stomach with them everywhere: the voracity of the shark, the digestion of the ostrich. Their physical sensations are in advance of their intellectual and mental cravings—even of their curiosity. The first inquiry at an hotel is—at what o'clock do you dine? They cannot stir another step without something to eat. If the climate is hot, it exhausts them, and they must recruit; if cold, they get hungry with astonishing celerity, the air is so keen and bracing. Change of air, change of scene, change of diet, the excitement of moving from place to place, the clatter of a new language—every thing contributes to this one end: as if the sole aim and business of travelling was to get up an appetite.

The French make a delicate, but important distinction between the *gourmand* and the *gourmet*; and they include us, wholesale, under the former designation. We try to get rid of the imputation by sneering at the elaborate labors of their *cuisine*, just as if we never made any fuss about eating and drinking ourselves; but they take their revenge, and ample it is, upon our

grosser vice of excess. It must be granted that no people in the civilized world sit so long at table as the English. In France, the preparation of a dinner is a grave piece of science; in England, the work of gravity begins when dinner is served up. And it is the apparition of this uncongenial seriousness which procures us such a reputation abroad as great *feeders*; and which, by the naked force of contrast, makes the people around us appear so frivolous in our eyes. We can as little understand their exuberant gaiety, as they can reconcile themselves to our animal stupor. They nickname us Roast-Beef, by way of showing that the paramount idea in the mind of an Englishman is that of substantial good living; and we resent it by calling them Soup-maigre, a sort of ignominious hint of vital animation at starvation point. There is no justice at either side. The French eat as much as the English, but they do not set about it so doggedly.

Great mistakes in national character, beginning in prejudices on the surface, and at last sinking into traditions and by-words, have their origin generally in the absurd process of applying the same test to dissimilar things; of trying opposite manners and different circumstances by the same moral or social standard. But of all nations, we have the least right to complain of any injustice of this kind, because, of all people, we are the most sullen and intractable, and have the least flexibility, the least power of adaptation, the least facility in going out of ourselves and falling into the habitual commonplaces of others. We cannot comprehend the reasonableness of usages that differ from our own. We are at once for setting them down as so much bigotry or tomfoolery. We cannot change sides for a moment, and, by the help of a little imagination, endeavor to see things from a different point of sight from that to which we have been all our lives accustomed. We allow nothing for varieties of temperament, for constitutional antagonisms. We are solidly inert and impenetrable, and oppose ourselves bodily, bone and muscle, to all strange tastes and fashions.

This is the real character of the Englishman, and the true reason why he is so uncomfortable abroad, and why he makes every body so uncomfortable about him. Out of England, he is out of his element. He misses the unmistakable cookery, the rugs and carpets, the bright steps and windows, the order, decorum, the wealth and its material sturdiness. He comes out of his fogs and the sulphurous atmosphere of

his sea-coal fires, into an open laughing climate. His ears are stunned with songs and music from morning till night; every face he meets is lighted up with enjoyment; he cannot even put his head out of the window without seeing the sun. What wonder the poor man should be miserable, and wish himself at home again! He has no notion of pleasure unassociated with care. He must enter on pleasure as a matter of business, or it is no pleasure for him. There must be an alloy to preserve the tone of his mind, for he has a motto, that there is no happiness without alloy; and so, where there is none, he makes it. He has always a safe resource in his own morbid fancy, and has only to fall back upon himself to escape effectually from any surrounding influences that happen to throw too strong a glare upon his moroseness, or to affront his egotism by showing that other people can be happier than himself.

The fundamental error of the travelling English consists in bringing their English feelings and modes with them, instead of leaving them behind to be taken care of with their pictures and furniture. You can detect an Englishman abroad by that repulsion of manner which covers him over like frost-work, and within the range of which nobody can enter without being bitten with cold. His sense of superiority freezes the very air about him; you would think he was a statue of ice, or a block dropped from a glacier of the loftiest Alps. It would be as easy for the sun to thaw the eternal peak of the snowy Jungfrau, as for any ordinary warmth of society to melt that wintry man into any of the cordial courtesies of intercourse. Why is this? Why is it that the English alone treat all foreign countries through which they pass with such topping humors and contempt—looking down upon them as if they belonged to an inferior clay, as if they alone were the genuine porcelain, as if arts and civilization, knowledge and power, grace and beauty, intelligence, strength, and the god-heraldry of goodness and wisdom, were one vast monopoly within the girth of Great Britain? Why is this? Why, simply because the corruption of gold has eaten into their hearts; because they are the purse-holders of the world; because money is power, and they have only to put their hands into their pockets if they would make the earth pant on its axis. The English are not exempt from the frailties of universal nature; and pride and vainglory, and lustrous pomp, with its eyes amongst the stars, follow in the train of gold as surely

as the lengthening shadows track the decline of light. It was so with all the gorgeous republics of antiquity, with Tyre and Athens, and with imperial Venice, when, crowned like another mistress of the world, she married the Adriatic, and thought herself immortal!

The insular position of the English, and a protracted war, which shut them up for half a generation in their workshops and their prejudices, contributed largely to foster this hard and obstinate character, this egotistic and selfish intolerance. The peculiarities of other nations, like colors in the prism, dissolve into each other at their frontier lines; but the English are water-locked; they enjoy none of the advantages of that miscellaneous experience, that free expanse of observation and intercourse, which elsewhere have the effect of enlarging the capacity of pleasure, of furnishing materials for reflection, of strengthening, elevating, and diffusing human knowledge and sympathy. The sea has been compared to the confines of eternity; and the English may be said to have been looking out upon eternity while other races have been engaged in active commerce with their fellow men.

All this sounds very oddly in reference to a people who have amassed such enormous wealth, who have been the great navigators and colonizers of the world, who exercise sovereignty in every quarter of the globe, and upon whose possessions the sun never sets! Yet it is true, nevertheless. All this work of colonization and extension of empire is transacted at a writing-desk. The counting-house in a twilight alley, in the murky depths of the city, is the laboratory where the portable gases are generated, which are thus carried off and distributed over the remotest regions. Half-a-dozen dismal men meet round a table, scratch their signatures to a paper, and a new empire starts up in the Southern Pacific; they part in silence, and go home to dinner, with as much apathetic regularity as if nothing had happened out of the way; and for the rest of the evening nurse their family phlegm as they had done any time all their lives long. In a single morning, the basis of a teeming trade of centuries hence is laid down; but it brings no change in the inner life of the individual. The hands move outwards, but the works of the clock still keep their dark routine. It is one thing to ship off our superfluous population to distant lands, to plant the Union Jack on some savage rock, and crack a bottle with a huzza! to the health

of Old England; and another to maintain intimate relations and constant interchange with nations as civilized as ourselves, to rub off the rust of isolation and drudgery, to lift ourselves out of the one idea of money-getting, and to draw in humanity and good humor from our neighbors. In the large and philosophical sense of the word, we have never acted upon the true principle of colonization; we never conciliate the races we subdue—we conquer every thing but their affections. Our settlements are camps in a hostile country, as completely apart from the native population as swans' nests in a stream. In India, we are hedged in on all sides by jealousy and distrust; the war of races in Canada is as bitter at this moment as it was in 1760; and the animosities of the pale still flourish as rankly as ever in Ireland, in spite of free trade, two rebellions, the Union, Catholic Emancipation, and Reform. This comes of our immobility—of our elemental resistance to *fusion*.

The same thing that happens upon a great scale in political affairs, is illustrated in a minor way in the intercourse of travelling. Our social tariff amounts almost to a prohibition. Exchange of ideas takes place only at the extreme point of necessity. We are as reluctant to open our mouths or our ears as our ports, and have as profound a horror of foreign vivacity and communicativeness as of foreign corn. Habit goes a long way with us. People are so used to cry out 'The farmers are ruined,' that they must keep up war prices after a peace of nearly thirty years. We have a similar difficulty in relaxing our manners. The bulk of our continental travellers enter an hotel with as much severity and suspicion in their looks as if we were fighting the battles of legitimacy over again, and were doomed to fight them for ever.

By staying so much at home, and being kept so much at home by the pressure of external circumstances, our ideas and feelings become introverted. We turn eternally upon ourselves. We accumulate immensely, but undergo little or no sensible modifications of character. We advance in the direction of utility, but are still pretty much the same people we were a couple of hundred years ago. The only marked difference is that we are less hearty, less frank and joyous. We drop our old customs, our games and festivals, one by one, and grow more and more plodding and selfish. 'Merry England' survives only in ballads. Robin Hood and Little John are gone to the workhouse.

When a Frenchman, or an Italian, comes to England, he brings his sunshine with him. When an Englishman goes to France or Italy, he cannot leave his fogs behind him. He is like a rolling mass of darkness, absorbing all the encircling light, but emitting none. There is this remarkable point of contrast, too, that the former becomes at once a citizen of the country he visits, and the latter never ceases to be the petty lord of the manor, the common council man, the great gun of the village or the county. The universe is only Big Little Pedlington to Hopkins.

But it is surprising how a little knocking about in steamboats, and railways, and diligences, and schnell-posts and voitures of all sorts, and hotels with every variety of perfumes, shakes a man out of his sluggish thoughts and opaque humors. It is the best of all constitutional remedies for mind and body, although it acts but slowly on the whiplash nerves of the English. It is good for the brains and the stomach. It invigorates the imagination, loosens the blood and makes it leap through the veins, dispels the nebulous mass of the stay-at-home animal, and, liberating the spirit from its drowsy weight of prejudices, sends it rebounding back, lighter and brighter than ever, with the fresh morning beams throbbing in its pulses. There is nothing in this levelling world of ours which so effectually annihilates conventional respectability as travelling. It tumbles down with a single blow the whole wire and gauze puppet, reducing its empty length and breadth to mere finery and sawdust. All our staid, solemn proprieties, that beset and check us at every land's turn like inauguration mysteries, as if we were entering upon some esoteric novitiate every day of our lives—all our family pride and class instincts—our local importance and stately caution—paddocks and lawns—liveries, revenues, and ceremonials—all go for nothing in the swirl and roar of the living tide. A great landed gentleman cannot bring his ten-foot walls, his deer-park, or his parish-church, with its time-honored slabs and monuments, in the palm of his hand to the continent; he cannot stick the vicar and the overseer and the bench of justices in his hatband; he cannot inscribe the terrors of the tread-mill on his travelling-bag; he cannot impress every body abroad as he can at home with the awful majesty of his gate-house, and the lump of plush that slumbers in the padded arm-chair; he has passed out of the artificial medium by which he has hitherto been so egregiously magnified, and he is forced,

for once in his life, to depend solely on himself, docked of his lictors, for whatever amount of respect, or even attention, he can attract. This is a wholesome and healthy ordeal; very good for the moral as well as the biliary ducts. It sets a new and unexpected value upon whatever little sense or self-reliance one may really possess, and makes a man understand his manhood better in a month than he could have done in twenty years through the mirage of a false position.

And no man abandons himself so utterly to the intoxication of this new and rapturous existence as an Englishman, if once he allows himself to give way to it. He rushes at once to the opposite extreme. He chuckles and screams, like a boy out of school, like a hound just released from the thong, bounding over fields and ditches, and taking every thing at a leap, as if Beelzebub were dancing mad at his heels. If he is only sure that he is not observed, that nobody sees him—for this craven consciousness, and fear of ridicule, haunt him day and night—there is nothing too puerile, nothing too gay or riotous for him. He is no longer forty or fifty, but rampant nineteen. The sudden enchantment sets him beside himself; he is under the influence of a spell; no longer starched and trammelled in frigid responsibilities, his joints begin to move with freedom and elasticity; he is all eyes, legs, ears. With what curiosity he peers into shop-windows and bazaars; with what vivacity, wondering secretly all the while at his miraculous accession of gusto, he criticises picture-galleries and museums; how vigorously he hunts through royal parks and palaces to collect gossip for the table d'hôte; how he climbs lofty steeples and boasts of his lungs; what mountains of ice he devours in the heat of the day; what torrents of *lemonade gazeuse* or Seltzer water he swallows; what a dinner he makes amidst a bewildering chaos of provocations; and how zealously he nourishes his emancipated enthusiasm with hock and claret, in the exquisite agony of a profound contempt for gout and indigestion.

Verily there is nothing under heaven so thoroughly English, as those things which are in the very grain of their nature the most thoroughly un-English: so unnatural is the slavery of our habitual self-suppression, so natural our disfranchisement; and of these extremes are we pieced. O ye who fold yourselves up in the coil of sour melancholy, 'like the fat weed that rots on Lethe's stream,' take heed at that critical

turn of life when the green leaf is beginning to get yellow and sickly, and be assured there is nothing like a plunge into new worlds of human faces for the recovery of youth, with all its giddy joys and airy fallacies.

But the difficulty is to get an Englishman to make this plunge in downright earnest. Instead of running wild amongst the people of the continent, and giving free vent to whatever youthful mirth has not been quite trampled out of him, he usually runs a muck at them. Instead of gambolling with them, he butts and horns them. He takes umbrage at every thing. It is impossible to please him. He is resolved not to be pleased, come what may. Shine or rain, it is all the same; he quarrels with every thing, simply because it is not English. It might be supposed he went on an expedition in search of England, he is so discontented at not finding England at every turn of the road. It never occurs to him how much enjoyment and instruction he loses by not trying to discover the points of mutual agreement: his whole labor is to dig out the points of difference. He has not the least glimmer of a conception how much the former overbalance the latter; how much more there is to admire and imitate, than to censure and avoid; and how much sound feeling and morality, practical virtue, and social goodness, there may be in common between people who scowl at each other 'like frowning cliffs apart' upon questions of cookery and ventilation. He delights in picking up vexations and cross-purposes, and incidents that 'hint dislike;' and he snarls at them as a dog does at a bone, which, all unprofitable as it is, he takes a sort of surly pleasure in growling over. Every step he makes furnishes fresh excuses for grumbling and getting out of humor; and the only wonder is why he ever left home, and why he does not go back again without delay. There is nothing to eat (this is universal); the wines are vinegar; the lower classes wallow in dirt and superstition; the churches are hung all over with theatrical gewgaws; the people are eaten up by the priests; the stench of the towns is past endurance; the women are pert and affected, the men all folly and grimace; the few educated people are destitute of the dignity and reserve essential to the maintenance of rank and order; there is no distinction of persons; and one cannot go into a public company without having one's Teutonic delicacy offended by the levity and grossness of the conversation. It has been well

said of the English, that their *forte* is the disagreeable and repulsive.

Is there nothing in England to provoke the acerbity of a foreigner, who should take pleasure in cataloguing annoyances and tantalizing himself with painful truths? Are we quite sure that we are exempt from public nuisances and social evils? Take a stranger into our manufacturing districts, our mines and collieries, our great towns. Is there nothing there to move his compassion, to fill him with amazement and horror? No wrong-doing, no oppression, no vice? On every side he is smitten to the heart by the cruelties of our system; by the hideous contrast of wealth and want, plethora and famine; a special class smothered up in luxuries, and a dense population struggling wolfishly for the bare means of subsistence. Out of all this, drunkenness—unknown in his own midsummer clime—glares upon him at every step. He hears the cry of despair, the bitter imprecation, the blasphemous oath, as he passes through the packed and steaming streets. True, we have fine shops and aristocratic houses, and macadamized roads, and paved causeways and footpaths; but these things, and the tone of comfort they inspire, and the ease and prosperity they imply, only make the real misery, the corroding depravity, all the more palpable and harrowing. As to priests—what becomes of our Church in the comparison? To be sure our priests never walk about the streets—they ride in their carriages: a symptom which is only an aggravation of the disease. Nor are we so free from superstition as we would have the world believe. It is not very long since Sir William Courtenay preached in East Kent; the followers of Johanna Southcote form a very thriving little sect; and witches are still accredited in the north. For credulity we might be matched against any contemporary country—witness our police reports, our joint-stock bubbles, our emigration schemes, and our patent medicines. Are we more enlightened as a nation than our neighbors? Do we treat men of letters with more regard? Is our population better instructed? Do you find anywhere in England, as you do in France and Germany, the poor way-side man acquainted with his local traditions, and proud of his great names in literature and history? All this sort of refinement is wanted: our population is bred up in material necessities, and has neither leisure nor inclination for intellectual culture. The workman knows nothing beyond his work, and even locks up his faculties in it, from an instinctive and

hereditary dread of scattering and weakening them. He has been brought up in the notion that a Jack of all trades is master of none, and so he sticks to his last, and is obstinately ignorant of every thing else. This description of training makes capital mechanics; but you must not look for any power of combination, any reasoning faculty, any capacity of comparison or generalization, where the mind has been flattened down and beaten into a single track. It is this which, in a great degree, communicates that air of gloom and reserve to the English peasantry which strikes foreigners so forcibly on their first coming amongst us. Nor is the matter much mended in the higher circles of society. An English *conversazione* is like the 'Dead March' in 'Saul.' Every body seems to have got into a sort of funereal atmosphere; the deepest solemnity sits in every face; and the whole affair looks as if it were got up for any imaginable purpose but that of social intercourse and enjoyment. No wonder a stranger, accustomed to incessant variety, and bringing, by the force of habit, his entire stock of spirits to bear upon the occasion, should be chilled and petrified at a scene which presents such a perplexity to his imagination. He may put up, as gracefully as he can, with being cheated and overcharged and turned into ridicule for his blunders at hotels and lodging houses; these are vulgar and sordid vices. But he looks for compensation and sympathy to the upper classes. Is he disappointed? He is too much a man of the world, too intent upon making the best of every thing, too *enjoué*, and too ready to appreciate and acknowledge whatever is really praiseworthy and agreeable, to annoy any body with his impressions. The contrast is marked—the inference irresistible.

We are so apt to think every thing wrong which does not happen to square with our own usages, that we rarely make allowances for the difference of habits and modes of life. But it ought to be remembered that some national traits may jar with our customs, and yet harmonize perfectly with the general characteristics and necessities of others; and that many of the very traits we desiderate in them would be totally irreconcilable with the whole plan of their society—perhaps even with their climate, which frequently exercises an influence that cannot be averted over society itself. One of the things, for example, which most frets and chafes an Englishman of the common stamp is the eternal flutter of the continent. He cannot make

out how the people contrive to carry on the *business* of life, since they appear to be always engrossed in its *pleasures*. He is not content to 'take the goods the Gods provide,' but must needs know whether they are honestly come by. To him, the people seem to be perpetually flying from place to place, on the wing for fresh delights. It never occurs to him that he is making holiday himself; he only thinks it extraordinary that they should be doing the same thing. Yet a moment's reflection ought to show him that they must labor for their pleasure as we do; although they do not take their pleasure, as we do, with an air of labor. Pleasure is cheaper on the continent, as every thing else is, where people are not bowed down by an Old Man at their backs in the shape of a glorious National Debt.

This lightness of the heart, joined to the lightness of the atmosphere, produces that open-air festivity and community of enjoyment which makes the heavy hypochondriacal man stare. He is used to think of taxes and easterly winds, and cannot understand how such crowds of people can go out of doors to enjoy themselves. He wonders they are so improvident of money and rheumatism. Little does he suspect how slight their acquaintance is with either, and how much satisfaction they have in their cap and bells and their blue skies notwithstanding! He goes to an hotel, and petulantly orders dinner in a private room, his sense of exclusiveness taking umbrage at the indiscriminate crush of the *salle à manger* below. Here again he is at fault. The *salle à manger* is the absolute fashion of the place. It is the universal custom of Europe. The Englishman alone cannot reconcile himself to it. He sees a salon set out on a scale of such magnificence, that he immediately begins to calculate the expenditure, and jumps to a conclusion—always estimating things by his own standard—that the speculation must be a dead loss. To be sure, that is no business of his, but he cannot help the *instinct*. Enter a salon of this description, and observe with what regal splendor it is appointed; brilliantly lighted up, painted, gilt, draperied with oriental pomp; a long table runs down the centre, perhaps two or three, laid out for dinner with excellent taste. You wonder by what magic the numerous company is to be brought together for which such an extensive accommodation is provided; presently a bell rings; it is followed, after an interval, by a second and a third peal; then the guests glide in noiselessly, and in a

few moments every chair is occupied. Cheap refuge against *ennui*, against the evil misgivings of solitude, the wear and tear of conventional hindrances to the free course of the animal spirits! Here are to be found every class, from the lord to the *négociant*; noblemen and commoners of the highest rank and their families; military, and civilians of all professions; and some of the resident *élite* of the locality, who occasionally prefer this mode of living to the dreary details and lonely pomp of a small household. From this usage, which we deprecate so much because it impinges upon our dignity and sullenness, a manifest advantage is gained in the practical education of men for any intercourse with general society to which they may be called. Nor is it of less value in conferring upon them that ease and self-possession and versatile command of topics, for which the people of the continent are so much more distinguished than our countrymen.

An implicit and somewhat audacious reliance upon the virtues of money in carrying a traveller through every difficulty, is one of the foibles by which we are pre-eminently noted all over the world. Nor are we content merely to depend upon the weight of our purses, but we must brandish them ostentatiously in the faces of innkeepers and postilions, till we make them conscious of our superiority, with the insulting suggestion in addition, that we think them poor and venal enough to be ready to do any thing for hire. Of course we must pay for our vanity and insolence; and accordingly resentment in kind takes swinging toll out of us wherever we go. *Milor Anglais* is the sure mark for pillage and overcharge and mendacious servility; all of which he may thank himself for having called into existence. We remember falling in with an old gentleman at Liege several years ago who had travelled all over Belgium and up the Rhine into Nassau, without knowing one word of any language except his own native English. His explanation of this curious dumb process to a group of his countrymen tickled the whole party amazingly. He thought you could travel anywhere, without knowing any language, if you had only plenty of money: he did not know what he had paid at Weisbaden, or anywhere else: his plan was to thrust his hand into his pocket, take it out again filled with sovereigns, and let them help themselves: he never could make out their bills, they were written in such a hieroglyphical hand: what of that? Rhino will carry you anywhere! (an exclamation

enforced by a thundering slap on his breeches pocket;) he didn't care about being cheated; he had money enough, *and more where that came from*; he supposed they cheated him, but he could afford it; that was all he looked to; and much more to the same purpose. We would ask any reasonable man of any country whether an avowed system of this kind, which puts an open premium upon knavery, is not calculated to draw upon those who practise it a just measure of obloquy and derision.

The determination not to see things as they are, but to condemn them wholesale for not being something else, is another of our salient characteristics. And this determination generally shows itself most violently in reference to things which, for the most part, can neither be remedied nor altered. The physiognomy of the country upsets all our previous theories of compact living and picturesque scenery: tall, crazy châteaux—dreary rows of trees—interminable roads—dull stretches of beet-root and mangel-wurzel—no hedge-rows—no busy hum of machinery—and such towns! The towns are the especial aversion of an Englishman. He compiles in his own mind a flattering ideal from the best general features of an English town, and immediately sets about a comparison with the straggling discordant mass of houses before him. The result is false both ways, making the English town better than it is, and the continental town a thousand times worse. This procedure is obviously fallacious, to say nothing about the prejudice that lurks at the bottom. We carry away with us only a few vague pictorial images, rejecting all the disagreeable details: English neatness, English order, whitewash, green verandahs, windows buried in roses and honey-suckles, gardens boxed round with faultless precision—and a serene air of contentment over the whole, as if it were a nook in Paradise. We drop out all the harsh features: the crushed spirit of the inmates of these pretty houses, who find it so hard to live in their aromatic cottages; the haggard, speechless things that hang round the doorways and road-sides; the brusque manners; the masked misery; the heartless indifference. We not only forget all such items on the one hand, but the historical and local circumstances on the other, which might help to reconcile us to the unfavorable side of the comparison. Continental towns are generally of great antiquity, having a remote origin in forts and castles, and becoming gradually enlarged to meet new necessities. They are, consequently,

built without much method, piled up of all orders and ages: narrow streets, paved all over with sharp stones—fantastic and irregular façades—all sorts of roofs and angles—every color in the rainbow—dark entries—latticed windows—gullies of water running through the streets like rivulets—and crowds of men, women, children, and horses tramping up and down all day long, as if they were holding a fair. A comparison of one of these towns with an English town is as much out of the nature of things, as a comparison between the old Egyptian religion, all grandeur and filth, with a well-swept conventicle.

The English who settle on the continent—people who emigrate for good reasons of their own, but chiefly for one which they are not always willing to avow—are hardly less inaccessible to reason and generosity. You always find them grumbling and as murky as thunder-clouds. They never give way to pleasant influences: they are sensitive only to hard knocks. The crust of prejudice never melts: it can only be chipped off by repeated blows. And the worst of it is that the location they are driven to select, for its superior convenience on the score of neighborhood and economy, pitches them amongst a people the very reverse of themselves. The sullen pride of the English and the explosive vanity of the French make a compound fit for a witch caldron. They are felicitously illustrated by a story too good to be true. A Frenchman is boasting to an Englishman of the battle of Waterloo, a sore subject on both sides, and arrogantly claiming the victory. "How can that be," exclaims the Englishman, "since you left us in possession of the field?" "*Mon Dieu!*" replies the Frenchman, "we won the battle, but you were so obstinate you wouldn't be beaten, and we left the field in disgust!" Frenchmen have the best of such disputes by turning even their failures into pleasantries.

English residents in France are drawn thither by the grand motive of cheap living, cheap education for their children. A family could not exist in England, without undergoing severe privations and severer humiliation, upon the small sum which will enable them to live well in France. This is the magnet which attracts so many people on narrow incomes to the French shores. At the little town of Dinan, on the Rance, there are nearly 300 English residents; at Tours, on the Loire, there are 2000, and there were formerly three times that number, until certain unpleasantnesses broke up and dispersed the community; Avranches,

St. Malo, St. Servan, swarm with English; there are 6000 at Boulogne; and they congregate at Rouen, Caen, Havre, and other places in proportion. People do not exile themselves for mere caprice to a strange land, where a strange language is spoken, where they are surrounded by strange customs, and separated from familiar faces and old ties and associations; they must have a strong motive for making so many painful sacrifices of habit, of friendship within call if not within reach of easy intercourse; and that motive must be more powerful than the claims and considerations it overrules. At home they are exposed to a thousand distresses; they cannot sustain the position to which their connexions or their tastes invite them; and then there are children to be cared for, to be educated, and put out in the world. How is all this to be accomplished upon means so limited as to keep them in a state of hopeless warfare with appearances? The alternative is to settle in a country where the necessities of life are cheap, where education is cheap, where they can escape the eyes of Argus, and do as they like: a sort of genteel emigration. Who is the wiser whether they do this on £100 or £1000 a year, if they can do it independently? They are out of the realms of spite and tattle. Let nobody wonder then at the numbers of English who settle in France and other cheap countries; the real wonder is that there are not more of them. But let nobody, either out of false delicacy or falser pride, mistake the causes of their settling there. It is not from choice but necessity. The question comes home quite as forcibly to the English gentleman of £300 per annum, who rents a house at Avranches or Granville, as to the practical farmer who, before he is ground into a pauper by high rents at home, turns his little property into capital, and transports himself and his family to Van Diemen's Land. The only important difference between the two cases is, that the one can return when he pleases, and the other, having embarked his whole substance in a single venture, must abide the issue.

The English resident in France is not satisfied, however, with his new mode of life after all, and must let off a little ill-humor upon the people. He exclaims, "Oh! yes, you get necessities cheap enough; but there the advantage ends. There is no such thing as society in such places, and you must make up your mind to a mere state of vegetation. The best you can make of it is banishment with plenty to eat and drink."

We should like to ask this desolate, but well-fed gentleman, what sort of society he was able to keep at home, or rather, whether he was able to keep any society at all? If so, why did he condemn himself to this miserable banishment? Why, he knew very well, that the mere cost of putting himself *en regle* to make and receive visits, supposing it possible to keep aloof from the consequent expenses of seeing company, would have swallowed up his whole income.

But the assertion is not true that such places are destitute of good society; and in not a few instances the best society is too intellectual for the common run of economists, consisting as it does of the families of men of science and letters connected with the public institutions of the locality. In this respect France is essentially different from England, and it is desirable to note the difference carefully. While the system of centralization renders Paris the culminating point of the political movements of the country, and consequently draws into its focus much of the wealth, and all the fashions of the kingdom; literature and science, diffusive in their results, but retired and silent in their operations, linger lovingly in sequestered retreats, in provincial towns and villages. Almost every town has its college, or at all events its museum, and its public schools, and upon these foundations several professors are established. These are frequently men of a very high order of talent—antiquaries, good scholars, and ardent lovers of literature. It is scarcely necessary to observe that excellent society might be formed out of such materials; but this is unfortunately not always the sort of society the English resident cares to cultivate. The want, however, lies in him, not in the elements around him. The French provinces are, in fact, full of a class of readers and writers unknown in England. Every department has its own capital, towards which all its lines of interest converge, forming a minor system of centralization in every thing that concerns its local history, arts, science, and antiquities. It must not be supposed that all distinguished men of letters in France run up to Paris, as in England they run up to London. Men of fortune do, leaving their chateaux to go to ruin, while they riot in the salons of the metropolis; fashionable novelists, dramatists and dreamers in blankverse and philosophy, fly to Paris as the only place where they can obtain encouragement and remuneration; but historians and antiquaries, a very large class, are content with the hum-

bler reward of discharging a useful duty to their country in the most useful way, by staying behind to dignify with their presence the scene of their birth and their labors. Thus, while Victor Hugo, Scribe, and Sue, must of necessity engross all eyes in Paris, such men as Bodin and Mahé are content to publish the fruits of their learned researches in the midst of the regions to which they refer. Indeed, so completely is this principle acted upon, that if you want to procure a particular history or an account of the antiquities of any particular place, your best chance is to inquire for it in the place itself. It frequently happens that such works never find their way into Paris through the ordinary channels of trade.

The gradual effect of an English settlement in a French town is to spoil it. In course of time, it becomes a French town anglicized, neither French nor English, but a bad mixture of both, like a *bifteck Anglais* with a heavy sweat of garlic in it. The English mode of settling is something in its nature utterly averse to the whole theory of French life. The English are for settling in the most literal sense—for collecting round them all the conveniences and fixtures and comforts of home—for sitting down with a strict view to the future—for shutting out the weather and the eyes of their neighbors—for keeping themselves snug and reserved and select, (select above all things!)—for quiet dinners and tea in the evening—for in-door as diametrically opposed to out-of-door enjoyments, carpets, blinds, screens, and pokers—and for nursing themselves up in habits contradictory to the spirit of the people, the climate, the traditions, the usages of the country. The French are exactly the antipodes of all this. They hate staying in one spot—they are all flutter, open doors, open windows, and open mouths—they cannot keep in the house—they abhor quiet dinners—and fixtures, conveniences, cupboards, and comforts, are so many agonies in detail to them. They are in a perpetual whirl, sleep about five hours out of the four and twenty, and shoot out of bed, like quicksilver, the moment they awaken, ready for the same round again. Repose is essential to an Englishman: it is physically and mentally impossible to a Frenchman. The latter makes the most of the present moment: the former is always laying up for his children. In fact, the Frenchman lives for to-day—the Englishman for posterity.

The French, to do them justice, would be willing enough, from an habitual preference for the lesser horn of a dilemma, to

form a social union with their guests; but the constitutional frigidity of the English forbids the bans. In this respect the English, when they shape themselves into a community, keep up all their old notions to the letter, even towards each other. There seems to be no exception to this rule; they are the same in all places. There is not a solitary instance of an English settlement in which, as far as possible, the entire habits, root and branch, of the mother country have not been transplanted bodily, without the slightest reference to the interests or prejudices of the surrounding population. The English are the only people in the world who do this—the only people who could do it. The Germans, who resemble the English more than any other nation in every thing else, differ from them widely in this. Wherever they go, they adapt themselves to the country, and are uniformly distinguished by the simplicity and economy of their style, their *noiselessness* and *bonhomie*. In America they are beloved for these qualities, and for keeping clear of wounding the self-respect and national pride of the people. The English glory in running counter to the prejudices of the world, and throwing out the angular points of their character with the irritability of the hedgehog.

In the midst of all this purse-proud display, there is a real meanness, a small huckstering spirit that constantly betrays itself. In these very cheap places they are always complaining of the great expense of living, and the frauds that are practised on them. It is a common accusation to bring against the French, that they have two charges—an English charge and a French charge; but the evil must be set down, along with other petty antagonisms, to the responsibility of those who make the market. When the English shall have learned to live like the French, they may hope to be let in under the French tariff. It is not surprising, all circumstances considered, that the French should regard our Cheapside countrymen with a little distrust and no very great good will. One cogent reason for it is, that they know, sure as the swallow brings summer, the English bring high prices. Wherever they cluster together, they raise the markets; partly by increased demand, and partly by that mammon swagger, which is one of the vices of the national character. Formerly an inhabitant of a small town in a cheap district, might live comfortably on 1200 francs per annum and keep his servant; but the English no sooner set up a hive there, than he is obliged to dispense with his do-

mestic, and forego a variety of enjoyments in which he used to indulge. He formerly led a life of *insouciance*; now he leads what may be called a hard life. He is borne down by the market prices, which, although cheap to the English, are ruinously dear to him. How could it be expected that he should like the people who have brought all this upon him, and who boast all the time of the benefits they are conferring on the country by spending their money in it?

The situation of a handful of English settlers is not less curious in reference to their relations with each other. The struggling pride, personal vanities, and class prejudices of the old country, are here to be seen as efflorescent upon the decayed offshoot as upon the original stock. Five hundred a year performs the rôle of aristocracy. They are in the last degree suspicious of each other. No one knows why his neighbor, just arrived, has set up his tent in this cheap district; but malice is fertile in suggestions. There are other reasons besides small means for going abroad, and it sometimes happens that a visit to the continent is merely a liberal extension of the rules of the Bench. Of course, if there be mystery in the case, people are not over-charitable in their constructions. Religion often forms a subject of contention for lack of something better to do. Unbeneficed clergymen occasionally speculate on these little communities, and the small profit to be gained by administering spiritual respectability to them is every now and then scrambled for like a beadleship. A conflict of this kind took place recently at Avranches, where the rival candidates carried their hostilities so far that they almost went to fisticuffs in the church!

When we commenced this article, it was our intention to have pursued the inquiry through a variety of details, with an especial view to the recorded opinions of English travellers; but we have already occupied all the space that can be spared from demands of a more pressing nature. Perhaps we may return to the subject, for we are confident that a searching examination into the prejudices by which it has been hitherto *tabooed* will not be unproductive of some utility.

But it may be asked why we undertake to expose these national weaknesses? We answer, because we would rather do it ourselves than leave it to be done by others, and because we are not unwilling to show the world that our integrity and courage are superior to our vanity.

ON THE DEATH OF MY INFANT CHILD.

From the Metropolitan.

A MOTHER'S kiss, O beauteous clay!

A mother's tear, receive:
Soon shall this perfect form decay,
Soon all resemblance melt away,
Of him for whom I grieve.

Upon that alabaster cheek,
(As fair, as firm, as cold!)
In vain do I those dimples seek,
Those charms, which to a mother speak,
In language manifold!

Upon that little icy hand
Receive another kiss!
Angel! . . . thou'st join'd the white-rob'd band,
Which round the Throne immortal stand,
In never-ceasing bliss.

THE FRENCH AT TAHITI.—We have been furnished, says the *Plymouth Times*, with an extract from a letter written by an officer of her Majesty's ship *Vindictive*, under date of the 12th of March last, containing very important intelligence respecting the further proceedings of the French at the island of Tahiti, and the consequent departure thence of an English naval officer with despatches for our government at home. The following is the extract alluded to:—"Her Majesty's ship *Vindictive*, Tahiti, March 12, 1843. Since I last wrote on the 28th ult., the state of affairs here has much changed, and the intelligence is of such moment that Captain Nicholas is about to send off Acting-Lieutenant Williams in a schooner with despatches for our government. Lieutenant Little and Lieutenant Hill will go home in the schooner. They will go to Panama, then overland to meet the English packet in the West Indies, and I think will reach England in ten weeks. The French have been at their old system of lying. They have sent home a proclamation, stated to have been sent to the Tahitians, complaining of the manner in which the French have been treated by them, charging them with several violent and unjust acts, and demanding of them 10,000 dollars, or possession of the island, for security for their good behavior. Now this proclamation contained nothing but lies—was never made to the people, who would have immediately refuted the contents. It is made up only for the purpose of blinding the eyes of European Powers. We have a French frigate here and a corvette. The French have a provisional government, and hoist the Tahitian flag with the tricolored French in the upper corner. This flag is still flying in a small island in the middle of the harbor, as well as at the government house on shore. We have, however, made a high flag-staff for our flag, and hoisted it opposite the palace. The queen dined on board the *Vindictive* a few days ago, together with several chiefs and their wives. The table was spread on the after part of the quarter deck. She was received with a captain's guard, and saluted with 21 guns, both when she came and when she went away. The yards were manned, the officers were in full dress, and at night the ship was illuminated. We know not how long we shall continue here. I hope our ministry will not be entrapped by the French." The officer with the despatches alluded to arrived at Falmouth, by the royal mail steamer *Teviot*, on the 4th of August, and immediately proceeded to London.—*Colonial Magazine*.

PLEASURES, OBJECTS, AND ADVANTAGES
OF LITERATURE INDICATED-

From Fraser's Magazine.

This article will be read with great interest.
—ED.

I. HUET complained, that while all the world had heard of the misfortunes of men of genius, no book had appeared to record their happiness.* If Huet were now living, he would not, perhaps, think it necessary to recall his complaint. It is perfectly fit that, in the journey of the pilgrim of literature, the *lights* should be marked as well as the *shades*; and that, if we recollect that the *Glossary* of Spelman was impeded by unsold copies, we should also remember the hours of absorbing delight which its compilation afforded to him. Leland mentions a Gothic library in an old castle of the Percys which was called Paradise; and the inscription over the great Egyptian library described it as the hospital for sick souls. Books are both flowers and medicines; and it becomes every person to cultivate, with anxious patience and care, those habits of literary occupation and rational curiosity, which are so beneficently adapted to sweeten the vicissitudes of fortune, to impart dignity to active toil, and cheerfulness to sequestered leisure; this *occupation* and this *curiosity* being always kept subordinate to the great object and end of human life; *i. e. moral and religious cultivation and purification*. Thus associated and endeared to each other, LITERATURE will be seen under the wings of the Angel of Religion; and while the *first* engages the buoyant energies of our health or gilds the gloom of our sickness, the *second* will teach us to extract a sweeter honey from every flower, and will bring all the splendor and peace of a *future* life, to illuminate and tranquillize all the blackness and anarchy of the *present*.

II. Human life is one prolonged series of *compensations*.

"Great offices will have
Great talents, and God gives to every man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
That lifts him into life, and lets him fall,
Just in the niche he was ordained to fill."†

Literature is one of the channels by which these compensations are supplied. In Homer, it is Minerva who conceals the wrinkles of Ulysses; so, among men, we observe wisdom covering the defects of the body, and education imparting a charm to the intellect, which turns the eye aside

from the meaner gifts of nature. The rents and the ungracefulness of the common garment of humanity are covered, in some degree at least, by the beautiful girdle of literature.

III. Bishop Burnet, among the hints which he specifies towards the formation of an *idea* of God, reckons the *perception* which we have of a desire to make other persons *wiser or better*.* "I felt," says Burns, "some strivings of ambition, but they were the blind gropings of Homer's Cyclop round the walls of his cell." Who would not rejoice to pour the sunshine upon those benighted eyes, to take the captive of ignorance by the hand, to lead him into the green landscapes of literature, to reflect his feelings in the clear waters of philosophic streams, and, amid all the lovely scenery of the imagination, to fill his mind with the sublime assurance, that

"His presence, who made all so fair, *perceived*
Makes all still fairer!"

It is pleasing to contemplate the effect of the first ray of light upon the understanding; to watch the leaps and life† of thought with which the scholar welcomes it, and the glowing face of wonder, gratitude, and affection, which he turns to every object:—

"By degrees, the mind
Feels her young nerves dilate; the plastic powers
Labor for action."‡

Every fresh gleam of knowledge awakens an intenser sensation of pleasure. Petrarch, who was ignorant of Greek, received a copy of Homer from the Byzantine ambassador; he placed it by the side of Plato, and contemplated them both with admiration and enthusiasm.§ Aristotle distinguished the learned and the unlearned as the *living* and the *dead*; and the man, whom he supposed to be conducted into the world for the first time, from some subterranean cavern, when the sky was spangled with stars and the earth illuminated by their lustre,—could not have been surprised into livelier feelings of awe and admiration than are felt by him who, led up from the dark recesses of ignorance into the pure air of civilized life, beholds all the luminaries of genius shining in the remote world of literature.

IV. This light has, in our days, become as common as the sunshine upon the field.

* Exposition * * * art. i.

† Burnet's Character of Bp. Boyle.

‡ Pleasures of Imagination, b. iii.

§ Fam. Lett. quoted by Gibbon. *Decline and Fall*, vi. 420. 1788.

* Huetiana, p. 163. 1770.

† Task, b. iv.

It shines for all ; it illuminates all. What a contrast to an earlier age ! The village-school of the nineteenth might confound the court of the fifteenth century. The famous Montmorency, so prominent in the history of Henry IV., could neither read nor write ;* and even in the golden day of French literature, when Molière wrote and Bossuet preached, Louis XIV. could not subscribe his own name until he had sketched an outline of it. His signature was composed of a series of industrious combinations.†

V. The characteristic of all human enjoyments is *fragility—decay* ; the vacant chair chills the gaiety of the domestic hearth ; the colors of the painter fade ; the structures of the architect moulder into ruin. Two sources of delight alone remain, which defy the continually recurring wave of years—Religion and Literature. Of Religion—heavenly, incorruptible, immortal—as it admits of no comparison, so it permits no panegyric. Of Literature something may be spoken. Fame shuts the gates of her Temple upon Time. The armor of Paris glows with the same lustre that dazzled the eyes of Hector ; the dew still glistens upon the Sabine Farm ; no feather has dropped from the wing of Lesbia's sparrow ; no tint has departed from the purple robe of Dido. The arrow, that pierced the Persian breast-plate at Marathon, has mouldered in the earth ; but the arrow, which Pindar hurled from the Bow of Song, retains its life throughout successive ages ; like the discus thrown by Hippomedon, it sweeps onward—

“Jamque procul meminit dextræ, servatque tenorem.”

The invectives of Juvenal have lost none of their edge ; the appeals of Demosthenes, none of their fire. Summer finds the rose of Milton still in bloom, and the bower of Spenser still in leaf.

When Dante met Oderigi in the first circle of purgatory, the painter pronounced a lamentation on the instability of modern reputation :—

“Cimabue thought
To lord it over painting's field ; and now
The cry is Giotto's, and his name eclipsed.
Thus hath one Guido from the other snatched
The lettered prize, and he perhaps is born
Who shall drive either from their nest. The
noise
Of worldly fame is but a blast of wind,

* St Palay—Mem. Anc. Choral. ii. 84. 1781.

† Pegge—Anecdotes of the English Language, 51. 1814.

That blows from divers points, and shifts its name,
Shifting the point it blows from.”

The frost-work of modern renown does, indeed, melt away before the glare of a brighter name ; but the poets and historians of older times built upon firmer pillars. The works of Greek and Latin genius exemplify the assertion. The Gothic night came down upon Europe. During the long dark ages, Homer, Virgil, Cicero, Demosthenes, Livy, Plato, were forgotten or unknown ; but still these temples of thought shone in their solitary splendor, their vast shadows unbroken, their gates unopened. *Without* were gloom and barbarism, and the storm of anarchy : *within* were light, and fragrance, and song. So through the darkness and tempest of centuries, the ritual of genius continued to be solemnized. The *Æneid* flourished when the empire of Augustus was in ruins.

VI. We speak of the perpetuity of Literature ; but it is only in the works of sincere genius, that this seed of earthly immortality is wrapped up ; it is the precious fragrance of a good name that embalms an author for succeeding generations. Literature loves and teaches peace and goodwill ; the disputers, the wranglers, the mockers, obtain no protection from her arm, no shadow from her wing. The coarse invective of Salmasius, and the rugged irony of Milton, their grips and their challenges, the vanquisher and the vanquished, are equally and alike forgotten : and the struggles, that once agitated the breasts of a nation of spectators, have left no more enduring impression upon the surface of literature, than the feet of Spartan wrestlers upon the sand of the arena.

VII.

“Books are not seldom talismans and spells.”

So Cowper sang. The works of genius are always full of magic ; rings upon which the genii always wait. The scholar adopts, in the widest sense, the advice of the epigrammatist *σεαυτοῦ φρενα, τερπει*. Every book is to him a landscape of beauty. The history of Æneas rises before his eyes with all the distinctness and circumstance of a panorama. He sees him, by the light of burning Troy, avenging the ruin of his country ; then carrying his father upon his back, and leading by the hand the little Iulus, who follows with unequal steps ; Creusa holds out the child to his arms ; he follows the wanderer to the hall of Dido, and beholds the enveloping mist melt away ; he hears the trees roar in the sud-

den storm that drove the lovers into the cave, and resembles the minstrel of Beattie, when

"Sweet delirium o'er his bosom stole,
When the great shepherd of the Mantuan plains
His deep majestic melody 'gan roll."

This magic, indeed, dwells especially in the writers of Greece and Rome, for their life is, in a manner, *continued in ours*.^{*} They become to us a peculiar people; death, which deprived us of them, has made them dear. Perhaps some of the interest with which we regard them may be traced to the period of life when they were put into our hands. The garden of life is then a garden of romance. The eyes of youth, full of hope and expectation, communicate their own lustre to the commonest objects, a lustre which sometimes sheds a rich coloring over the colder atmosphere of maturer years. The charm of association increases the power of the spell. The book is endeared to our heart by the friends and thoughts which it recalls to the memory; friends and thoughts that belong to the morning of our day, when the sun of hope was only beginning to climb the horizon. This feeling often dims the eye of age, when it wanders again over the story of Robinson Crusoe, and often stirs the heart of the scholar, grown gray with the vigils of years, when he meets with a worn-out school-book; each leaf brings back to him the hands that are cold and the voices that are silent. Perhaps his affection sometimes blinds his eyes to the defects in the objects of his admiration. Descartes confessed, that through his life he had entertained a particular regard for persons who *squinted*, having in early life been attached to a girl whose eyes were affected in that manner.

VIII. The language of Greece is alone a source of insatiable pleasure. It was to the poet, the philosopher, or the orator, what the clay was to the sculptor, flowing with equal facility, into every attitude of beauty, horror, supplication, or triumph. Paris binding on his sandals, Hector urging forward his army, Penelope bending over her embroidery, or Ulysses recognized by his dog,—each representation is equally natural, equally admirable. Homer found in words a softer instrument than the clay of Praxiteles. Who can sound the depths of that inimitable language? The boisterous mirth of Aristophanes, the pleasing elegance of Philemon, the mild irony of Menander, the majesty of Pindar, the fire of

Sappho, the tears of Simonides,—these are only a few notes from its many-sounding strings. Here the Graces guide the finger of Sophocles upon the harp; there Philosophy holds her lamp over the page of Plato. On this side, Truth whispers her subtle oracles in the ear of Aristotle; on that side history weighs the actions of heroes in her golden scales, before the earnest eyes of Thucydides. The soul of this elaborate harmony seems to animate the harp of Homer, whose poetry was the source of the eloquence, the philosophy, and the fancy of Greece. To him belongs peculiarly the panegyric of Browne,

"For there is hidden in the poet's name
A spell that can command the wings of Fame."

Criticism always kindles into admiration before his shrine. "Such a sovereignty of genius reigns all over his works, that the ancients esteemed him as the great high-priest of nature, who was admitted into her inmost choir, and acquainted with her most solemn mysteries."^{*} The modern taste, which is original only in its heresies, has been anticipated even in its *illustrated* poets; Rome possessed its *pictorial* Homer. The Camden professor, at Oxford, deciphered upon a coin of the Gens Mamilia a figure of Ulysses returning to his home,—a fact that not only establishes the early celebrity of the Homeric poems in the Latin metropolis, but shows, also, the delineations of the most interesting incidents upon the escutcheons of private families. Every page might furnish a subject for the artist. Raphael sent designers into Greece to supply him with drawings of antique remains; to such diligence the world owes the "Transfiguration!"

IX. In contemplating the pictures of Homer, and of all the ancient writers, we discover a peculiar charm and sweetness, which they derive from that softening twilight of years into which they have been withdrawn. Delille briefly indicated the essential defect of the *Henriade*, by saying, that it was too *near the eye* and too *near the age*; and Campbell suggests, that Milton might, with greater liveliness of effect, have thrown back his angelic warfare into more remote perspective. Every reader perceives that the scenes of the camp and the battle-field strike his eyes less vividly when contemplated in the clear sunshine of modern history, than when gradually glimmering out through the cloudy horizon of time. The mind is more feebly affected by Napoleon storming the bridge of Lodi, or

^{*} Dr Arnold

^{*} Blackwall. Introduction to the Classics, p. 14.

Wellington surveying the battlements of Salamanca, than by Brutus reading at night in his tent at Philippi, or Richard bearing down, with the chivalry of England, upon the white armies of Saladin. Nelson, leading the line of battle against Copenhagen, is a less picturesque object than Drake crowding his canvass against the galleons of Spain. One fleet seems to lie immediately under our eye, the other gleams, as it were, through a mist, and,

"Far off at sea descried,
Hangs in the clouds."

This is the magic and the charm of antiquity; we delight to watch the gray expanse of years rolling away, with many pauses of darkness, before the glory of the poet's imagination, and kindling into a drapery of gold around the picture which quickens into color and life before the meditative eye of the student. This magical allusion belongs, pre-eminently, to the classical writers. To each of their glowing delineations of scenery or life there is a background of shadow.

X. It would be a very interesting and delightful inquiry to trace the gradual growth and the slow development of the intellectual seed, to mark all its gradations of life, and color, and beauty. In imaginative literature, we should find, with Addison, Novelty taking the lead. The new, the strange, the wonderful, naturally attract the admiration of those who live farthest back in the gray morning of time. As the sun of civilization rises higher and higher, and the horizon of history becomes enlarged, the *pathetic* comes in; there can be little pathos where there are few varieties of fortune. Then appears the *sublime*, which is the new and wonderful, *harmonized into proportion*. The *beautiful* appears last, and seems to mark that hour of the intellectual day, when the *life-giving ardor* of genius, the early sunshine of the mind, has departed. When *Beauty* fails, in the words of an ingenious modern writer,* magnificence succeeds; and magnificence in turn gives place to false ornament, exaggeration, and bombast. At last genius itself recedes before *taste*, and nations, "losing the susceptibility of their youth, sit in judgment, in the decline of their existence, over the images that dazzled, and the feelings that warmed them, when their pulse beat high, and when the sun of life was yet in its zenith."

Whether this be a picture of *our* national progress, I shall not presume to say; but,

* Mr. Douglass.

assuredly, the sun of pure imagination is going down in our land; the horizon is still red with its descending glories. The future who shall unfold? We are *standing* (to take up a thought which I have thrown out upon another occasion) upon the threshold of a great and wonderful revolution of education, habit, feeling, and pursuit. Imagination retreats before *reality*; fiction before *truth*; poetry before *science*. A modern giant, of whom the hundred-handed Titan of antiquity was a faint image, is putting forth all its tremendous energies, and encompassing the opposite poles in its embrace. The steam-engine, I repeat, is civilizing and corrupting the world. The beautiful gardens of thought are languishing under the fiery breath of the giant—the *Faerie Queene* of Spenser is abandoned for the *Dictionary* of Macculloch—the knighthood of genius yields to the aristocracy of commerce. The age of intellectual chivalry is over and gone; but its exploits remain, for ever speaking to them who, with a gentle and a reverent spirit, pause to listen and to love.

XI. It may well be doubted, then, whether the temper of this present age permits it to enjoy all those refined and entrancing pleasures which pure Literature is capable of affording. The popular pulse throbs with each varying stimulant of the minute. There is little contemplativeness in modern literature; little of the serene light of that *inward-eye*, which closes upon the pageant of ambition, or the tumult of excitement, only to repose upon the scenery of imagination, or the hallowed pictures of recollection. In literature, as in politics, men *look forward*, not *backward*; unmindful of the lamp which Time holds before their feet, or of those brief warnings which Experience writes upon the little journal of the passing day.

It is an evil sign when genius is valued by the ready reckoner. Baretti, the friend of Johnson, was, I believe, the first writer in Italy who received money for the copyright of his works. In England, literature has been deeply infected with the utilitarianism of the times. This corrupt feeling, gradually widening itself from one circle of thought into another, soon spreads over the entire surface of popular opinion. A friend of mine recently accompanied an eminent London merchant to the Gallery of Grecian Antiquities at the British Museum. They stopped for a minute before one of the most exquisite productions of Grecian art. My friend noticed the earnest gaze of his companion, who seemed to be lost in

admiration of the statue before him. The spell was soon broken. The merchant was thinking of Bonnycastle, not of Phidias; for turning suddenly to my friend, he inquired, "*What did it cost?*"

XII. The temperature of taste may be indicated by clearer proofs. During several years, a small edition of Chaucer, recommended by all the elegance of typography, has dragged its slow length along; Spenser attracts few purchasers; Dryden, in whom Horace Walpole discovered the very model of good sense, comes down from the publisher's shelf with many tardy steps; it is only when Shakspeare is styled the *Pictorial*, that he finds his way into every house; and his only successful incursion upon modern parsimony has been in the company of a staff of engravers. Even Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, the least poetical of all poetical biographers—the least tasteful of all expositions of fancy,—daily recede more and more from public inquiry, and the sale of a single copy through a year scarcely preserves the name in the memory of a bookseller. If we turn our eyes to books of elegant criticism, or graceful observations upon art, we find the same neglect and indifference. How many persons, who profess to be men of letters, are familiarly acquainted with Gilpin, Price, Whately, or Knight? In an atmosphere so heavy and lowering, we cannot be astonished to behold

"Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all her varying rainbows die away."

XIII. Boswell gives a curious illustration of Johnson's manner of asserting the dignity of literature, by enduring the inconvenience of a seat near the fire, in a small room, because he would not allow the booksellers, who composed the party, to sit above him at dinner. Bishop Berkeley asserted the supremacy of literature with more appropriate dignity when he declared, that a man who spends his time in searching after truth is a better friend of mankind than the greatest statesman or hero, whose labors and exploits are confined to a small portion of the world; while a ray of imagination, or of wisdom, may enlighten the universe, and glow into the remotest centuries. It is peculiarly important to preserve a remembrance of this panegyric at a season, when military and political distinction eclipses the brightest achievements of the intellect. The following passage of a famous historian seems to be the bitterest censure upon this fashion of our age. "The family of Confucius," are the words of Gib-

bon, "is, in my opinion, the most illustrious in the world. After a painful ascent of eight or ten centuries, our barons and princes of Europe are lost in the darkness of the middle ages; but, in the vast equality of the empire of China, the family of Confucius have maintained above two thousand two hundred and twenty years their peaceful honors and perpetual succession." In England, the latest descendant of *Milton* was munificently provided for with the sinecure office of a parish clerk, and after innumerable flourishes of trumpets, a paltry pittance has been collected for a sister of *Burns*.

XIV. Authorship has lost its unity of purpose with its independence. The age of patronage had its evils, but they rarely infected the book beyond the preface or the conclusion. The disease lay in the extremities. A trader in literature must have a show of wares; his aim must be not to write *well*, but to write *much*. A traveller riding post through a foreign country is only able to construct a very imperfect map of his route. So it is in the journey of literature. Instead of visiting, to borrow a phrase of Bishop Reynolds,* a particular coast and head of learning, the modern scholar, for the most part, views every scene *in transitu*; he catches glimpses of the many-colored landscape of literature, and returns from his travels of thought with a glimmering confusion of images, and a wavering indistinctness of scenery. I am not unmindful that literature is a *circle*, nor have I forgotten the desire of Diderot, that the student of science might not lose his relish for the arts, that Horace and Newton might visit him arm-in-arm, and that an essay on fancy, and a treatise on curves, might be read with equal pleasure. In the mere man of cultivated taste, this unison of opposite qualities may be sometimes seen; but in the scholar who reduces the theory of his reading to *practice* we shall look for it in vain. The hands of the literary Briareus may all possess a certain flexibility, but one alone will be endowed with the—

"One science only will one genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit."

Rubens, it has been said, painted twilight with beautiful effect, without being able to delineate the female figure; Teniers would never lift himself from the company of Dutch boors.

XV.—A Latin poet, in a famous maxim,

* Treatise on the Passions and Faculties of the Soul. Works, fol. 901.

considers a possession to be valuable only in proportion as it is *capable of being known by other persons*. The sentiment of Perseus seems to be an illustration of the story of Demosthenes, who rejoiced to hear himself pointed out in the street as the celebrated orator, a confession justly ridiculed by Cowley.* In a similar spirit of display, Jeremy Collier thought that the furniture of the mind should be constantly brought out, and Bentley told his nephew never to read a book that he could not quote; but the advice of Selden† is wiser—to refer only to such authors as are usually read; to study others for our *own improvement and delight*, but not to name them. D'Israeli‡ notices the modest diffidence of some of our early writers. They looked with alarm, he thinks, upon the halo of immortality that encircled the printing-press. The printer of England's *Helicon* was obliged to conceal the names of the contributors with slips of paper pasted over. The poems of Surrey appeared after his death; Sidney did not compose the *Arcadia* with any view to publication; Sackville's *Induction to the Mirror of Magistrates* was sent into the world without a name. The juvenile poetry of Milton dropped from his imagination, like blossoms from the boughs of a tree in an unvisited garden. He gave their bloom and odor to the wind, heedless where it wafted them, and conscious that the garden was his own, and that he could bend over every flower when it pleased him—

"The summer rose is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die."

How pleasing it is to contemplate Richardson, during his tedious apprenticeship of seven years at a printing office, stealing an hour from rest to cultivate his mind, and scrupulously *buying his own candle*, that his master might not be defrauded. Or, again, how affecting is the spectacle of the celebrated Chinese scholar, Dr. Morrison, working at his trade of a last and boot-tree maker, with a Bible or some other book before him; and when in China, keeping his earthen lamp from blowing out with a large volume of Matthew Henry's *Commentary*! How many illustrations, of still deeper interest, could the thousand lonely chambers of our colleges and our streets proclaim to the world, if, for once, their walls were endowed with a voice! Men, whose names have vanished, like their own slow-moving shadows upon the illumi-

nated curtains, have yet found in all their penury, and sorrow, and pain, that *Literature is its own reward*.

It was so with the students of the *early*, as it is and will be with students of *all* time. Chaucer has sketched a poor scholar among his Canterbury pilgrims. The Oxford clerk has neither benefice nor office. His horse is lean, his own face meagre, and his cloak threadbare, but still he bears a merry heart, and still goes on his way rejoicing:—

"For him was lever* han at his beddes hed,
A twenty bokes, clothed in black or red,
Of Aristotle and his philosophie,
Than robes riche, or fidel, or sautrie:
But all be that he was a philosopre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre;
But all that he might of his frendes hente,†
On bokes and on lerning he it spente.
Of studie toke he moste care and hede.
Not a word spake he more than was nede;
And that was said in forme and reverence,
And short and quike, and full of high sentence:
Souning in moral vertue was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche."

It is not in the power of all men to distinguish themselves by the lustre of their acquirements or the fertility of their invention. Nor is it expedient or necessary that books should be studied with a view to composition, or that the disciple should struggle to emulate his master. Yet the exercises of an amiable and cultivated intellect ought not to be despised. As in the family of mankind, so in the family of letters—*despise not the least*. Great authors—the Ciceros, the Dantes, the Taylors of an age—are, indeed, the trees that embellish the landscape of literature, and cheer the traveller with the richest fruit. Let us not overlook the lowlier flowers that blossom in the shade. The gentle panegyrist of home feelings and descriptions often conducts us to his mightier teachers of heroic or philosophic song; as the violet, that purples the mossy trunk of the oak, often allures our footsteps to the tree that shelters it. Collins brings us to Tasso, Dyer shows from Grongar Hill the lovelier scenery of Thomson. A love of letters may stimulate a student to seek for the honors of authorship, without possessing the *ability*; he may desire to be the rival, when Nature intended him for the scholiast, of Milton. But even the passage of these thoughts through his mind will not be without advantage to himself, as the fruit of his toil may not be unprofitable to others. The story dies out with the winter fire, but

* Essays—Of Obscurity.

† Table Talk, vol. ix. 1679.

‡ Amenities of Literature, vol. ii. 278.

* Rather have.

† Get.

it may leave some moral of wisdom upon the ear; the poem, that only blooms its little day of domestic reputation, may breathe a reviving or a purifying fragrance upon some dejected or some corrupted heart; as the rose, when its leaves are strewed along the ground, may mingle its bloom with the exhalations of the earth, and so continue its work of refreshment and purification* when it no longer possesses any color or beauty.

We all seek for friends, we find one in Literature. If we do not depart from our earthly friends, they depart from us; but Literature, though it may be forsaken, never forsakes. The poet Simonides, returning from Asia to Ceos, suffered shipwreck. His companions busied themselves in rescuing their property from the waves; Simonides remained a tranquil spectator. They inquired the cause of his inactivity and indifference. "All that is mine is with me," was the reply. In the shipwreck of our fortune, Literature takes us to its bosom with a closer and a fonder embrace; if it heightened the joys or rocked asleep the sorrows of our childhood, it watches over the troubled visions of our sickness, and pours light upon the darkening eyes of our age. In the morning of life, it comes to us arrayed in the beauty of hope; in the evening, in the beauty of recollection. The common evils of the world are dispossessed of all their injurious power by the music of literature. When Sandys and Cranmer visited Hooker at Drayton-Beauchamp, near Aylesbury, they found him with a Horace in his hand, quietly watching over a flock of sheep. The chimes of the poet still rang in his ears, when he was called away to rock the cradle of his child, and yet Hooker was happy even in his sadness; he could take his intellectual joy with him, and while he sat on one side of the cradle, he could see Horace himself sitting upon the other.

And if in the tranquil retirement of the study, and amid the recreations of home and friends, the magical power of books be felt and acknowledged, how much more vivid will their influence be in the solitude of distant lands, in the pangs of adversity or in the watches of sickness? The memory of a book returns with redoubled charms at seasons like these; it not only pleases by its own beauties, but by the long train of endearing associations which it awakens and detains before our eyes. It has the voice of a friend, and transports us

among the remote scenes of our happiness and love. When Sir Joshua Reynolds and other English visitors to the opera in Venice, heard a ballad which, at the time of their departure from England, was being played in every street in London, the tears rushed to their eyes; space and time were annihilated, and the familiar faces of home smiled around them. Who has forgotten the touching incident of Sir John Moore repeating the *Elegy* of Gray while floating along the waters that bathed a remote shore?

Literature has its *solitary* pleasures, and they are *many*; it has also its *social* pleasures, and they are *more*. The Persian poet Saadi, teaches a moral in one of his pleasing apologues. Two friends passed a summer day in a garden of roses; *one* satisfied himself with admiring their colors and inhaling their fragrance; the *other* filled his bosom with the leaves, and enjoyed at home, during several days, with his family, the deliciousness of the perfume. The first was the *solitary*, the second the *social* student. He wanders among many gardens of thought, but always brings back some flower in his hand. Who can estimate the advantages that may result from this toil and this application of it? It was said by Southey that the poetry of every nation is colored by the national character, as the wine of different soils has its own peculiar raciness and flavor. And so it is in the economy of families; the fruit upon the domestic ground tells us not only what *seed was sown*, but what cultivation was bestowed upon it. The father, instructing and delighting the little circle of relatives and friends round the hearth of winter, is often a missionary to prepare the way for the angelic footsteps of Piety.

The domestic life of virtuous genius has many delightful pictures to soothe and engage our eyes. We like to see Richardson reading chapters of his novels to his listening friends in his favorite grotto; and Sterne never looks so amiable and captivating as when he appears by his own fireside with his daughter copying and his wife knitting. His own description is a very lively sketch. Writing to a friend, Sept. 21, 1761:—

"I am scribbling away at my *Tristram*. These two volumes are, I think, the best I shall write as long as I live; 'tis, in fact, my hobby-horse, and so much am I delighted with my uncle Toby's imaginary character, that I am become an enthusiast. *My Lydia helps to copy for me, and my wife knits and listens as I read her chapters.*"

* Azais des Compensations.

Cowper has painted his own domestic fireside with a still livelier pencil; it has all the minute touches, and finish, and warmth of an *interior* by a Dutch artist. The shutters closed, the curtains let down, the sofa wheeled round, the fire quickened into a blaze; then the journal of travels by land or perils by sea is opened, or the page of the historian is made vocal, while his faithful Mary Unwin, with her shining store of needles, sits quietly listening in the opposite chair.

A very charming paper might be composed out of the records of the assistance which men of genius have received from "them of their own household," in carrying on their difficult labors. Many who have read with admiration and respect of the discoveries of the late Sir William Herschel, are ignorant that his labors were alleviated and assisted by the watchful affection and the unwearied enthusiasm of his sister, who has lived to see the fame of her brother equalled, if not outshone by the reputation of her nephew. Miss Caroline Herschel, as we are told by Professor Nichol, shared in all the toil by which the astronomical investigations of her brother were attended. She braved the inclemency of the weather, she passed the night by the side of the telescope. "She took the rough manuscripts to her cottage at the dawn of day and produced a fair copy of the night's work on the ensuing morning: she planned the labor of each succeeding night, she reduced every observation, made every calculation, and kept every thing in systematic order." Surely this is one of the most interesting paragraphs in the history of feminine affection and intelligence.

XVI. The great object in literature, as in every other occupation in life, is to act *upon a plan*; to divide the hours of the day into little *plots of seed-ground*, from each of which a harvest is to be reaped. To-day, the proverb tells us, is yesterday's pupil. A careful examination of a day will teach us how intimately associated is each hour with its predecessor and successor; they are children of time, and inherit the features and the infirmities of their parent. One ill-spent hour gives birth to a second, that to a third. The family soon increases. "If you devote this day to study," wrote Johnson to Boswell,* "you will find yourself still more able to study to-morrow;" and at an earlier period he had told Baretti† that one week and one year are very much alike. Bishop Butler has given us the

same advice with his usual fulness of meaning: "We are capable not only of acting, and of having different momentary impressions, but of getting a new facility in any kind of action, and of settled alterations in our temper or character. *The power of the two last is the power of habits.*"* Acts are only resolutions grown up, of which the larger number die at their birth.

Bishop Butler was unable to discover any kind or degree of enjoyment offered to man, except *by means of his own actions*; and this opinion, if carefully examined and honestly interpreted, will be found to be well-founded. Exertion is essential to happiness. Even the heavenly food was to be *gathered up*. In the wilderness of life, the food of the understanding is bestowed upon the same conditions,—an appetite is alike obtained and rewarded by exercise. We have a very elaborate and curious delineation of the day of a scholar of antiquity, in one of the familiar letters of Pliny, from which some interesting particulars may be selected, and bound together. He rose,† generally, with the sun; believing that darkness and silence were favorable to meditation, he always had the shutters of his chamber-windows closed. Thus abstracted from the allurements of outward objects, the eye, obedient to the direction of the mind, dwelt upon the pictures of the imagination. If he was engaged in any composition, he selected this portion of the day for its consideration; not confining himself to the construction of the plan, but selecting the expression and harmonizing the periods. Having intrusted to his memory as much as he thought it could retain, he summoned his secretary, and opening the shutters, dictated to him what he had composed. He pursued the same course until ten or eleven o'clock, when he walked on the terrace or in the covered portico, still meditating or dictating, as before. He carried his studies into his chariot, finding that the change of situation preserved and enlivened his attention. Upon his return, he took some repose; then walked out, and afterwards repeated some Greek or Latin oration,—not so much for the improvement of his elocution as of his digestion. In modern times, Gassendi and Hobbes adopted the same habit. He then walked out again, was anointed, and went into the bath. The supper-hour was now at hand. If his wife or a few friends were present, a favorite book was read to them;

* Dec. 8, 1763.

† June 10, 1761.

* Analogy, c. v.

† See his Letter to Fuscus. Letter xxxvi. b. 9

and when the repast was ended, they were amused with music or an interlude. A walk in the society of his family succeeded. Thus the evening was spent in various conversation, and the longest day glided away unobserved. Visits to the surrounding villages often furnished a pleasing episode in the history of the day.

With this agreeable sketch we may contrast a picture of a learned English bishop in the sixteenth century, a man intimately associated with one of the most eventful periods of our ecclesiastical history—*Bishop Jewell*. The morning has been consecrated to study by the example of every Christian scholar. Hacket calls it, very prettily, and in the spirit of Cowley or Carew, the “*mother of honey dews and pearls which drop upon the paper from the student’s pen.*” The learned and excellent Bishop Jewell affords a very delightful specimen of the day of an early English scholar, who not only lived among his books but among men. He commonly rose at four o’clock, had private prayers at five, and attended the public service of the church in the cathedral at six. The remainder of the morning was given to study. One of his biographers* has drawn a very interesting sketch of Jewell during the day. At meals, a chapter being first read, he recreated himself with scholastic wars between young scholars whom he entertained at his table. After meals his doors and ears were open to all suits and causes; and at these times, for the most part, he despatched all those businesses which either his place or others’ importunity forced upon him, making gain of the residue of this time for his study. About the hour of nine at night he called his servants to an account how they had spent the day, and admonished them accordingly. “From this examination to his study (how long it is uncertain, oftentimes after midnight), and so to bed; wherein, after some part of an author read to him by the gentlemen of his bed-chamber, commending himself to the protection of his Saviour, he took his rest.” And in the arrangement and disposition of the day, we find all scholars, whether of ancient or modern days, especially watchful to gather up every *spare minute*. Spare minutes are the gold dust of time; and Young was writing a true, as well as a striking line, when he affirmed that,—

“Sands make the mountain, moments make the year.†”

* See account of his life prefixed to *Century of Sermons*, 1609.

† Young.

Of all the moments of our life, the spare minutes are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the garden. Now it is precisely during these little intervals of idleness or amusement, that the good angel of Literature—of Literature baptized by Religion—waits upon those whom he loves, and who welcome his visits, with some flower to charm their senses, some song to soothe their ear, or some precious stone to delight their eyes. Spare minutes occur in every portion of the day, but they never come with a sweeter influence than in the hour of twilight. The picture which Cowper has drawn of an evening at Weston, may be transferred to the firesides of our readers. The wintry winds, that rattle the bolted shutter, awake a livelier feeling of warmth and gratitude. How many thoughts of genius and of devotion, still living through the world, were born amid the indistinct glimmer of the parlor twilight! Ridley, gazing into the expiring embers, after the toil and disputes of the day, beheld, it may be, the English church rising in all her harmony and magnificence. Raleigh called up from those red cinders, in which Cowper created trees and churches, cities with gates of gold, and forests stretching into the remote horizon. Milton, while bending over his father’s hearth at Horton, and reflecting upon the studies of the day, beheld, perhaps, the dim outline of some majestic story, over which those treasures of Greek and Latin fancy and eloquence were to diffuse so sweet a charm.

“Bright winter fires that summer’s part supply,”

was the pleasing line of Cowley. These winter spare minutes are the harvest-homes of memory. Thoughts that have been gleaned in distant fields during the day, now bring back their little sheaves to the garner. The celebrated Barrow always kept, during winter, a tinder-box in his room, frequently rising in the night to pursue his studies. One of his works was written in spare minutes of this description.

And the influence of spare minutes upon our lives cannot be estimated too highly. A particular feature in Livy’s character of Philopœmen is his constant *habit of observation*; his military knowledge was always fit for action. The cultivation of a single talent, in the spare minutes of the busy and humblest employment, may exercise the most important influence upon our future prosperity, and happiness, and fame.

But this talent must be *ready for production* at a moment's warning. The history of one of the most popular English poets of the eighteenth century will illustrate the remark. Prior, on the death of his father, was brought up by his uncle, who sent him to Westminster school, where he remained until the trade of his relative, a vintner, required some additional energy to conduct it; and young Prior was taken from the school to the tavern. He obeyed the call of gratitude and affection; but amid all the sordid duties of his situation he retained a love of the classical pursuits which he acquired at Westminster. Horace was the companion of his leisure hours. It happened that the famous Earl of Dorset frequented the tavern kept by Prior's uncle, and during one of his occasional visits a dispute arose between that nobleman and his companions respecting a passage in the Latin lyric. A gentleman of the company suggested that a young man lived in the house who might be able to decide the question. Prior was called into the room, and immediately obtained the patronage of Dorset by the ready accuracy and taste of his scholarship. In a short time the vintner's nephew was on his road to Cambridge. His subsequent history is familiar to all; from academic he rose to political distinction; and the boy, who had been removed from school to serve in a tavern, became so important an actor in the scenes of history, that Swift informed a friend,* "Prior is just come over from France for a few days; *stocks rise at his coming.*" A few hours spent over the poetry of Horace were the simple instruments of his elevation.

XVII. An employment of spare minutes implies the presence and the nurture of an industrious spirit. Literature is not like science, strictly *inductive*; its mysteries are not to be unfolded by thoughtful scholars tracing on the obscure hints dropped by the hand of nature† or of man. A basket left upon the ground, and overgrown by the acanthus, suggests the Corinthian capital; the contemplation of the sun's rays along a wall produces the achromatic telescope; the movements of a frog reveal the wonders of electricity and galvanism; and an idle boy unexpectedly shows the way to the most important improvement of the steam-engine.‡ Nothing like this ever happened, or can happen, in literature. The *Iliad* stands at the *beginning*, not at the

close, of the history of letters; the curtain of the drama *rises* instead of *falling*, with the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus; Chatham *borrow*s from Demosthenes instead of adding to him; Robertson and Southey have not heightened the pictures of Livy; Montesquieu has not outgazed the sagacity of Tacitus. Education cannot create genius; Intellectual and natural prodigies *grow of themselves*.

Literature is not inductive with relation to its *creators*; it is strictly so with relation to its *students*. The stars of *heaven* are not more remote from the understanding of a child, than the stars of *literature* from the comprehension of the uncultivated intellect. The multiplication-table and the grammar respectively teach the *first* steps; every new acquisition increases the number. Taste itself is only the sum of a long series of processes of reflection. These chains of induction will of course be linked with greater or less rapidity, according as the faculties of the mind possess greater or less quickness and tenacity of apprehension. Sir Isaac Newton told Coates that he had perceived a peculiar property of the ellipse without having gone through any intermediate connexions of argument and analysis; Pascal solved the problems of Euclid without any effort; and Mrs. Somerville unconsciously unfolded the mysteries of algebra. But these luminaries of intellect are our guides, not our models; we have not their light, because we are placed at remoter distances from the orb of Genius. But every person can practise the patient diligence, though he may want the piercing sagacity of Pascal.

Hogarth commences his delineations of sin with a sketch of a boy playing on a tombstone. The illustration may serve also for intellectual degradation. Industry should be the companion of *childhood*. It is especially expedient to form and cultivate a habit of *attention and reflection* in the dawn of our days. Gassendi informs us, in his minute and elegant life of Peirese,* that he always read with a pen by his side, and underlined every difficult passage, that he might recur to it again. The profound scholar, Ruhnken, adopted a similar practice; and Wytttenbach gives an interesting account of his method of reading a Greek book. Without these habits of attention and reflection, reading is only an *occupation*, not an *employment*. Reading, at most, to adopt the sentiment of an old writer,†

* October 28, 1712.

† Butler's Anal. p. ii. c. 3.

‡ Lord Brougham.

* De Vita Peiresæ, lib. sext. 365. Bishop Jebb praises the graceful Latinity of this volume.

† Goodman.

can only elevate our mind to that of the author whom we peruse; whilst meditation lifts us upon his shoulders, and enables us to see farther than he ever saw, or could see. "Salmasius," said Gibbon, "read as much as Grotius; but the first became a pedant, and the second a philosopher." Leibnitz discovered, in the intellectual system of Cudworth, extensive erudition, but little reflection; and Bolinbroke considered that the incessant toil of reading afforded him no intervals for meditation. The advice of a most learned and eloquent scholar—of one in whom the piles of knowledge were kindled by the fire of imagination—cannot be too constantly present to the memory. Proportion an hour's meditation to an hour's reading, and thus dispirit the book into the scholar. In the natural world, we see the polyp taking its color from the food that nourishes it. To a certain extent, the same phenomenon will commonly occur in the operation of the intellect. Meditation, acting as it were upon the organization of the mind, assimilates its nourishment; and this mysterious operation, in a healthy understanding, is not apparent. Winckelman* mentions, that in the statue of Hercules, the expiring effort of antique sculpture—the veins are invisible. The robust frame of Genius is nourished by channels equally secret from the common eye. To this nourishment the study of foreign languages will contribute; but it is a study which must be restrained within moderate limits, and directed with caution to a particular object.

When Warburton recommended a youthful friend to the notice of Hurd, he requested him to check the student's ardor in the acquisition of languages. "Were I," wrote Warburton,† "to be the reformer of Westminster school, I would order that every boy should have impressed on his Accidence, in great letters of gold, as on the back of the Horn-book, that oracle of Hobbes, "Words are the counters of wise men, and the money of fools." A knowledge of languages, as generally embraced in the scheme of modern education, is only a fringe upon the scholar's garment, and frequently conceals the awkward movements of an uncultivated mind. Living languages, as they are called, are chiefly studied with reference to society; they form the currency of fashionable life. But however agreeable, or even beneficial this employment of them may be, it is obvious-

ly not their only nor their most important use. A language is really valuable, as it supplies ideas; as it becomes a channel to conduct a new stream of thoughts into the memory. Italian should be acquired, not to visit the Opera, but to read Dante; the ear should be familiarized with French idioms, not to enjoy the coterie of Paris, but to appreciate Bossuet. When Johnson's pension was granted, he exclaimed, that if it had been bestowed twenty years earlier, he would have gone to Constantinople to learn Arabic, as Pococke did. In this spirit, the acquisition of a language belongs to the Pleasures, Objects, and Advantages of Literature, but in no other. And in every language thus investigated, the tree of Beauty, with all its branches of wisdom, and fancy, and grace, will be easily discovered. Under those boughs let the student sit. Nor will he be obliged to wander far for the sweet flower of moral instruction,—

"Facilis quærentibus herba,
Namque uno ingentem tollit de cespite silvam,
Aureus ipse."

And in speaking of the study of languages, let me not omit to mention the delight and the improvement which are to be derived from reading at least the *Greek Scriptures* in their original tongue. It is one of the graceful tales of classic fiction that Ulysses escaped the enchantment of the Syrens by binding himself to the mast, but that Orpheus overcame their charm by singing the praises of the gods. The great art of the Christian student will always be applied to extract out of every book, instruction and comfort, but he will look for his moral protection and consolation, only to one. He will prepare himself for the little voyage of the day, by searching the Scriptures. When we remember the illumination which learning has shed upon the dark places of Truth, we shall feel with Benson, that fanaticism, however ardent its endeavors, will never succeed in banishing Literature from the household of Faith. Every student cannot, of course, be familiarly acquainted with the interpretation, the illustration, or the criticism of the Scriptures; but it is in the power of a large number to acquire some knowledge of the most important works which good and learned men have devoted to that sacred subject. Take, for example, the following list. A few hours of the Sabbath day, devoted to the study of these books, will furnish the busiest man with an answer to every inquiry

* Hist. de l'Art chez les Anciens, t. ii. p. 248.

† September 23, 1750.

as to the nature and grounds of his belief:—

1. D'Oyley and Mant's Notes to the Bible.
2. Lowth on Hebrew Poetry.
3. Bishop Jebb's Sacred Literature.
4. Bishop Gray's Key to the Old Testament.
5. Bishop Percy's Key to the New.
6. Paley's Horeæ Paulinæ.
— Evidences of Christianity.
7. Bishop Butler's Analogy.
8. Burnet, or Beveridge, on the Articles.
9. Bishop Pearson on the Creed.
10. Bishop Marsh's Lectures.
11. Horne's Introduction to the Scriptures.
12. Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History.

To read the Scriptures in their original tongue, is not the privilege of many; but of the New Testament, and of St. Paul's Epistles in particular, it may be affirmed, that no person can fully understand their deep and *suggestive* spirit, unless he has acquired some knowledge of the Greek language. In the Epistles of St. Paul, almost every word is a picture, which enlarges as the eye lingers upon it. A few verbal illustrations, and those familiar to every scholar, can only be produced. In the Epistle to the Romans (viii. 26), the Apostle speaks of the Spirit helping our infirmities; the word rendered *helpeth*, expresses the action of a friend assisting another to raise a burden, by supporting it on the other side. The word (2 Cor. xii. 6) *ἀδυνατοί*, which our version explains by *reprobates*, describes persons who were unable to give any testimony or proof (with a reference to the *trial of gold*) of the indwelling power of Christ. St. Paul tells the Gallatians (v. 7) that they did run well, and inquires who *hindered* them, that they should *not obey the truth*. It is a metaphorical expression, taken from a person crossing the course, in the Olympic games, and so *intercepting* the progress of the runner. Commentators have noticed the force imparted to the description, given by St. James, of the fragility of human riches and dignity, by the employment of the past tense, a circumstance not regarded in our version. Virgil has produced a similar effect by a change of tense in his wonderful description of a tempest in the first *Georgic*.

XVIII. The sciences have no legitimate place among the pleasures of literature;

pleasures, indeed, they give, but of a different order. Every attempt to prove the influence of mathematical investigation upon the poetical mind, has been unsuccessful. It has, however, been often renewed. Black supposes Tasso to have derived from scientific researches that methodical and lucid arrangement of his poem, in which he is considered to have excelled Ariosto. The names of Virgil and Milton have also been mentioned with considerable emphasis; by the former of whom mathematics are said to have been combined with medicine, and by the latter with music. The example of Virgil is a weak one. Like Gray, whom he appears to have resembled in the painful elaborateness of composition, and the retiring fastidiousness of taste, he carried his inquiries over every path of learning, and amused the curiosity of his learned leisure with scientific inquiry. To ascribe the harmony of the *Æneid* to the *mathematics of Virgil*, is to assign the rural pictures of the *Elegy* and *Odes* to the *botany of Gray*.

Milton's allusion to his scientific occupations occurs in the second Defence, where he speaks of relieving the retirement of Horton and the perusal of Greek and Latin authors, by occasional visits to London for the purpose of purchasing books, or learning any new discovery in mathematics or music. But the illustrations, which these sciences supplied to his poetry, are only valuable when they are obvious, and displease the eye of taste in exact proportion as they become intricate. Johnson thought it unnecessary to mention his ungraceful use of terms of art, because they are easily remarked, and generally censured. If Milton had been entirely ignorant of science, he would have produced a completer poem.

Black conceives that the fantastic disarrangement of Ariosto bewildered the fancy of Spenser, and weakened the interest by destroying the unity of his poem. But if science could have furnished a rudder to guide him through those intermingling streams of thought, Spenser possessed an ample store.

It has been related of a celebrated mathematician, that while he never was able to discover any sublimity in *Paradise Lost*, the perusal of the queries at the end of Newton's *Optics* always seemed to make his hair stand on end, and his blood run cold.*

Gibbon rejoiced that he had, at an early

* Alison on the Nature of Emotions of Sublimity and Beauty.

period of life, abandoned mathematical demonstrations.

One inherent defect seems to exist in all mathematical studies; they *occupy* the mind without *filling* it; they exercise the reason without nourishing it. As a substitute for philosophical researches, they are not only nothing, but they are worse than nothing. Burnet has placed this objection in a clear light:—

“Learning, chiefly in mathematical sciences, can so swallow up and fix one’s thought, as to possess it entirely for some time; but when that amusement is over, nature will return, and be where it was, being rather diverted than overcome by such speculations.”

It was, perhaps, for this, among other reasons, that Bossuet excluded science from the circle of theological study; and Fénelon turned with disgust from what he called *les attraites diaboliques de géometrie*.

Let me here interpose one word of caution. I do not speak of science considered in itself, as the mother of discoveries, the contributor to civilization, the ameliorator of suffering; but of science as bearing upon the human mind; as affecting the cultivation of the taste, the regulation of the appetites, the government of the heart. Gray, who despised the mathematical pursuits of Cambridge, is reported to have lamented his ignorance in maturer life. Without inquiring into the foundation of this assertion, it may be at once admitted that the science of method will always be beneficial to a *full* mind like Gray’s. The misfortune of science, early and exclusively cultivated, is that it *finds* the mind *empty* and *leaves* it so. It is an elaborate mechanism to convey water, with no water to convey. In every country Imagination, in its noblest form, has preceded science. Homer sang, and Æschylus painted, before Aristotle had given a single rule.

Warton has not forgotten to notice this circumstance in reference to the condition of England in the thirteenth century:—“Nor is it science alone, even if founded on truth, that will polish nations. For this purpose the powers of the imagination must be awakened and exerted, to teach elegant feelings and to heighten our natural sensibilities.” Science has its own objects, and pleasures, and duties.

It is the business of science, if, with Mr. Davies,* I may venture to apply a heathen illustration, “To lead the inquirer through the beautiful range of harmonious and mutually dependent operations which pervade

the economy of the universe, until he has found that the last link in nature’s chain is fastened to the foot of Jupiter’s throne.” But the chain is frequently dropped or broken before it reaches the Great First Cause.

“Never yet did philosophic tube,
That brings the planets home into the eye
Of observation, and discovers, else
Not visible, his family of worlds,
Discover Him that rules them; such a veil
Hangs over mortal eyes, blind from the birth,
And dark in things divine.”

And it is not impossible that Cowper, watching the summer sun descend over the village spire of Emberton, may have attained to a grander and wider conception of the magnificence and glory of its Creator, than all the watchers of the stars from the Chaldeans to Herschel.

Let the elements of science, then, be *offered* to all; but let them know their place; let them be held in subordination to pure *literature*. They are calculated, in certain cases, to brace the faculties, and to give distinctness to the reasoning and acquisitive powers; they may be means to an end; they may serve to connect materials, to impart symmetry to argument. Let not the scaffolding be mistaken for the palace. Let them be adapted to the tastes and capacity of the student; it is one thing to shape the understanding, and another thing to

“Petrify a genius to a dunce.”

It was the opinion of the Swedish Charles that he who is ignorant of arithmetic is only half a man; and every reader of Boswell knows what book was the companion of Johnson in his Highland travels. Take your Bonnycastle; but if the student never opens Euclid, his literary pleasures will not be diminished. Perhaps I speak warmly, for I speak from the heart. Science may be a Minerva, but to me, at least, she is always, in the vivid line of Ben Jonson,—

“Minerva holding forth Medusa’s head.”

There is a stony chill about the eyes of the goddess that pierces the very soul of imagination with its arrowy cold, and benumbs all the joyous faculties of the mind; and when I behold the features of the intellect awakening from their suspended animation, beneath the kindling and down-stooping eyes of Poetry, I often think of the fantastic description of the recovery of Thaisa in the doubtful play of *Pericles*,—

* Estimate of the Mind, sect. vi.

"Nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her; she hath not been entranced
Above five hours. See how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again! She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Appear to make the world twice rich."

XIX. In the natural world there are two ways in which a body may be rendered visible; by its own internal brilliancy, or by a light reflected from a separate object. Now, in the world of literature it would be untrue to say that any stars are essentially and of themselves luminous, shining so far beyond the boundaries of the mental creation as to be unvisited and unwarmed by the great sun of intellect, and sympathy, and imagination. But it does seem to be in harmony with the laws of the universe, that these stars of thought, like the fixed stars of the sky, should present us *with periodical variations of light*. That at certain seasons, and from certain causes—manifestly operating, though not always admitting of explanation—these bodies of glory should become fainter and darker; and that in their mysterious revolutions through the firmament of the intellectual heaven, one side, so to speak, should rise *into light*, as the other side sinks *down into shadow*. Thus we have the *Iliad* first and afterward the *Odyssey*; now the *Paradise Lost* and then the *Paradise Regained*. And it is also pleasing to observe how soothing a harmony of repose steals over the scenery of thought in the succession of years; how exquisitely its brilliancy and heat are tempered and subdued by the sweet interchange of light and shade. If we turn to Athenian history, we behold the milder majesty of Sophocles casting a gentle beauty over the dark grandeur of Æschylus. In Italy we see the stern features of Dante shone upon by the serener eye of Petrarch; and we can turn away from the gloomy and black architecture of the Florentine, to admire the palace of Fiction, with every gate blooming with the garlands of Boccaccio.

It is obviously wise to contemplate these luminaries of genius on their bright side—to study their greatest works. Warburton, writing in 1761, observed that he had not time to read books at a venture. Warburton was an old man; but the youngest man has no time to spare. There are many books, even of famous men, of whose construction and decorations, in the quaint words of Fuller, a glance, through the

casement of the index, furnishes as correct an idea as an entire day passed in the interior. When Boswell asked Johnson whether he had read Du Halde's account of China, he said, "Why, yes, as men read such books, that is to say, consult it." The same remark might be applied to a large portion of the prose writings of Milton, and even to the costly erudition and elaborate eloquence of Jeremy Taylor. Pope has very justly rebuked that disposition which has frequently manifested itself in our own time, of bestowing unmeasured praise upon a writer whose genius, in reality, seems to have *flowered* in a single book; the richness and fragrance of whose fancy seem to have been concentrated into one beautiful and vigorous blossom. It is impossible to consider the quotation of one admirable line or passage, brought forward as a *specimen* of the author's genius, in any other light than that of a fraud upon the credulity of the reader. The handful of good grain at the mouth of the sack deceives us into the purchase of the sack itself, which frequently contains not a single ear of corn from the true and faithful harvest-field of wisdom.

Let me not be misunderstood. I know that as there is many a rich stone laid up in the bowels of the earth, and many a fair pearl in the bosom of the sea,* so in the discolored leaves of many an old volume, and in the dim recesses of our college libraries time has hidden some of the brightest jewels of the diadem of genius,—jewels which require only to be held up to the rays of taste to pour out the purest gleams of radiance; nor am I insensible of the charm of coming suddenly upon one of these buried treasures. The discovery breaks upon us like a cluster of violets in a dreary walk, with a sweet surprise; and, like Bertha, so exquisitely described by Davenant, we behold

"A sudden break of beauty out of night."

Upon these occasions we also frequently meet the original of a description, or an illustration, which has afforded us delight or improvement. Had not, for example, the preacher in the seventeenth century anticipated a very striking thought of the preacher in the nineteenth? Compare these passages:—

* Bishop Hall.

BRADLEY.

"Even the works of our own hands remain much longer than we. The pyramids of Egypt have defied the attacks of 3000 years, while their builders sank, perhaps, under the burden of fourscore. Our houses stand long after their transient proprietors are gone, and their names forgotten. Where is now the head that planned, and the head which built this house of God? They were all reduced to ashes 500 years ago. The very seats we sit on have borne generations before they bore us, and will probably bear many after us. The remains of those who once occupied the places we now fill are underneath our feet."—*The Brevity of Human Life*, v. i. 271.

But to return. Every greater light of intellect kindles into life and splendor some lesser light; every great author awakens some inferior author; and so the sun of genius, like the sun of nature, appears with clusters of stars in his train. And the purity and color of the light always declares the fountain of glory from whence it flowed. The influence of Spenser upon our imaginative literature presents an interesting exemplification of this assertion. From his own day until ours, from Milton to Southey, we can trace the beams of his lustrous fancy tinging every golden urn which each successive disciple brings to him to be filled; and all these effluxes of light still leave the fountain unexhausted and unimpaired. Spenser still shines with the unclouded splendor of his rising; the *Faërie Queene* bearing the same relation to our literature which Westminster Abbey bears to our architecture. The spirit of one bearing witness, so to speak, with the spirit of the other; the cathedral illustrating the poem, and the poem reflecting light upon the cathedral. "Large masses of dim and discolored light, diffused in various directions, and at different intervals, through unequal varieties of space, divided, but not separated, so as to produce intricacy without confusion." This is a description of a cathedral—this is a description of the *Faërie Queene*.

We cannot, therefore, go back with too humble and submissive a mind to these lights of our intellectual sky. Pythagoras enjoined upon his disciples a *period of silence*, which lasted five years, before he permitted them to deliver an opinion upon any question of science. It would be well for all students in literature, as in science, if this novitiate of humility and silence were strictly enforced: of all exhibitions of human pride and presumption, the familiar contempt with which the most illustrious men are spoken of by the lips of the pretenders to criticism is the most offen-

HENRY SMITH.

"This is our life, while we enjoy it; we lose it like the sun, which flies swifter than an arrow, and yet no man perceives that it moves. He which lasted 900 years could not hold out one hour longer; and what is he now more than a child that lived but a year? Where are they which founded this goodly city? which possessed these fair houses, and walked these pleasant fields; which entered these stately temples; which kneeled in these seats; which preached out of this place but thirty years ago? Is not earth turned to earth? and shall not the sun set like theirs when the night comes?"—*The Magistrate's Scripture Sermons*, p. 300. 1675.

sive. Instead of pondering with lingering and reverent affection upon the intellectual achievements of the heroes in the thousand provinces of the understanding—

"Multa vim virtus animo, multusque recurat
Gentis honos—

instead of this filial tenderness and submission, there is the arrogance of the judge and the bitterness of the rival. We shall find that where this reverence is wanting, true genius is also wanting. A pleasing moral was concealed in the superstition of the Thracians, that the nightingales which built their nests near the grave of Orpheus, had the most melodious song. Nor is the story of Mandeville without interest; he mentions the assembling of the chief men round the tomb of Aristotle, in the hope of deriving some imparted gift from the genius of the buried philosopher. Let us not forget that the costliest jewels and the purest gold are always found in the sepulchres of the Kings of Literature.

The cathedral has faults, so has the *Faërie Queene*. Horace Walpole remarks, in reference to Mabuse, a painter in the reign of our seventh Henry, that allegorical personages are only a poor decomposition of human nature; a single quality being erected into "a kind of half deity," and rendered intelligible by symbols. Sir Joshua Reynolds seems to have regarded allegory with a more favorable eye. If allegorical painting, he says, "produces a greater variety of ideal beauty, a richer, a more various and delightful composition, and gives to the artist a greater opportunity of exhibiting his skill, all the interest he wishes for is accomplished; such a picture not only attracts but fixes the attention."*

But these worlds of fiction, hanging upon nothing, and launched into the wide expanse of human imagination, must be shone upon by the kindling sun of human interest

* Discourse VII.

and life; where this sun is wanting, there may be splendor, but there will be no warmth. The reader is dazzled, without being cheered; a melancholy stillness broods over the garden of poetry; unreal figures go by him with cold and stony eyes; he longs for the familiar voices of affection, and the gentle harmony of home endearments; like the Trojan wanderer, in the Latin paradise, he opens his arms in vain to a shadowy Anchises, and the child cannot embrace his father in the Elysium of Fancy.

The poetry of the allegoric school shares this defect in common with the poetry of the classic school. Hurd, who never omitted any opportunity of elevating the Gothic over the Greek or Latin poetry, conceived the gallantry that inspirited the feudal times to supply to the poet finer scenes and subjects of description, in every view, than the simple and uncontrolled barbarity of the Grecian. In the *Iliad*, he seems to think the sources of delight to be placed in the development and illustration of the boisterous passions which "are provoked and kept alive in that poem by every imaginable scene of rage, revenge, and slaughter;" while in the Gothic tales he discovers, in combination with the stirring incidents and darker passions of the Homeric legends, delineations of the sweeter affections, which diffuse a mild and soothing light over the savageness of the picture. But the *Iliad* has its gleams of tenderness, and affection, and beauty; and more simple and uncontaminated than any of the scenes in Gothic allegory. In the *Odyssey* their presence is still clearer. The face of the Greek Penelope is, at least, as sweet and lovely as the face of the Gothic *Faërie Queene*; the first shining upon us with all the natural charms of womanhood; the second glimmering upon us through the cloudy veil of fiction. I love a catholic taste in poetry as in literature, and

"At night, when all assembling round the fire,
Closer and closer draw, till they retire,
A tale is told of India or Japan,
Of merchants from Golcond or Astracan,
What time wild Nature revelled unrestrain'd,
And Sinbad voyaged, and the caliphs reign'd."

At that hour, to me at least, the classic or the Gothic tale comes with a voice equally sweet and winning. Taste, educated into that refined sensibility which diligent nurture and cultivation can alone produce, will study and appreciate every varying expression in the physiognomy of genius. It will love the Raphael as well as the Rubens of the pen; and will linger before a sunset of

Claude or a storm of Poussin with an admiration and delight corresponding in character, though differing in degree,—

"The grace of motion, or the bloom of life,
Thrills through imagination's tender frame
From nerve to nerve."

Let me linger for a moment upon this interesting subject. To appreciate the charms whether of classic or Gothic poetry, the reader must possess the *inward eye of taste*. That clear and serene organ of intellectual vision which looks not only into all the component elements of the object before it, but gazes even beyond the visible into the invisible, and perceives not only the beauty and splendor of the actual creation, but also the remote array of thoughts and images which, being present to the creative transports of the poet, are, as it were, thrown into shadow, and intercepted by a veil from the eyes of the vulgar. Let me illustrate this remark from the sister art of painting. When Paul Veronese was asked why certain figures were painted in *shade*, no cause of shadow being apparent in the picture itself, he immediately answered, "A clond is passing the sky, which has overshadowed them." The reader of Homer, or Milton, or Shakspeare, or Dante, might expect to receive a similar reply. No delineation by the pen of genius can be properly admired or understood, without the perspective, and retrospective, and circumspensive eyesight of the mind. Imagination, transparent as it is with its own internal and glorious light, can, nevertheless, turn a dark side to the weak vision of unilluminated common sense, or the enfeebled and diseased eyesight of a licentious fancy. To the first, the *Faërie Queene* would only be a series of dull pictures by a dull painter; to the second, *Paradise Lost* would only be, as it was to Waller, a poem written by a blind old schoolmaster, and remarkable for nothing but its extreme length.

The possession of this inward eye of pure and serene perception is undoubtedly the *chief* thing to be desired; and the *next* is, to accustom it to receive pleasure from all objects in themselves pleasing, however they might differ in appearance. There should be in every lover of literature an universality of admiration. Every feature of the landscape should be dear to his eye. If he is fond of contemplating the peasants of Gainsborough, the boors of Ostade, or the shepherds of Berghem, he should still turn with a reverent and loving eye to the majestic heads of Titian, the sacred dignity of Raphael, and the sweet harmony of

Francia. The same fire of genius burns in "the giant oak of Ruysdael, or the full-grown pine and ilex of Claude, or the decayed pollard of Rubens." The eye that lingers upon the war-horse of Wouvermans, will linger also upon the divine heads of Guido; and the heart that feels an emotion of religious awe before the "Raising of Lazarus" by Piombo, will also be agitated, though from a different cause, before the "Attack upon the Sabines" by Rubens.

XX. But I spoke of the allegoric lights which the *sun* of Spenser's genius had kindled, and of the golden urns which have been brought to his ever-flowing fountain of beauty; of these urns that of Beattie, if small, is graceful and bright.

Goldsmith is reported, in Northcote's *Conversations with Hazlitt*, to have rebuked Reynolds for having, in an allegorical picture, debased a man like Voltaire before a man like Beattie, whose works, he said, would be forgotten in a few years, while Voltaire's fame would last forever. If Goldsmith ever uttered this prophecy, time has proved its falsehood. Beattie still lives, and will ever live in the memory of the gentle, the sensitive, and the good. It has been observed by Southey, that no writer ever exercises a more powerful influence over certain minds at certain periods of life; *those minds* being the purest, and *those periods* being the most golden moments of our existence. There is a pensive gentleness, a melancholy sweetness in his manner, that communicates to it an inexpressible charm,—

"Eyes dazzled long by fiction's gaudy rays,
In modest truth no light nor beauty find."

A Morning Sketch.

BEATTIE.

"The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark,
Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid
sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield,—and hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings,
Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs,
Slow toils the village clock the drowsy hour,
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tower."

An Evening Sketch.

GRAY.

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant fold."

The eye of Beattie seems to have reposed with calm satisfaction upon the scenery of home. He could have lived with Cowper in his summer-house, and joined his picnic over a wheelbarrow. Poetry like this influences the intellectual frame, as the atmosphere operates on the physical constitution, it sinks into the thoughts with a delicious and soothing balm. It breathes a serene enjoyment over the soul; it is *felt along the blood*. It awakens no exultation, it kindles no flame of passion. We may compare its influence to the breath of summer air in the face of nature. The bosom glows with bloom and fragrancy. But there is dignity in the humblest pictures of Beattie. Through the lowly vale of Shepherd the eye perceives the temple of fame; and a light, not of the common mould, shines through his college window.

The early history of Beattie has something in it very pleasing. The home of his infancy was partly shaded with ivy, and the banks of the little stream that flowed by it were adorned with roses. Ogilby's Virgil awoke in his mind the earliest charms of verse, as the Homer of the same writer had done in the fancy of Pope. In the parish school of Laurencekirk he was called the Poet. His situation as schoolmaster in a village at the foot of the Grampians, was favorable to the growth of his poetical powers. In that solitude his thoughts expanded. The scenery was wild, yet beautiful, and supplied him with the rural imagery that still diffuses so fresh a bloom and verdure over his verses. Compare these four little landscapes by three of the sweetest painters of scenery:—

A Morning Sketch.

GRAY.

"Now the golden morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
She woos the tardy Spring;
Till April starts and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground,
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green."

An Evening Sketch.

THOMSON.

"A faint, erroneous ray
Glanced from the imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams
And rocks, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld."

THE REVOLUTION IN GREECE.

From the Colonial Gazette.

THE *Greek Observer* of the 5th instant gives the following account of the Greek revolution, which, as we stated on Thursday, began and ended in a day, and, happily, without bloodshed.

The new state of Greece is a lesson to king-makers and constitution-mongers. These are things that cannot be struck out at a heat like a nail or a horseshoe. To be successful they must arise out of the wants of a people, and be adapted to the people's temperament, and habits, and knowledge. We do not say that the Greeks ought not to have been rescued from the hard yoke of the Turks; but we do say that, as the fruit of lopping off Turkey's right arm, King Otho's monarchy is neither useful nor ornamental.

Let us hope that the "revolution" will bring about a better state of things. There is, at all events, this consolation—no change can be for the worse, save a return to absolute barbarism.

"NEW ERA—CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCHY.

"A wise revolution, accomplished in one day, amidst the most perfect order, without a single offensive cry being uttered, even against the Bavarians, has renewed the claims of Greece to the esteem and sympathy of nations and their governments. Everybody knows the unfortunate situation in which Greece was placed. The Greeks had exhausted every means in their power to induce the Government to adopt a truly national policy. The Parliaments of France and England, and the London conference, had vainly acknowledged the many grievances of the Greek people: the Government obstinately persevered in its evil course. The nation had no other alternative but to plunge itself into the abyss opened by ten years' mistakes and incapacity, or to extricate itself therefrom by a dangerous but inevitable effort. For some time the movement was in progress of preparation on different points of the country, that it might be effected without any disorder. The hostile attitude assumed by the Government against those who sought to enlighten it, the extraordinary dispositions adopted within the last few days, with a view to assail the liberty and the very lives of the citizens (a military tribunal had been established) most devoted to the national interests, should necessarily tend to hasten the manifestation of the contemplated movement. Last night, at 2 o'clock A. M., a few musket-shots fired in the air announced the assembling of the people in different quarters of Athens. Soon afterwards the inhabitants, accompanied by the entire garrison, marched towards the square of the palace, crying, 'The constitution forever!' On reaching the place the entire garrison, the artillery, cavalry, and infantry, drew up under the windows of the King, in front of the palace, and the people having stationed themselves in the rear, all in one voice demanded a constitution. The King appeared at a low window, and assured the people that he would take into consid-

eration their demand and that of the army, after consulting with his ministers, the Council of State, and the representatives of the foreign powers. But the commander, M. Calergi, having stepped forward, made known to his Majesty that the ministry was no longer recognized, and that the Council of State was already deliberating on the best course to be adopted under existing circumstances. In fact, the Council of State was engaged in drawing up two documents, which will be found subjoined. The second was presented to the King by a deputation of the Council, composed of Messrs. Conduriotis, the president, G. Enian, A. P. Mavromichali, jun., Psyles, and Anastasius Londos.

"Whilst his Majesty was reading the propositions of the Council of State, the representatives of the foreign powers presented themselves at the palace, and were told by the commander that nobody could be admitted at that moment, the King being in conference with the deputation of the Council of State. The latter came out two hours afterwards with the consent of the King.

"The new ministry then repaired to the palace, where they held a long consultation with his Majesty, who shortly appeared on the balcony, surrounded by his ministers and other personages, and was received with acclamations by the people. The cry of 'Long live the constitutional King' resounded, together with that of 'the constitution forever.' The new ministers entered immediately on the discharge of their functions.

"The military revolution was directed, on the part of the regular army, by the colonel of cavalry (Demetri Calergi,) and on that of the irregular army by Colonel Macryany. At three o'clock in the afternoon the garrison, after defiling before the palace, re-entered their quarters preceded by their bands, amidst the acclamations of the people. An hour afterwards the city, in which order had been an instant disturbed, resumed its customary aspect.

"The day of the 3rd of September (15th) will hereafter be kept as a great national festivity. It will have consolidated the throne, and secured the future prosperity of Greece. The enthusiasm which inspires us, and which we endeavor to moderate in writing these lines, in order to give to Europe a clear *exposé* of the facts, does not permit us to conceal the spontaneousness and the affecting and exemplary unanimity of that revolution. The Greek nation has placed itself, on this occasion, on a level with the nations the most civilized and the most worthy of sympathy. It has made a pure and spotless revolution, although it has but a few years emerged from an oppression of ages. Europe, we are sure, will do them justice.

"We have to address our congratulations to that wise and intelligent population, to the patriotic army and its chiefs, and to remind them their work will be achieved by the uninterrupted maintenance of public order, such as it now exists, and of which the organization of a national guard will soon be one of the surest guarantees. We have reason to believe that similar movements to that of Athens took place simultaneously in the principal provinces."

"DECREE.

"The Council of State, having held an extraordinary meeting in the hall of their sittings, on the 3rd (15th) of September, at four o'clock A. M., unanimously deemed it expedient, under existing circumstances, before it should attend to other business, to address—first, in the name of the country, warm thanks to the people, the garrison, and other corps of the army, for the admirable conduct which they exhibited on this occasion, by acting on the one part with patriotism, agreeably to the interest of the country, and on the other, by preserving the perfect order which the country now enjoys.

"The Council of State declares, in a special manner for the army, that the part which it has taken in that national movement was dictated by a sense of necessity and of the interests of the nation—a sentiment entirely conformable to the honor, duty, and prescriptions of national assemblies; the army recollected that the soldier of a free nation is a citizen before being a soldier. The Council of State expects that it will behave similarly and with the same spirit of order in future, until the fate of the country be guaranteed, as respects the institution of its laws. To that end the Council ordains that the entire army shall take the following oath:—

"I take the oath of fidelity to the country and to the constitutional throne. I swear that I will remain invariably attached to the constitutional institutions framed by the National Assembly, convoked in consequence of the measures adopted this day."

"The Council of State, moreover, declares that the 3rd of September promising a glorious prospect to Greece, it has thought proper to class it among the national festivities.

"Athens, 3rd (15th) September, 1843."

"ADDRESS OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE TO THE KING.

"SIRE,—The Council of State, concurring completely in the wishes of the Greek people, and accepting the extraordinary power which the irresistible force of things compels it to assume for the consolidation of the throne and for the salvation of the country, hastens respectfully to submit to your Majesty the following measures, which it trusts will be immediately and fully approved:—

"Your Majesty will consider it expedient to appoint a new ministry without delay. The Council of State recommend to the approbation of your Majesty, as persons competent to form it, because of their enjoying public esteem and confidence, Messrs. André Metaxa for the presidency of the council of ministers, with the department of foreign affairs; André Londos, for the ministry of war; Canaris, for the navy department; Rhigas Palamidis, for the interior; Mansolas for the finance; Leon Melas, for justice; and Michael Schinas, for public instruction and ecclesiastical affairs.

"Your Majesty will be pleased, at the same time, to sign an ordinance, which will impose on the new ministry, as its first duty, the convocation, within the delay of a month, of the National Assembly, which will deliberate upon the defi-

nitive constitution that is to be established in concert with the royal authority, as the ægis under which the throne and the nation shall hereafter be placed. The extraordinary circumstances of the country rendering the convocation of the National Assembly an urgent necessity, and not admitting of a new law of election being previously framed, your Majesty will permit your ministry to convoke that assembly agreeably to the spirit and provisions of the last law of election in vigor before 1833, with the sole difference that the electoral colleges shall elect their presidents by a majority of votes.

"The new ministry, invested with the full powers necessary to conduct the government in accord with the gravity of the circumstances which led to its formation, shall render an account of its acts to the National Assembly.

"Sire, those measures emanate in the most evident manner from the wishes and wants so lively expressed by the Greek nation, and of which the Council is at this moment the faithful interpreter. They are an inevitable consequence of the legitimate exigencies, demanding the immediate realization of all the guarantees stipulated by preceding national assemblies, by the acts of the triple alliance, and by the Prince himself who accepted the throne of Greece.

"These are, in fine, the measures which the Council of State, in accord with the nation, considers in its conscience not only as urgent, but likewise as the only means of salvation under the present circumstances. May Heaven grant that your Majesty, becoming conscious of the necessity of what we have just exposed, may approve these measures, and direct their immediate execution, for the satisfaction of all, and for the maintenance of public order and tranquillity.

"The Council of State respectfully entreats your Majesty to accede to the wishes it has expressed, and subscribes itself, &c.

"Conduriotis, President.

"Mavromichali, Vice-President

"Panutzos Notoras.	N. G. Theocharis.
R. Church.	C. C. G. Praides.
A. Metaxa.	Rhigi Palamidis.
A. Monarchidis.	Drozso Mansola.
B. N. Boudouris.	Silivergos.
A. Lidorikis.	A. Polyzoides.
T. Manghine.	Anastasius Londos.
G. Eynian.	S. Theocharopoulos.
N. Zacharitzza.	G. Psyles.
N. Rhynieri.	G. Spaniolakis.
C. Caradja.	C. Zographos.
A. P. Mavromichali.	André Londos.
P. Soutzo.	C. D. Schinas.
Paicos.	

"The above address was carried to his Majesty by a commission composed of Messrs. Conduriotis, President; G. Eynian, A. P. Mavromichali, jun.; G. Psyles, and Anastasius Londos.

"An hour afterwards the commission returned with the following reply, signed by the King:

"Otho, by the Grace of God King of Greece.

"On the proposition of the Council of State, we have decreed as follows:

"A National Assembly shall be convoked within the space of thirty days, to the effect of

drawing up, in conjunction with us, the constitution of the state. The electoral assemblies shall take place agreeably to the provisions of the last law of election promulgated previous to 1833, with this sole difference, that those electoral assemblies shall name their presidents by a majority of votes.

"Our Council of Ministers shall be convoked to countersign this order and carry it into execution.

"OTHIO.

"Athens, September 3, (15,) 1843."

The *Greek Observer* adds: "The members of the *corps diplomatique* having been informed of the revolutionary movement which had just occurred, proceeded this morning, at break of day, to the palace, when, having applied to the commander of the military forces, they declared to him that the King's person and the inviolability of the palace rested on his own personal responsibility.

"This recommendation, which the representatives of the foreign powers may have considered to be a duty imposed upon them, was completely useless, both on account of the admirable spirit which constantly animated the population during the day, as well as the guarantees offered by the honorable character of the chiefs of the revolution. The whole of what passed in the course of the day sufficiently proved it.

"Shortly afterwards the *corps diplomatique*, attired in their official costumes, returned to the palace, and asked to be presented to the King. The same commander of the armed force replied to them that the King was then engaged in a conference with the Council of State, and that the palace would not be accessible to the foreign representatives while those conferences lasted. The members of the *corps diplomatique* then retired; but having learned shortly afterwards that admittance into the palace would no longer be denied to them, they hastened to wait on the King and his family, and they accompanied the Monarch, when his Majesty showed himself with his new ministers at the balcony of the palace. This evening, at six o'clock, the *corps diplomatique* again repaired to the palace, where it remained upwards of an hour.

"The students of the University joined in the movement, and were remarkable for their patriotism and moderation.

"Similar movements occurred at Chalcis and Nauplia.

"Letters from Athens, of the 17th, state, that all foreigners holding offices under Government were to be dismissed, including even M. Lemaître and other Frenchmen employed in the administration of the national bank. The chiefs of the movement had adopted every precaution for the safety of that establishment; the directors were beforehand informed of the hour at which the movement was to take place, and 12 trusty soldiers were sent thither during the night for its protection, by M. Calergy. The revolution was effected without any violence. The ministers were arrested in their houses, but liberated on the next morning. An aide-de-camp of the King, M. Gardekeekte, a Bavarian, was also apprehended, and confined in the barracks, where

he, however, remained a prisoner only a few hours.

"It appears that the King yielded with bad grace, when he found that all resistance on his part would be unavailing. It was 11 o'clock A. M. when his obstinacy was subdued. The military bands were then playing the 'Marseillaise' and the 'Parisienne,' which gave his Majesty cause to suppose that affairs might proceed to unpleasant extremities. On the 16th King Otho took his customary airing, and was saluted as he passed along the streets, with cries from the people and soldiers of 'Long live the constitutional King!' An exception had been made in the decree of exclusion against foreigners, in favor of the old Philhellenes, who held office under the Government."

PHOTOGRAPHY — MM. Belfield and Foucault's experiments in photography tend to show that the film of organic matter which constantly forms on the prepared surface of the plate, and which M. Daguerre considered a hindrance to the formation of the image, is almost essential to its production. They think that a perfect daguerreotype could not be obtained on a metallic surface chemically pure; and that the usual preparation of silver extends over its surface uniformly an infinitely thin varnish. Instead of the clearing and polishing a plate with nitric acid, they used a powder of dry lead and some drops of the essence of terebinthine unrectified. The evaporation of the volatile portion of the essence left a resinous pellicle, which was attenuated either with alcohol or mechanically with dry powders. Treated then with iodine in the usual way, the images were produced in the same manner, and in the same time—*Lit. Gaz.*

CONSTANTINOPLE, AUG. 29.—(From a private Correspondent).—The English Ambassador is exceedingly indignant at a horrid affair which took place in this great city last week. A young Armenian had given some offence to the Turks; forgiveness was promised if he would become a Musulman. He could not be persuaded to do so, was sent to prison, cruelly punished, and at last put to death, by his head being cut off. His head and body were exposed three days in the fish-market of Constantinople, and then, according to the usual custom, thrown into the Bosphorus. Certainly the Christian powers ought to remonstrate with the Turkish Government on such barbarous proceedings. Sir Bruce Chichester and family are resident at Therapia, as is also the family of Admiral Walker. The admiral himself is at sea with the Turkish fleet. At one of the hotels in this village, Lady Ellenborough has taken up her abode for some days. Mr. Smith, the architect, has arrived, and is about to commence his operations for the erection of a new palace for the ambassador; and I believe some alterations will be made in the chapel of the English Embassy. We have had a sad set of thieves about Pera lately; they forced the chapel door, and stripped the desk, pulpit, and communion-table, &c., of their ornaments; fortunately, the valuable communion plate was not in the chapel. The summer has been delightful, and the vineyards begin to look very fine.—*Court Journal.*

ESPARTERO.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Galerie des Contemporains: ESPARTERO.
Paris. 1843.

THE military and political events which terminated in the independence of the United States, may be criticised as dilatory, as fortuitous, and as not marked by the stamp of human genius. That revolution produced more good than great men. If the same may be said of the civil wars of Spain, and its parliamentary struggles after freedom, it should be more a subject of congratulation than of reproach. The greatness of revolutionary heroes may imply the smallness of the many; and, all things duly weighed, the supremacy of a Cromwell or a Napoleon is more a slur upon national capabilities than an honor to them. Let us then begin by setting aside the principal accusation of his French foes against General Espartero, that he is of mediocre talent and eminence. The same might have been alleged against Washington.

Moreover, there is no people so little inclined to allow, to form, or to idolize superiority, as the Spaniards. They have the jealous sentiment of universal equality, implanted into them as deeply as it is into the French. But to counteract it, the French have a national vanity, which is for ever comparing their own country with others. And hence every character of eminence is dear to them; for though an infringement on individual equality, it exalts them above other nations. The Spaniard, on the contrary, does not deign to enter into the *minutiae* of comparison. His country was, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the first in Europe; its nobles the most wealthy, the most magnificent, the most punctilious, the most truly aristocratic; its citizens the most advanced in arts and manufactures, and comfort and municipal freedom; its soldiers were allowed the first rank, its sailors the same. The Spaniards taught the existence of this, their universal superiority, to their sons; and these again to their offspring, down to the present day. And the Spaniards implicitly believe the tradition of their forefathers, not merely as applied to the past, but as a judgment of the present. They believe themselves to be precisely what their fathers were three hundred years ago. They take not the least count of all that has happened in that period: the revolutions, the changes, the forward strides of other nations, the backward ones of their own. A great man,

more or less, is consequently to them of little importance. They are too proud to be vain.

This part of the Spanish character explains not a few of the political events of the countries inhabited by the race. In all those countries, individual eminence is a thing not to be tolerated. It constitutes in itself a crime, and the least pretension to it remains unpardoned. Even Bolivar, notwithstanding his immense claims, and notwithstanding the general admission that nothing but a strong hand could keep the unadhesive materials of Spanish American republics together,—even he was the object of such hatred, suspicion, jealousy, and mistrust, that his life was a martyrdom to himself, and his salutary influence a tyranny to those whom he had liberated.

There did exist in Spain, up to the commencement of the present century, a grand exception to this universal love of equality, which is a characteristic of the Latin races. And that was the veneration for royalty, which partook of the oriental and fabulous extreme of respect. Nowhere is this more manifest than in the popular drama of the country: in which the Spanish monarch precisely resembles the Sultan of the Arabian Nights, as the vicegerent of Providence, the universal righter of wrongs, endowed with ubiquity, omnipotence, and all-wisdom. Two centuries' succession of the most imbecile monarchs greatly impaired, if not effaced, this sentiment. The conduct of Ferdinand to the men and the classes engaged in the war of independence, disgusted all that was spirited and enlightened in the nation. A few remote provinces and gentry thought, indeed, that the principle of legitimacy and loyalty was strong as ever, and they rose to invoke it in favor of Don Carlos. Their failure has taught them and all Spain, that loyalty, in its old, and extreme, and chevalier sense, is extinct; and that in the peninsula, as in other western countries, it has ceased to be fanaticism, and survives merely as a rational feeling.

Royalty is however the only superiority that the Spaniards will admit: and their jealousy of any other power which apes, or affects, or replaces royalty, is irrepressible. A president of a Spanish republic would not be tolerated for a month, nor would a regent. The great and unpardonable fault of Espartero was, that he bore this name.

Another Spanish characteristic, arising from the same principle or making part of it, is the utter want of any influence on the

side of the aristocracy. For a Spanish aristocracy does survive: an aristocracy of historic name, great antiquity, monied wealth, and territorial possession. The Dukedoms of Infantado, Osuna, Montilles, &c., are not extinct; neither are the wearers of these titles exiled or proscribed; nor have their estates been confiscated or curtailed. But they have no influence; and are scarcely counted even as pawns on the chessboard of Spanish politics. The Spaniards respect superiority of birth, but their respect is empty. It is rather the respect of an antiquary for what is curious, than the worldly and sensible respect for whatever is truly valuable. The greatest efforts have been made by almost all Spanish legislators and politicians, to make use of the aristocracy as a weight in the political balance, and as a support of throne and constitution. But as Lord Eldon compared certain British peers to the pillars of the East London Theatre, which hung from the roof instead of supporting it, such has been the condition of all Spanish peers or proceres in any and every constitution. They supported the government of the time being; were infallibly of the opinions diametrically opposite to those of the deputies; and increased the odium of the ministry, whether *moderado* or *exaltado*, without giving it the least support. The rendering the upper chamber elective, as was done by the constitution of 1837, has not remedied this. When Christina fell, the upper chamber was to a man in her favor; so did the whole upper chamber support Espartero, when he fell. In short, the attachment of the peers in Spain is ominous; it betokens downfall.

The crown and the clergy, in fact, had labored in unison to destroy and humble the power of the aristocracy, as well as of the middle classes. They succeeded but too well; and in succeeding, they also strengthened that democratic principle of equality which is a monkish principle. But the crown, and the monasteries, and the aristocracy, have all gone down together, whilst the middle classes survive, and have become regenerated with a second youth. It is only they who have any force in Spain. It is the cities, which take the initiative in all changes and all revolutions. For any government to incur their displeasure, is at once to fall; none has been able to struggle against them. These juntas raised the war of independence, and performed the Spanish part of their self-liberation. They again it was who enabled Christina to establish at once her daughter's rights and

the name of a constitution. They afterwards compelled her to give the reality, as well as the name. And it was they, too, who drove Don Carlos out of the country, in despite of the tenacity and courage of his rustic supporters. He was driven from before Bilboa, and from every town of more respectability than a village. He was welcomed by the peasants and their lords, but every collection of citizens rejected him, and he and absolutism were obliged to fly the country.

There is one class, which at the close of revolutions is apt to turn them to its own profit, and becomes arbiter of all that survives in men and things. This is the army. In nations however which have no external wars, it is extremely difficult for the army or its chiefs to win and preserve that mastery over public opinion, which is needed to ensure acquiescence in military usurpations. The French revolution, as we all know, turned to a warlike struggle between France and Europe; in which France was represented by her generals and armies, and in which these but too naturally took the place of civilian statesmen and representative assemblies. In the more isolated countries of England and Spain, the activity and the glory of the military terminated with the civil war. The career of arms was closed; the officers lost their prestige; and Cromwell, though tolerated as a *de facto* ruler, was never looked up to, either as the founder of a military monarchy, or of a new dynasty. A Cromwell would have met with more resistance in Spain; civilian jealousy is there as strong as in England; and Cromwell there was none. The Duke of Victory's worst enemies could not seriously accuse him of such ambition.

Baldomero Espartero was born in the year 1792, at Granatula, a village of La Mancha, not far from the towns of Almagro and Ciudad Real. In his last rapid retreat from Albacete to Seville, the regent could not have passed far from the place of his nativity. His father is said to have been a respectable artisan, a wheelwright, and a maker of carts and agricultural implements.

This artisan's elder brother, Manuel, was a monk in one of the Franciscan convents of Ciudad Real, capital of the province of La Mancha. It is one of the advantages amongst the many disadvantages of monasticity, that it facilitates the education and the rise of such of the lower classes as give signs of superior intelligence. The friar Manuel took his young nephew, Baldomero, and had him educated in his convent. Had Spain remained in its state of wonted

peace, the young disciple of the convent would in good time have become, in all probability, the ecclesiastic and the monk. But about the time when Espartero attained the age of sixteen, the armies of Napoleon poured over the Pyrenees, and menaced Spanish independence. It was no time for monkery. So at least thought all the young ecclesiastical students; for these throughout every college in the peninsula almost unanimously threw off the black frock, girded on the sabre, and flung the musket over their shoulder. The battalions which they formed were called *sacred*. Nor was such volunteering confined to the young. The grizzle-bearded monk himself went forth, and, used to privation, made an excellent *guerilla*. The history of the Spanish wars of independence and of freedom tells frequently of monkish generals, the *insignia* of whose command were the cord and sandals of St. Francis.

Young Espartero took part in most of the first battles and skirmishes in the south of Spain, and made part of the Spanish force, we believe, which was shut up and besieged by the French in Cadiz. He here, through the interest of his uncle, was received into the military school of the Isla de Leon, where he was able to engraft a useful military education on his former ecclesiastical acquirements: for to be a soldier was his vocation, and his wish was not to be an ignorant one. The war of independence was drawing to a close when Espartero had completed his military studies, and could claim the grade of officer in a regular army. But at this same time, the royal government resolved on sending an experienced general with a corps of picked troops to the Spanish main, to endeavor to re-establish the authority of the mother-country. Morillo was the general chosen. Espartero was presented to him, appointed lieutenant, and soon after the sailing of the expedition was placed on the staff of the general.

The provinces of the Spanish main were then the scene of awful warfare. It is needless to inquire on which side cruelty began; the custom of both was almost invariably to sacrifice the lives, not only of captured foes, but of their relatives, young and aged. The war, too, seemed interminable. A rapid march of a general often subdued and apparently reduced a province in a few days, the defeated party flying over sea to the islands, or to the other settlements: but a week would bring them back, and the victors in their turn thought fit to fly, often without a struggle. Even

an engagement was not decisive. A great deal of Indian force was employed, and in many respects, the Spaniards or Spanish-born came to resemble them in fighting. The chief feat of the action was one brilliant charge, which, if successful or unsuccessful, decided the day. For, once put to the rout, the soldiers never rallied, at least on that day, but fled beyond the range of immediate pursuit, and often with so little loss that the fugitives of yesterday formed an army as numerous and formidable as before their defeat. How long such a civil war would have lasted, is impossible to say, had not foreigners enlisted in the cause, and formed legions, which not only stood the brunt of a first onset, but retreated or advanced regularly and determinedly. The foreign legion was the Macedonian Phalanx among the Colombians. Owing to it the Spaniards lost the fatal battle of Carabobo, and thenceforward made few effectual struggles against the independents, except in the high country of Peru.

Espartero had his share of most of these actions. As major he fought in 1817 at Lupachin, where the insurgent chief, La Madrid, was routed. Next year he defeated the insurgents on the plains of Majocaigo, and in 1819, Espartero and Seoane reduced the province of Cochalamba. Soon after, the revolution that had for its result the establishment of the constitution, broke out in Spain; and the political parties to which it gave rise, began to agitate the Spanish army in Peru. Then the viceroy, who held out for the absolute power of Ferdinand, was deposed; and the other generals, La Serna, Valdez, and Canterac, declared for liberty abroad, as well as at home, though they still fought for preserving the links that bound the South American colonies to the mother country. Espartero was of this liberal military party, and served as colonel in the division which under Canterac and Valdez defeated the Peruvian independents at Torrata and Maquega, in January 1823: actions which led to the evacuation of the Peruvian capital by the congress. The Peruvians then summoned Bolivar and the Colombians to their aid, whilst the two parties in the Spanish army, royalist and independent, divided, and began to war with each other, on the news arriving of the restoration of Ferdinand. This afforded great advantage to Bolivar, and that chief pushed them with so much vigor, that the contending royalist parties ceased their strife, and united to overwhelm, as they thought, the Colombians under Paez, the lieutenant under Bolivar.

The Colombians had, however, learned to stand in action, and their cavalry even to return to the charge after being routed. Their obstinacy in this respect, here displayed for the first time, routed the old Spanish cavalry, hitherto thought so superior; and won the battle of Ayacucho, which dismissed to Spain all upholders of Spanish supremacy. The officers and generals sent home under this capitulation, have been since known under the epithet of *Ayacuchos*. Among them were Canterac, Valdez, Rodil, Seoane, Maroto, Narvaez, Carrabate, Alaix, Araoz, Villalobos. Espartero had been previously sent home with colors and the account of success in Peru; success soon reversed.

When these generals returned, there were, of course, many prejudices against them. They had taken no part in the liberal movement at home, which had nevertheless begun in the ranks of the army. Their having taken previous part in the war of independence, ought to have pleaded for them; but most of them had been too young to have been then distinguished. Riego and Quiroga were the military heroes of the day. The soldiers of the constitution made indeed but a poor stand against the French invading army; still their efforts were not destined to be altogether vain, and the country preserved its gratitude towards them. On the other hand, Ferdinand and his ministers showed no inclination to favor or employ the *Ayacuchos*; the royalist volunteers and the monks were the only militants that the old court trusted; and thus the largest body of officers of experience were inclined to range themselves under the constitutional banner, whenever it should again be hoisted.

The years from 1825 to 1830 were spent by Espartero, as colonel of the regiment of Soria, which was quartered the most part of that time in the island of Majorca. Previous to going there he commanded the depôt of Logrono on the Ebro, where he became acquainted with his present duchess, Senora Jacinta de Santa Cruz. Her father, an old officer, brother of the late captain-general in the south of Spain, was one of the wealthiest proprietors of the banks of the Ebro, and Senora Jacinta was his only child. The father was not willing to give her to the soldier, however high his rank. But the marriage took place, as such marriages do, the determination of the young overcoming the scruples of the old. The present Duchess of Victory was renowned for her beauty and conjugal attachment.

The death of Ferdinand opened a new

era for Spain. His will conferred the succession upon his daughter, and the regency upon her mother. As the only hope of preserving the crown to Isabella, and influence to herself, Christina summoned to her counsels the liberals. They were of many shades; she chose the most monarchical; but was gradually obliged to accept the counsels and aid of those who frankly meditated a liberal constitution. The ousted prince, Carlos, appealed to the farmers and the priesthood of the northern provinces; the absolutist powers of the east supplied him with funds; and the war began.

With very few exceptions, all the military men embraced the side of the queen and constitution. The army felt no inclination to undergo once more the yoke of the priesthood. And even old royalist generals, such as Quesada and Sarsfield, turned their arms willingly against the Carlists. The *Ayacuchos*, or officers, who had served in America, showed equal alacrity; especially those who, like Espartero, had even on the other side of the Atlantic been favorable to a constitution. Maroto was the only one of them, who, at a later period, took command under Don Carlos.

The first constitutional general, Sarsfield, was successful. He delivered Bilbao, the first seat of the insurrection, and ever afterwards the key of the war, from the insurgents. Espartero was appointed captain-general of the province. But the apparition of Don Carlos in person, the funds he commanded, and the promises he made, gave fresh importance and duration to the war.

The greatest and most effectual military achievements are often those least talked about or noticed. The general who can organize an army fitly, often does more than he who wins a battle; though indeed it is the organization that leads to the winning of the battle. The organization of the British army was the first and the greatest achievement of the Duke of Wellington; and it was for the Carlists the great act and merit of Zumalacarreguy. Espartero did the same for the Spanish constitutional army, and thereby enabled it to overcome, by degrees, and in partial encounters, the formidable and spirited bands opposed to it. Valdez, who commanded after Quesada, and who had been the old commander in Peru, committed the great blunder of fighting a general action against mountaineers: whom, if he beat, he did not destroy, whereas their repulsing him was his ruin. Rodil, more cautious, ran about the hills to catch Carlos. Mina, with a regular army, waged

a war of partisans with peasants, who were far better partisans than his troops. Cordova, who succeeded, kept his army together; and handled the Carlists so roughly in one action, that they shrunk from attacking him. But he conceived the same fears; declared that the war could only be carried on by blockading the insurgent provinces; and finally resigned.

Espartero had, till then, distinguished himself more as a brilliant cavalry officer, and a spirited general of division, than as a military leader of first-rate merit: but his honest, frank character, his abstinence from the heat of political party, and the opinion that he wanted political genius and ambition, led to his appointment by the more liberal government which then took the helm. The first care of the new commander was to restore discipline, by a severity till then unknown in the constitutional army. His execution of the *Chapelgorris* for plundering a church, is well remembered. His efforts to keep the army paid, often compromised his own private fortune; and placed him in many quarrels with Mendizabal and the finance ministers of the time. He certainly gained no pitched battles: but from Bilboa round to Pampeluna he kept the Carlists closely confined to their mountain region, punished them severely when they ventured forth, and never allowed himself to be beaten.

Nothing could be more advantageous than Zumalacarre's position; intrenched like a spider in an inaccessible and central spot, from whence he could run forth with all his force upon the enemy. Then, by threatening Bilboa, the Carlist general could, at any time, force the Christino general to take a most perilous march to its relief. Twice, indeed three times, were the Christinos forced to make this perilous march—the second time the most critical, for then Bilboa certainly could not have been saved but for the energy and aid of the British officers. To Lapidge, Wylde, and others, was due the deliverance of Bilboa. Espartero was then suffering under a cruel illness. No sooner, however, was the Luchana river crossed by British boats, than he sprang on horseback, forgot bodily pain in martial excitement, and led his troops through the Carlist cantonments and intrenchments, once more to the gates of Bilboa.

In despair, the Carlists then tried another mode of warfare. They left the northern provinces, and undertook expeditions through all the rest of Spain, to gain recruits and provisions if possible, and to find

another Biscay in the mountainous south. The indifference of the population caused this to fail, and Don Carlos returned to the north. The aim of his general was then turned to the possession of Bilboa and Santander, strong places, which if mastered, the Carlist insurrection might repose there and act on the defensive. To secure these points, more formidable intrenchments were raised on the heights leading to these towns. Don Carlos hoped to form a Torres Vedras on the hills of Ramales and Guardani. The great exploit of Espartero was his series of successful attacks upon these intrenchments in May, 1839. He drove the Carlists from all of them with very great loss; and from that moment the war drew to an end. The spirit of insurrection was broken, and justice allotted to Espartero the title of DUKE OF VICTORY.

The military struggle over, and the open rebellion put down, the parliamentary but scarcely more peaceful struggle between the two parties calling themselves constitutional, became prominent. When the emigration of the Spanish patriots took place in 1815 and 1823, in consequence of the absolutist reaction of Ferdinand, some of the emigrants betook themselves to England, some to France. Though paid little attention to by the governments of either country, the Spanish emigrants were cordially received by the liberal opposition in both countries; and each came to admire and adopt the ideas and principles with which he was placed in contact. If Arguelles admired the frank school of English liberty, which allows popular opinion its full expression; Toreno and Martinez de la Rosa adopted the more cautious tenets of the French doctrinaires, or moderate liberals, who were for giving freedom but by handfals, and who maintained that domination and influence should be confined to the enlightened few, and sparingly communicated to the ignorant many. One can conceive the existence of such a conservative party as this in England, where such influence exists, and where the aristocratic and well-informed classes do possess this influence. But the necessity of creating and raising these classes, as was the case in Spain, and the impossibility of getting churchmen and old aristocrats to act moderate toryism when they had been steeped and bred in absolutism, rendered the policy of the moderados a vain dream. They had no upper classes, no clergy, no throne behind them: for that of Isabella required, rather than gave support.

Conscious of this weakness, and seeing

nothing Spanish around them on which they could lean, the moderados placed their reliance on France, and trusted to that alliance to keep peace in Spain, and win recognition from Europe. Louis Philippe had been enabled to do in France, something like what they labored to effect in Spain: although he had been obliged to abandon an hereditary peerage, and to base his conservatism on the fears and prejudices of the upper class of citizens and commercial men. Spain wanted this class, yet Count Toreno and his friends endeavored, with less materials, to effect in Spain more than had been done in France.

In the conflict between moderado and exaltado, Espartero had remained completely neutral. His sole anxiety during the war was to have his army well supplied. He saw that the exaltado minister did not do this with due effect, and as his army approached the capital in pursuit of the pretender, he allowed it to remonstrate. This very unwarrantable act overthrew the exaltados, and brought back the moderados to power. It was generally believed, however, to have been the result of an intrigue of the staff, who imposed upon the easy nature of the general. Espartero was known, notwithstanding his anxiety to improve the supply of his army, to have regretted the unconstitutionality of the step which produced this ministerial revolution. The circumstance shows, at least, how little inclined was Espartero to pay court to the ultra-liberals, or to aim at assumptions of power through their influence.

After the convention of Bergara, which pacified the north, the war still continued in Aragon, and the army was kept actively employed under Espartero in that province and in Catalonia. There was no doubt, however, as to the issue. The moderados, in power, and delivered from the fear of Carlos and absolutism, entered at once on the fulfilment of their principles, and the establishment of more conservative bases of administration, than those which existed. For this purpose they took the most imprudent step that could have been devised. Had they attacked the press, and restrained its license; had they checked the turbulence of the lower classes, even by laws against association; had they passed the most severe penalties against conspiracy—the Spaniards would have borne all: but the moderados thought fit to attack the institution which is most truly Spanish, and that in which all classes of citizens, upper and lower, are most deeply interested. The moderados attempted to change the

municipal institutions of the country, and to introduce a new and centralizing system in imitation of the French, and in lieu of the old Spanish system of *ayuntamientos*. Their elected municipal body and magistrates were certainly the key of the parliamentary elections, of the formation of the national guard, of local taxation, and in fact of all power. But to attack them was the more dangerous; and the first mention of the plan raised a flame from one end of the peninsula to the other. The French court pressed the queen regent to persevere, saying that no sovereign power could exist in unison with the present state of local and municipal independence: the queen regent did persevere, and obtained a vote of the cortes.

The Duke of Victory had, at that time, peculiar opportunities for judging of the sentiments of the great towns of Aragon and Catalonia and Valencia: his army was quartered amongst them, and his supplies were drawn in a great measure from them. All these towns had made great sacrifices during the war, and their indignation was great at finding that the first result of that war should be a deprivation of their liberties. The Duke of Victory, how much soever he had hitherto kept aloof from politics, now wrote to the queen regent, and remonstrated with the ministry on the danger of persisting in the contemplated measures. His counsels were received with secret derision; but as the towns could not be repressed without the aid of the army, the general was told that no important resolution should be taken without his concurrence. He, in consequence, quieted the apprehensions and agitation of the townsmen.

The ministry persisted not the less in carrying out the law: but fearing the resistance or neutrality of Espartero, they begged the queen regent to go in person to Catalonia, under pretence of sea-bathing, in order to exercise her influence over what was considered the weak mind of the Duke of Victory. The French envoy, indeed, opposed this journey; and predicted, with much truth, that if once the queen regent trusted herself to the army, and to the population of the great and liberal towns of Saragossa, Barcelona, or Valencia, she would be forced to withdraw the obnoxious law.

Christina and her ministers both persisted. Both knew Espartero's devotion to the queen, and they reckoned on his chivalrous nature to fly in the face of danger, rather than shrink in prudence from it.

She set forth, and the Duke of Victory hastened to meet her at Igualada. Christina recapitulated all the theoretic and doctrinaire reasons of her ministers for humbling the pride and independence of the great Spanish towns; the Duke of Victory replied that perhaps she was right, though it seemed ungrateful thus to repay the towns for their late sacrifices and devotion to the constitutional cause. But right or wrong, another consideration dominated: and this was the impossibility of enforcing the law without producing an insurrection of the towns. "They could be easily reduced by a few common shot and cavalry-charges." The Duke of Victory replied, "That they might be so reduced, but that *he* refused to be the instrument or the orderer of such measures. But he was ready to resign."

The queen and ministers knew, however, that the resignation of Espartero then, would have led to a military insurrection; for the soldiers and officers had already suspected that they were about to be dismissed, and without compensation. The end of the interview was, that the Duke of Victory must keep the command, at all events; and that Christina would consult her ministry, and, at least, not promulgate the law with the royal sanction, till after further consultation and agreement with the commander-in-chief. Christina hastened to Barcelona, met two of her ministers, and forgot, in their exhortation, the advice of the general, and her promises to him. The consequence was the double insurrection, first of Barcelona, and then of Valencia, which compelled her to abdicate.

Such were the events that produced the interregnum, and left the regency to be filled by the cortes. It was evident from the first, that no one could fill that post to the exclusion of the Duke of Victory; and yet it must be owned there was great repugnance to elect him, on the part of a great number of deputies. The honest patriots dreaded to see a soldier at the head of a constitutional government, and demanded that one or two civilians should be associated with him in a triple regency; but the greater number were of course the interested, the place and power-hunters; these saw in a triple regency many more chances of rising by favor, and obtaining office, than under a single regent, a military man, accustomed to order his aide-de-camp about, and utterly unskilled in appreciating address in intrigue and skill in courtiership; they, therefore, also demanded the triple regency, and at first there was a decided majority for this decision. It was then

that the Duke of Victory declared, that the triple regency might be the best mode of rule during the minority of the queen, but that for himself, he was determined to make no part of it. It would, he said, be a divided, a squabbling, and a powerless triumvirate. The true patriots then saw the danger of setting aside the general and the army, the instant after both had saved the municipal liberties of the country; they saw the probable result of setting up three not very eminent persons to perform together the all-important office; and waving their objections to Espartero, they agreed to vote him sole regent.

Thus was the Duke of Victory appointed, and he ever after showed his gratitude to the thorough liberal and patriotic party, who trusted him on this occasion. To them he delivered up the ministry: to them he promised never to interfere with the government, but to live as a constitutional ruler, above the strife and struggles of parties. In this the Duke of Victory was wrong: he should have opened his palace, lived in the throng, listened to the complaints, the desires, the feelings of all parties, and made himself adherents amongst all. The Spaniards tender eminence only on the condition of its being affable, and look upon kings, as we said before, with a kind of Arabic sentiment, as summary righters of wrongs, and controllers of all that is iniquitously done by their servants administering power. Espartero thought he acted the sovereign most fully by shutting himself in a small palace, by doing business regularly, and by eschewing all the pleasurable and representative part of his functions. He understood little of the minutiae of politics, and cared not to talk of them. He gave no dinners, no balls, no *tertullias*, no card tables. In short, his salary was clean lost to the courtiers and placemen, and would-be placemen. The women declared him to be a very dull Regent, and their condemnation was fatal.

The most inveterate enemies of the Regent were, however, the new and bastard portion of the Liberals—those whom the French ministerial papers called *Young Spain*; men jealous of the old Liberals of 1809 and 1821, who looked upon Arguelles and Calatrava as out of date, and who considered themselves representatives of a new practical school of liberalism, superior to any yet discovered. Caballero and Olozaga were the chiefs of the party: but these gentlemen, however able as orators and writers, had never succeeded in attaching to them more than an insignificant

number of followers. Timid, tortuous and time-serving, they were of that class of politicians which can harass a ministry, but are incapable themselves of forming an administration. The Regent was sorely puzzled how to deal with them. Their speeches in the Cortes were backed at times by a large number of votes; but when he summoned them to his presence, and bade them form a ministry, they always declined. They had a majority for opposition, they said, but not for power. This might have puzzled a more experienced constitutional sovereign than Espartero. Soldier-like, he bade them go about their business. He was wrong. He ought, on the contrary, like Louis Philippe in similar circumstances, to have facilitated their formation of a ministry; he ought to have smiled upon them; he ought to have lent them a helping hand; and then, after they had been fully discredited by a six months' hold of power, he might easily have turned them adrift, as the king of the French did M. Thiers.

Secure in the affection and support of the old stanch liberal party, the Regent never dreamed that these could be overcome by men affecting to be more liberal than they. But Spain was not left to itself. The French court became exceedingly jealous, at this time, of the Regent's intentions respecting the marriage of the young queen. They sent an envoy, who was called a family ambassador, and who as such pretended to immediate and uncontrolled access to the young queen. The Regent resisted, the envoy left, France was more irritated, and then determined on the Regent's downfall. Thirty journals were almost simultaneously established in Madrid and different parts of the peninsula, all of which set up the same cry of the Regent's being sold to England, and of Spain being about to be sacrificed in a treaty of commerce. Barcelona, most likely to be affected by this bugbear treaty, was of course the centre of opposition; and there, under the instigation, and with the pay of French agents, open resistance was organized, and insurrection broke forth. The subsequent events are known; the bombardment, the reduction, the lenity of the Regent, the impunity of the Barcelonese, and their perseverance even after defeat in braving authority.

The army was then tampered with; at least some regiments. The Spanish officer though brave is unfortunately a gambler and an idler, with little prospect of making way in his profession by talent or by promotion in war; all chances of the latter

are at present cut off; promotion is now to be had only by revolutions, since, if these are successful, the military abettors rise a step. Then there are court ways of rising in the army; a handsome fellow attracting the attention of the queen or of a lady in whom king or minister is interested; and all these chances were precluded by the dull, moral regency of Espartero, to whose self and family and ministers, such ways and intrigues were utterly unknown. The young officers longed for the reign of the queens, young or old, and 'down with Espartero' was first their wish, and then their cry.

Indeed, from the first the Spanish officers were disinclined to Espartero as general, and much preferred Cordova, a diplomatist and a courtier; but the soldiers on the other hand preferred the Regent. With this class, then, especially with the non-commissioned officers, the efforts of the conspirators were chiefly made. Calumnies were circulated, promises lavished, the soldiers attached to the service were promised grades, the rest were promised dismissal to their homes: in fine, the army was debauched, and when the Regent wanted to make use of it as a weapon of defence, it broke in his hands, and pierced him.

The condemnation on which Espartero's enemies, the French, lay most stress, is his want of skill in maintaining himself in power. Success with them covers every virtue. The want of it, exaggerates every defect. There was a discussion at Prince Talleyrand's one evening, as to who was the greatest French statesman in modern times. Each named his political hero. Talleyrand decided that Villèle was the greatest man, on the ground that in a constitutional country he kept the longest hold of power: adding, that the best rope dancer was he who kept longest on the cord. The great proof of political genius, according to Talleyrand, was to stick longest in place. The rule is a wretched one, and yet Espartero would not lose by being even in that way judged: for no Spaniard has kept such prolonged command and influence, none have attained more brilliant ends. The Treaty of Begara, and the Regency, are two successes that might well content a life. And after all Espartero was long enough Regent to allow Spain to enjoy tranquillity under his rule, and to afford every one a taste and a prospect of what Spain might yet become, under a free, a peaceable, and a regular government.

A greater and more rare example offered

to Spain by the Regent's government, was the honesty of its political and financial measures. There was no court nor court treasurer to absorb one-third or one-half of every loan and every anticipation, nor could the leasers or farmers of the public revenue obtain easy bargains by means of a bribe. Such things were disposed of by public competition; and Calatrava in this respect left behind him an example, which will render a recurrence to the old habit of proceeding too scandalous and intolerable.

So, morality and simplicity of life, though a cause of dislike with courtiers, with place and money-hunters, was, on the contrary, a rare and highly-appreciated merit in the eyes of the citizens. No one cause occasioned more disgusts and revolts in Madrid than the scandals of the court of Madrid. Its removal was a great bond of peace, whatever people may say of the salutary influence of royalty!

The party attached to the regency of the Duke of Victory as the best symbol and guard of the constitution, lay chiefly in the well informed and industrious class of citizens, such as exist in great majority in Madrid, Saragossa, Cadiz. In Catalonia the manufacturers and their workmen were against him, from a belief that he wished to admit English cotton. Seville is an old archiepiscopal seat, where the clergy have great influence; and the clergy there, as well as rivalry of Cadiz, occasioned its resistance. There is, one may say, no rustic population in the south. All the poor congregate in towns, or belong to them, and form a mass of ignorant, excitable, changeable opinion, that is not to be depended upon for twenty-four hours. There is throughout a strong vein of republicanism, and a contempt for all things and persons north of the Sierra Morena: so that nothing is more easy than to get up an *alboroto* against the government of the time being. The north of Spain, on the contrary, depends upon its rural population; and is slower to move, but much more formidable and steady when once made to embrace or declare an opinion. Throughout the north, neither citizens nor servants declared against the regent. It was merely the garrisons and troops of the line. Such being the force and support of the different parties, one is surprised to find that Espartero so easily succumbed, and we cannot but expect that his recall, either as regent or general, is sooner or later inevitable.

The career of the Duke of Victory being thus far from closed, it would be premature to carve out his full-length statue:

to be too minute in personal anecdote, too severe or too laudatory in judging him. Our materials too are but meager; though the 'Galerie des Contemporains' which heads our article is a popular and meritorious little work. Our present task is, however, sufficiently discharged. Senor Flores promises at Madrid a life of Espartero in three volumes; and the Duke of Victory and Spain are subjects that we shall have ample occasion and necessity to recur to.

From the Literary Gazette.

In new Spain, as is well known, the spirit of gaming is widely spread; and all ranks indulge in that excitement to a perilous degree. The Spanish officers partook of the common passion. On one occasion, Espartero was so much the favorite of fortune, that after a long sederunt, he rose the winner of 30,000 dollars from the General Canterac mentioned above. On retiring from the gaming-table, the latter, feeling the heavy extent of his imprudence, said in a depressed manner, to his companion, "Espartero, I owe you 30,000 dollars!" "No," replied the other, laying his hand on his arm, "in that room which we have left, you owed me 30,000 dollars, but here, now, you owe me nothing!" The generosity evinced by this anecdote, needs no comment.

When, by the votes of the Cortes, Espartero became Regent, multitudes flocked towards him for places, crosses, pensions, provisions, and distinctions. Among others, a very near relative came from the country, of whom, after receiving a few visits from him, he inquired what had brought him to Madrid. With some hesitation, he stated that he had come to look for a maintenance for himself and his family, now that things had changed so favorably for their prospects." "How much will do for that purpose?" asked the Regent. So much, he replied, fancying the office already conferred; but judge his surprise, when his (we were going to say) brother addressed him, "Return to your home, and whilst I live I will allow you that sum; but if you suppose that I, who have elevated myself so high, from so low a station, by warring against corruption, am going to saddle you on the country, you never in your life committed so gross a mistake. The only way for you to receive this allowance from my private purse, is by quitting Madrid within twenty-four hours."

Espartero's proceedings, after his march to Albacete, have never been accounted for

or explained. We are informed, that when he reached that place, he found that all the officers of the army had been bought over by a rich allotment of the million and a half of money which had been sent into Spain to purchase his downfall. The army, but too ill paid, was easily seduced by gold and intrigue; and the ill-fed troops, like a hungry horse, took their food wherever it was offered to them, without troubling to ask the question whether their officers were traitors or not.

Accused by his enemies, and some of them most ungrateful ones, of avarice or sordidness, it may be stated that the quarter part of Espartero's allowance as Regent has not been paid to him. His resources are the fortune brought him by his loved and affectionate lady. Why he did not throw himself on Madrid, and the fervent attachment to him and his cause of its 12,000 national guards, and other respectable citizens, we have no ground to know; but we think that what we have told, sufficiently accounts for his wavering at Albacete, where his whole plans were deranged by unexpected treachery, and he was taught to feel that his dependence on imagined friends and supporters, was most insecure and dangerous. The Spanish people, we believe, have been quite passive during the late revolution; and it is most probable that a re-action, founded on a just appreciation of his sound constitutional and commercial policy, will lead to his being invited to return to Spain. Whether, more happy in a private station, he would accept the call or not, is a question we cannot solve: our opinion is, that nothing short of a national demonstration would tempt his patriotism to sacrifice his domestic repose and felicity.

THE KOWDY GUM.—When the soil is washed up in the Bay of Islands, New Zealand, large quantities of gum are discovered in the soil, when and how deposited are unknown. It seems to be pure and resinous, as if the remains of primeval and extinct pine-forests, whose consistency precluded decay, while the wood itself perished. What may be its commercial value has not yet been fully ascertained. Experiments will be tried on the samples brought home in the *Erebus* and *Terror*.—*Literary Gazette*.

DR. CHALMERS.—The Rev. Doctor preached in the open air to a congregation of several thousand persons, on Sunday week, at Banchory, near Aberdeen. A tent had been provided, but the congregation was five times as numerous as could have been accommodated within it. The scene recalled the early times of Scotch Presbyterianism.—*Court Journal*.

A TOMB IN POMPEII.

There is at Pompeii a square monument with a beautiful relief on one of the slabs, emblematic of death; it represents a ship furling her sails on coming into port.

CITY! upon whose dream the fire-flood swept,
In all the giddy madness of thy pride;
While the red theatre with joy upleapt,
And pleasure floated down her golden tide.

Oft thundering now upon the calm of night,
The wakeful scholar hears thy wild dismay;
Crowding in black confusion on the sight,
The flaming tempest lights its dreadful way.

The living and the dead in thee we trace,
Since Time roll'd back the darkness of his wave,
And Learping's torch, from thine unshrouded face,
Has swept the lingering shadows of the grave.

Rich gifts are thine:—on many a pictured wall
Still Genius breathes the summer hues of bloom,
And still through fiery Sallust's costly hall,
The garden seems to waft its soft perfume.*

Here, wandering thoughtful down thy streets of wo,
The pilgrim lingers by a nameless grave:
Was he a lord of quiver and of bow?
Roam'd he a stormy chieftain of the wave?

Unknown that ancient sleeper's power and race,
Whether to listening hearts his step was dear,
Or his young sister smiled into his face,
Or his gray father wept upon his bier!

If bathed in all the sparkling dew of youth,
Warm from his mother's arms he danced along,
While Joy from her green paradise of truth,
Enwreathed his forehead with the flowers of song:

The voice of history tells not; dark and cold,
His slumbering ashes give no sad reply;
Whether he drank from fancy's fount of gold,
Or, sage-like, watched life's torrents rushing by.

Oh, it is soothing, in the crimson time
Of autumn eves, through village tombs to roam,
Where many a holy text and rugged rhyme
Welcome the weary traveller to his home:

So in the wondrous city of the dead
This pictured text our fainting heart sustains,
While all the heavenly landscape, wide outspread,
Blossoms o'er the wat'ry desert of life's pains!

No longer driven by tempestuous blast,
That ship along the tranquil water glides;
Its white sails furl'd upon the unshaken mast,
Its own clear shadows moving by its sides.

Sweet emblem of the Christian "bound for home,"
Safe from the angry surge of sin and strife;
While Peace, uprising from Grief's bright'ning foam,
Paints with its smile the melting cloud of life!

A.

* "On our return through the streets, among the objects of interest was the house of Sallust, the historian. Sallust was rich, and his house is uncommonly handsome. Here is his chamber, his inner court, his kitchen, his garden, his dining-room, his guest-chamber, all perfectly distinguishable by the symbolical frescos on the walls. In the court was a fountain of pretty construction, and opposite, in the rear, was a flower-garden, containing arrangements for dining in open air in summer."—*Willis*.

FRANCE AND GREECE.

From the Examiner.

WEAK and ailing persons are said to live long, being able to get through or avoid those violent and feverish maladies which prove fatal to the strong. So seems it the case with M. Guizot and his Cabinet. Though born scarcely life-worthy, it has lived on, in despite of the prognostications of state-physicians, and has at last reached a kind of chronic health, which sets presumptive heirs in despair. Opposition, which with us lives through the year, in France has died outright during the recess; and even the press, though striking hard with flint and steel, can scarcely extricate a spark. M. Thiers has turned his back upon politics altogether, most fortunately, for this will procure the world an able, if not an impartial history, of the Consulate and Empire. M. Barrot is overcome with domestic affliction, occasioned by the loss of an only child. M. Manguin has gone to Spain, to study the meaning of the word *pronunciamento*. M. Ledru Rollin has not gone to Ireland, and has ceased to make a noise at home. M. Lamartine alone makes his voice heard, like that of a pelican in the wilderness, exclaiming of the wants of the people to be represented, and against the sycophancy of those who salute and flatter princes.

You may imagine, in the dearth of political topics or excitement, to what straits the Parisian press has been put. For want of better, it has started the question of the fortifications of Paris, and denounced them once more as dangerous to the public liberties, and the security of the capital. The Legitimists support this view, looking, as they do, towards the overthrow of the present dynasty by a Parisian *emeute*, which the fortifications do, indeed, render impossible. The journals of the war party, however, still support the necessity of the fortifications, as the only means of national protection, should the attempt to extend the French empire to the Rhine fail, or produce a reaction and an invasion. Moreover, they object to joining in any outcry which the Legitimists were foremost to set up. Hereupon the Legitimists waxed angry, and declared that they were as liberal, as democratic, and as warlike as the Republicans.—that they came in in 1814 by the bayonets of foreigners, but that they would have much preferred doing without them, and that to prove this they are now ready to join the men of the revolution in an outbreak upon Europe.

Such was the state of the controversy, when Mr. O'Connell's speech at the Repeal Association *de rebus Gallicis*, fell last Monday like a petard amongst the Parisians. Mr. O'Connell has been, till very lately, the pet of all parties in France. The ultra-Catholics upheld him as a restorer of religion, the ultra-Liberals as a successful agitator, the *juste milieu*, as one who kept his resistance and agitation within legal bounds. His answer to M. Ledru Rollin was considered as full of tact, and as a gentle mystification of the French Republicans. But Mr. O'Connell's speech on the 28th proves him to be the creature of impulse, not policy; influ-

enced by resentment, not craft. He has consequently fallen considerably in the estimation of the Parisians, who hoped to see in him a King of Ireland. But instead of effecting any thing kingly, Mr. O'Connell declares himself a Loyalist and a Legitimist, and a High Churchman, and would not only restore Henry the Fifth, but would also place the French system of Public Instruction under ecclesiastical guidance, and thus re-Catholicize France by the power of centralization. To do this, or help to do this, by means of an Irish brigade, would, however, be far from liberal. Even the Legitimists were much embarrassed by the offer of the said brigade; for the Duke of Bordeaux has solemnly promised rather to remain an exile than obtain his restoration by foreign troops or foreign aid. The days of Swiss guards and Irish brigades are over.

The Duke of Bordeaux is at Potsdam at present, where he was received at the Court of Chamberd. It is known that, a year or two back, the Emperor of Russia was willing to give his daughter in marriage to the Duke, but, from the impertinent pretensions of the old courtiers about him, the marriage failed, and the Emperor of Russia was highly offended. Since that time the Duc de Bordeaux has completely flung off the influence of the old courtiers of his uncle and aunt. He was desirous of a reconciliation with the Czar, and hoped to meet him at Berlin, but Nicholas went off to Warsaw and his grand reviews, in order to avoid the French pretender.

The Court of Berlin is full of courtesy for that in the Tuileries; and Russia, though affecting to be on distant terms with France, and to quarrel on points of diplomatic etiquette, still does not let pass any opportunity of endeavoring to estrange the French Court and Cabinets from England. The events in Greece have rendered M. Kisselef, the Russian Envoy in Paris, extremely active. The Russians represent the late insurrection at Athens as the work of Sir Edmund Lyons. Diplomats will never admit an insurrection to be the natural result of popular discontent. The Russians say that Sir E. Lyons was jealous of Coletti's return, anxious to prevent it, and that he spared no pains to effect his purpose. The French are but too prone to listen to these calumnies; but M. Guizot, although personally interested in the success of M. Piscatory and the Ministry of Coletti, is still not the man to allow himself to be duped into even a coolness with England for supremacy on Greece. He has obtained the upper hand of England in Spain for a short time, and at no small cost, but he must be fully convinced that the triumphs, diplomatic or otherwise, of England over France, or of France over England, must, in the present state of the world, be nothing but an equal loss to both countries.

ELECTRO-MAGNET.—A letter from Frankfort states that M. Wagner, who for many months past has been making experiments in electro-magnetism, has succeeded in moving with this agent the extraordinary weight of 70 quintals, (about three-quarters of a ton.)—*Court Journal*.

THE HISTORY OF EGYPT UNDER THE ROMANS.

From the Examiner.

The History of Egypt under the Romans, by Samuel Sharpe. Moxon.

THE battle of Actium dates some twenty-nine years before the birth of Christ, and it was in the six hundred and fortieth year of the Christian era that haughty Amrou son of Asi, wrote word to his Caliph Omar that he had taken a city which passed all description, in which he found four thousand palaces, four thousand baths, forty thousand Jews paying tribute, four hundred theatres, and twelve thousand sellers of herbs. He meant Alexandria.

The period of Mr. Sharpe's history, then, includes six hundred and seventy years: memorable years, for account of which before we received his excellent volume, Gibbon, Lardner, and Mosheim, were our only accessible authorities. The book is a great advance on Mr. Sharpe's former researches in connexion with his favorite study, learned as these were. For not the learning only have we here; but the feeling and life of the subject. Within the province of history is rightly brought whatsoever can vivify its scenes, reanimate its actors. The style is not ambitious, but has a certain measured dignity which we find appropriate—a happy mean to have kept, within sound of the sonorous march of Gibbon. And having undergone the labor of original research, with materials in reach for a book of any conceivable size, Mr. Sharpe has been wise enough to write a small book, of little more than two hundred and fifty pages.

Of the influence of the scenes it records, on habits, feelings, and opinions, which have been the main-spring of modern civilization, this is hardly the place to speak. Soon it fixes the thoughtful reader's attention. The opening picture has in itself the germ of much. Octavian—we beg his pardon—AUGUSTUS enters the conquered Alexandria on foot, leaning on the arm of the philosopher Arius, and, with the sounding pretence of a lover of learning as well as mercy, gives out to the motley crowd assembled—small swarthy dark Egyptians, lively volatile Greeks, depressed Hebrews, and sour, discontented Romans—that he had spared the place to the prayers of his philosophic friend. To that picture, with Conquest and Philosophy in the front—the field won and the cultivator ready, a background silently rises. ROME had here at

last gathered into one fold the greater proportion of the before scattered tribes and nations; from the Euphrates to the Atlantic, from the shores of Britain and the borders of the German forests to the sands of the African deserts, the bonds of a common and apparently well settled system now held together the inhabitants of the world; nay more, between these widely separated regions a free and common intercourse had been recently established by public pathways opened for the conquering legions;* when suddenly appeared the first RELIGION that had ever aimed at a conquest as great and universal, which did not proclaim itself the religion of a nation or a tribe, but invited all who lived to come within its ample shelter, as the universal family and brotherhood of MAN. The Poor had the tidings first, but in good time they reached the Philosopher: and then, upon Christianity, rose the Church.

No one in the least acquainted with this great subject fails to perceive the effect, to this day, of the Alexandrian Schools of New Platonism on the character of our religious establishment. They date at the commencement of the second century, but through all the prior struggles of the faith, Alexandrians had played an important part. Mr. Sharpe rightly thinks they have hardly had justice done them by the moderns, either in regard to the improvement they wrought in Paganism, or to the share they have had in forming the present opinions of the world. He refers to what their copiers and libraries did for us in preservation of the great Greek writers, and of our earliest manuscripts of the Bible—"while," he adds, "whatever help we have received from grammarians and critics, whatever in history we have gained from chronology, in poetry from prosody, in geography from mathematics, and in medicine from anatomy, was first taught by the Alexandrians."

The glib remark, so often repeated since its incautious use by a great writer, which would associate the rise of the Christian belief with the decline of all literature, is

* Two centuries later the poet Claudian alluded to these facilities of intercourse, then settled on a firmer basis by the prevalence of peace. Mr. Lewis refers to the passage in his excellent *Treatise on Dependencies*. By the grace of modern science, it is no longer a flight of poetry.

Hujus pacificis debemus moribus omnes
Quod veluti patriis regionibus utitur hospes;
Quod sedem mutare licet; quod cernere Thulen
Lusus, et horrendos quondam penetrare recessus;
Quod bibimus passim Rhodanum, potamus Orontem;
Quod gens una sumus.

certainly, independent of these special considerations offered by Mr. Sharpe, not founded in the fact. Christianity was as yet without influence when the old classic literature, sinking continuously through the interval between Augustus and the Antonines, dropped at last into irretrievable decay. Not the new Faith, but the civil distractions of the Empire, the increased license of the soldiery, the frequent inroads of the barbarians, and above all, the progress of internal despotism, had given check to lofty aspirations of genius as well as the quiet pursuits of learning. It was an age of iron that preceded what was called the golden age of Trajan and the Antonines. The nervous hand of Gibbon has marked with eternal reprobation the vices of the successors of Augustus—the dark unrelenting Tiberius, the furious Caligula, the feeble Claudius, the profligate and cruel Nero, the beastly Vitellius, and the timid, inhuman Domitian. That we should make farther inquiry as to the degradation of a people whom such men ruled, is not incumbent upon us! In the midst of the degradation, Trajan and the Antonines were an accident: permanently affecting nothing. And so—uninfluenced alike in its decline before the last-named Emperors, or in its rapid and most precipitate fall between Marcus and Diocletian—the old Literature went, to the last not ill-attended, to her tomb. For out of even the vices of these later Emperors had sprung the splendid genius of JUVENAL; the progress of science and the increased knowledge of man, which we cannot deny to Rome's latter years, had asserted themselves in the composition of the immortal history of TACITUS; the statesmanlike muse of LUCAN, the wise wit of LUCIAN, had sung requiem to a declining history and a disappearing faith; the receding forms of Greek and Roman civilization had been struck into eternal life by the hand of PLUTARCH; while EPICETUS, SENECA, and the two PLINYs, had honorably associated the last efforts of their art, with science, philosophy, and virtue. That famous Literature could not have been better waited on to her grave than by such writers as these, her honored children. It was not within the power of Christianity to have hastened or retarded the end. The Christians were as yet composed of the middle and lower classes only.

Prominent among the Greek Jews of Alexandria, to whom Mr. Sharpe supposes we are indebted for preservation of the Old Testament, were a little colony who occu-

pied a hill near the shores of the lake Maria, and who seem to have left us one of the earliest known examples of a monastic system. Mr. Sharpe here uses almost the exact words of the historian Philo, to whom we owe this beautiful picture of the contemplative life.

"They had left, says the historian Philo, their worldly wealth to their families or friends; they had forsaken wives, children, brethren, parents, and the society of men, to bury themselves in solitude, and pass their lives in the contemplation of the divine essence. Seized by this heavenly love, they were eager to enter upon the next world as though they were already dead to this. Each man or woman lived alone in his cell or monastery, caring neither for food nor for raiment, but having his thoughts wholly turned to the Law and the Prophets, or to sacred hymns of their own composing. They had God always in their thoughts, and even the broken sentences which they uttered in their dreams were treasures of religious wisdom.—They prayed each morning at sunrise, and then spent the day in turning over the sacred volumes, and the commentaries which explained the allegories or pointed out a secondary meaning as hidden beneath the surface of even the historical books of the Old Testament. At sunset they again prayed, and then tasted their first and only meal. Self-denial indeed was the foundation of all their virtues. Some made only three meals in the week, that their meditations might be more free; while others even attempted to prolong their fast to the sixth day. During six days of the week they saw nobody, not even one another. On the seventh they met together in synagogue. Here they sat, each according to his age; the women separated from the men. Each wore a plain modest robe, which covered the arms and hands, and they sat in silence while one of the elders preached. As they studied the mystic powers of numbers, they thought the number seven was a holy number, and that seven times seven made a great week, and hence they kept the fiftieth day as a solemn festival. On that day they dined together, the men lying on one side and the women on the other. The rushy papyrus formed the couches; bread was their only meat, water their drink, salt the seasoning, and cresses the only delicacy. They had no slaves, since all men were born equal. Nobody spoke unless it were to propose a question out of the Old Testament, or to answer the question of another. The feast ended with a hymn to the praise of God, which they sang, sometimes in full chorus, and sometimes in alternate verses."

In good lively contrast to which, Dion Chrysostom supplies the historian with this not very favorable but very graphic portrait of the popular characteristics of his Alexandrian countrymen:

"With their wealth, they had all those vices which usually follow or cause the loss of national independence. They seemed eager after nothing but food and horse-races, those never-fail-

ing bribes for which the idle of every country will sell all that a man should hold most dear. They were cool and quiet at their sacrifices and grave in business, but in the theatre or in the stadium, men, women, and children were alike heated into passion, and overcome with eagerness and warmth of feeling. They cared more for the tumble of a favorite charioteer than for the sinking state of the nation. A scurrilous song or a horse-race would so rouse them into a quarrel that they could not hear for their own noise, nor see for the dust raised by their own bustle in the hippodrome; while all those acts of their rulers which, in a more wholesome state of society, would have called for notice, passed by unheeded. In the army they made but second rate soldiers, while as singing boys at the supper tables of the wealthy Romans they were much sought after, and all the world acknowledged that there were no fighting-cocks equal to those reared by the Alexandrians."

Here in some sort we find explanation of the palaces, baths, theatres, and sellers of herbs, which crowded themselves by thousands into the Oriental brain of Amrou. Hadrian, Athenæus, and many others might also have been quoted, for curious additions to the picture.

The general wisdom of the Roman polity and laws is admitted on every hand: Greece has not done more for Thought than her hardy conqueror for Government. Nor was ever this capacity for affairs more signally shown than in her management of subject provinces: we see here that even the Emperor whom savage passions obscured and blinded in Rome, could yet keep sagacious outlook upon Egypt. A perfect sycophancy never stood him in stead for something better: if he could not keep his province quiet he was brought away on the instant, and punished for his want of success. Here is the case of poor Flaccus, whose zealous determination to have Caligula's statue worshipped by the Jews, had been the cause of sudden riots in Alexandria. No mercy on that account for Flaccus!

"To have found it necessary to call out the troops was of course a fault in a governor; but doubly so at a time and in a province where a successful general might so easily become a formidable rebel. Accordingly a centurion, with a trusty cohort of soldiers, was sent from Rome for the recall of the prefect. On approaching the coast of Egypt, they kept the vessel in deep water till sunset, and then entered the harbor of Alexandria in the dark. The centurion on landing met with a freedman of the emperor, from whom he learned that the prefect was then at supper, entertaining a large company of friends. The freedman led the cohort quietly into the palace, into the very room where Flaccus was sitting at table; and the first tidings that he heard

of his government being disapproved of in Rome was his finding himself a prisoner in his own palace. The friends stood motionless with surprise, the centurion produced the emperor's order for what he was doing, and as no resistance was attempted, all passed off quietly; Flaccus was hurried on board the vessel on the same evening, and immediately taken to Rome.

"It so happened that on the night that Flaccus was seized, the Jews had met together to celebrate their autumnal feast, the feast of the Tabernacles; not as on former years with joy and pomp, but in fear, in grief, and in prayer. Their chief men were in prison, their nation smarting under its wrongs and in daily fear of fresh cruelties; and it was not without alarm that they heard the noise of soldiers moving to and fro through the city, and of the guards marching by torch-light from the camp to the palace. But their fear was soon turned into joy when they heard that Flaccus, the author of all their wrongs, was already a prisoner on board the vessel in the harbor; and they gave glory to God, not, says Philo, that their enemy was going to be punished, but because their own own sufferings were at an end."

We close with some general illustrations of the tone and style of Mr. Sharpe's admirable volume.

EXHAUSTLESS WEALTH.

"The economist will perhaps ask from what source the oppressed Egyptians drew the wealth and where they found the encouragement necessary to finish these gigantic undertakings, which were begun in times of greater prosperity; but the only answer which we can give is, that the chief encouragement at all times to any great work is a strong sense of religious duty, and the only fund of wealth upon which men can draw for their generosity, or nations for their public works, is to be found in self-denial."

GOOD GOVERNMENT.

"We should almost think that the seasons were more favorable to the husbandman during the reigns of these good emperors, did we not set it down to the canals being better cleansed by the care of the prefect, and to the mildness of the government leaving the people at liberty to enjoy the bounties of nature, and at the same time making them more grateful in acknowledging them."

CHRISTIANITY AND PAGANISM.

"When the crier, standing on the steps of the portico, in front of the great temples of Alexandria, called upon the pagans to come near and join in the celebration of their mysteries, he cried out; 'All ye who are clean of hands and pure of heart, all ye who are guiltless in thought and deed, come to the sacrifice.' But many a repentant sinner and humble spirit must have drawn back in distrust from a summons which to him was so forbidding, and been glad to hear the good tidings of God's mercy offered by Christianity to those who labor and are heavy laden, and to the broken-hearted who would turn away from their wickedness. While such were the

chief followers of the gospel, it was not likely to be much noticed by the historians; and we must wait till it forced its way into the schools and the palace before we shall find many traces of the rapidity with which it spread."

HINT TO HISTORIANS.

"The historian in his labors should never lose sight of the coins. They teach us by their workmanship the state of the arts, and by their weight, number, and purity of metal the wealth of the country. They also teach dates, titles, and the places where they were struck; and even in those cases where they seem to add little to what we learn from other sources, they are still the living witnesses to which we appeal, to prove the truth of the authors who have told us more."

A GREAT WORLD-GOVERNOR—PAPYRUS.

"It was grown in the pools of stagnant water which were left after the overflow of the Nile. Its thick knotted roots were used as wood, both for making fires and for furniture, and its graceful feathery head was often entwined round the statues of the gods as a garland. Wicker-work boats were woven out of its stalk, while of the bark were made sails, cordage and cloth. It was chewed as food, both raw and cooked, though the juice only was swallowed. Paper was made of it by splitting it into sheets as thin as possible. The best kind had been called Hieratic paper, because it was used for the sacred books; but in the time of Augustus two better kinds were made, which were named Augustan and Livian, after himself and his wife. A fourth and fifth of worse quality were called Fannian, from the name of a clever Roman maker, and Amphitheatric, from the name of the street in Rome where it was sold. A sixth kind was called Saitic, from the city Sais, near which it grew in greater quantity, but of a still worse quality. A seventh, called Leneotic, was nearer the bark, and so much worse as to be sold by weight. The eighth and the last kind was the Emporetic, which was not good enough to write on, and was used in the shop to wrap up parcels. The first two were thirteen inches wide, the Hieratic eleven, the Fannian ten, the Amphitheatric nine, while the Emporetic was not more than six inches wide. After a time the best kinds were found too thin for books, as the writing on one side often made a blot through to the other; and so in the reign of Claudius Cæsar a new kind was made, called Claudian, of two sheets thick, in which the fibres of one crossed those of the other."

EMPEROR JULIAN—LOVER OF LEARNING.

"George had employed his wealth in getting together a large library, rich in historians, rhetoricians, and philosophers of all sects; and on the murder of the bishop, Julian wrote letter after letter to Alexandria, to beg the prefect and his friend Porphyrius to save these books, and send them to him in Cappadocia. He promised freedom to the librarian if he gave them up, and torture if he hid them; and further begged that no books in favor of Christianity should be destroyed, lest other and better books should be lost with them."

CALIPH OMAR—LOVER OF KORAN.

"The Arabic historian tells us that when Alexandria was conquered by Amrou he set his seal upon the library, together with the other public property of the city. But John Philiponus begged that the books might be spared, as being of no use to the conquerors; and Amrou would have granted the request at once if he had not thought it necessary to ask leave of the caliph. He therefore wrote to Omar for orders, who answered him that, if the books were the same as the Koran, they were useless, and if not the same they were worse than useless, and that in either case they were to be burnt. Amrou obeyed this order, and sent the books, most of which were of papyrus, to the public baths of Alexandria, and the Arabic historian, in the poetic style of his nation, says that the baths were heated by them for the space of six months."

SESTRI.

BY THE HON. JULIA AUGUSTA MAYNARD.

From Ainsworth's Magazine.

THERE stands a rugged promontory o'er
Fair Sestri, and its most enchanting shore,
Cover'd with cypresses of richest dyes,
With spiral verdure pointing to the skies!
While flow'rs full prodigal of sweets, exhale
Their scents delicious to the mellow gale.
The ripe—ripe fig, and luscious flowing grape,
Luxuriant grow, and fruits of every shape
And varied color, from the rarest gem
That decks Autumn's golden diadem,
To the wild strawberry, whose tassel red
Droops in the woodlands on its leafy bed.
And distant hills the silvery olives stud,
Where herds recumbent chew the tranquil cud.
In such displays of overteeming store,
What can we dream of, think, or covet more?
Imagination is at loss to guess
What else desire could wish of plenteousness.
And yet, alas! there are in scenes like these
A blasting crowd of human agonies!
And can we deem it so? Alas! we find
Within the Soul alone is bliss enshrined;
And nature's gayety to grief can be,
In its sad thought, but bitter mockery!
The balmy breeze, with its all-perfumed breath,
Wafts also on its wings the sighs of death:
And mark ye, on yon bed of roses placed,
The dying butterfly that oft has graced
Th' aerial regions with its splendid hue,
As o'er the modest flow'r it stray'd to sue;
And now, amid death's agonizing stings,
Suffers it less because its glorious wings
Are brighter than the brightest tints that deck
The glossy peacock's most majestic neck?
Ah, no! and thus it is that fairest skies,
And richest landscapes, that delight the eyes,
Can give small comfort to the sull'ring soul,
Which spurns the feeble aid of such control.
Within the spirit only can arise
The depths of wo, or joys of Paradise:
And when from this too treacherous earth we fly—
When reason totters on infinity,
Oh! then it is, the new-awaken'd sight
Views in Religion its eternal light!

LOUIS BLANC'S HISTORY OF TEN YEARS.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

L'Histoire de Dix Ans, 1830-1840. Par M. Louis Blanc. Tomes I., II., III. Paris. 1843.

THIS is a remarkable work. So strong is the sensation it has created in Germany, as well as in France, that we must introduce it to the notice of our readers, in spite of its incomplete state. Three volumes of the promised five have already appeared. Three editions were demanded of the first volume before the second was published, although the publication takes place by weekly *livraisons*. The second and third volumes have already had two large editions, the demand increasing.

And this success is explained by the talent of the author no less than by the absorbing interest of the theme. The ten years, 1830-1840, were troubled, stirring, and important times to every European nation: to none so much as France. The revolution of July—those Glorious Three Days; the revolutions of Poland and Belgium; the siege of Antwerp; the insurrections at Lyons and Grenoble, with the countless conspiracies and insurrections at Paris; the cholera morbus, with its eighteen thousand victims in Paris alone; the Duchesse de Berri and La Chouanerie; the taking of Algiers; five attempts at regicide; St. Simonism; Republicanism, and innumerable other 'isms': these are brilliant subjects, brilliantly treated by M. Louis Blanc. 'L'Histoire de Dix Ans' is one of those works so often libelled by being called 'as interesting as a novel': were novels a tithe as interesting, they would be what they pretend. It has all that we require in a novel, and much more. It is a narrative of events real, striking, absorbing: the subjects of immense interest to all readers, and the style unusually excellent. As a narrative we know of few to compare with it, even in French History. Eloquent, earnest, rapid, brief, yet full of detail; it has the vividness of Carlyle or Michelet, without transgressing the rules of classic taste. The style, though not free from an occasional inelegance, is remarkable for concinnity and picturesqueness, alternating between rhetoric and epigram. The spirit of the work is avowedly republican. The author never disguises his sympathies or convictions; yet at the same time is fully alive to all the errors of his party, and reveals the true causes of their ill success. Impartial he is not; no man with strong convictions can be so. You cannot hold

one idea to be sacred, and regard its opponents as priests; you cannot believe one course of policy tyrannous and destructive, yet look upon its ministers as enlightened patriots. All that impartiality can do is to make allowance for difference of opinion, and not deny the sincerity of an opponent: to anathematize the doctrine, not the man. M. Louis Blanc is, in this sense, tolerably impartial.

'L'Histoire de dix Ans' is not conspicuous for any profound views; its philosophy is often but philosophic rhetoric. But it is not without excellent *aperçus*, and acute penetration of motives. There is a great deal of the Journalist visible in the work. M. Blanc is a young man still, edits '*La Revue du Progrès*,' and is more familiar with Journalism than with social science. His work manifests both the advantages and disadvantages of such a condition. If the Journalist is incapable of that calm review of things, and those laborious generalizations, which the social philosopher elaborates from his abstract point of view; yet is he the more conversant with the concrete special instances, more familiar with the motives and passions of political parties, more ready to understand every *coup d'état*. M. Blanc shows a thorough penetration into the spirit of each party, and sees the germs of strength or of disease. He has lived amongst conspirators; dined with legitimatists, been familiar with Bonapartists. Above all, he understands the national spirit: its reckless daring, *insouciance*, gaiety, love of excitement, of military glory, idolatry of symbols, and facility of being led away by a sonorous word, or pompous formula. One of the people himself, he rightly understands the people's nature. We may illustrate this power of penetration by the citation of two of the numerous epigrams with which his book abounds. Speaking of the incompetence of the Legitimists to shake the Orleans dynasty he says: '*Les Révolutions se font avec des haines fortes et de violents désirs: les légitimistes n'avaient guère que des haines.*'* The second is really a profound *mot*: of the Buonapartist party he says: '*il avait un drapeau plutôt qu'un principe. C'était là l'invincible cause de son impuissance.*'†

An excellence not to be overlooked in his book is the portraiture of remarkable

* Revolutions are effected by means of strong hatreds and violent desires: the legitimatists had scarcely any thing but hatreds.

† It had a Banner rather than a Principle. Therein lay the invincible cause of its impotence.

men. Louis Philippe, Lafayette, Lafitte, Casimir Périer, Guizot, Thiers, Odillon Barrot, Manguin, Armand Carrel, and Dupont (de l'Eure,) with many others, are brought out in strong relief. But M. Louis Blanc describes a character mostly by epigrams. This has the advantage of effect, and of producing a lasting impression; with the disadvantage of all epigrams, in sacrificing a portion of the truth to effect. Nothing can be happier than the way he hits off the restlessness of Thiers: 'plus d'inquiétude que d'activité, plus de turbulence que d'audace.' But it is surely too much to talk of Metternich as 'un homme d'état sans initiative et sans portée.'

The portrait of Lafayette may be quoted as a fair specimen of the author's judgment of men.

"As to M. de Lafayette, at that time he could have done every thing and he decided on nothing. His virtue was brilliant yet fatal. In creating for him an influence superior to his capacity, it only served to annul in his hands a power, which, in stronger hands, would have altered the destinies of France. Nevertheless Lafayette had many qualities essential to a commander. His language as well as his manners presented a rare mixture of *finesse* and *bonhomie*, of grace and austerity, of dignity with haughtiness, and of familiarity without coarseness. To the one class he would always have remained a grand seigneur, although mixed up with the mob; to the others he was born one of the people, in spite of his illustrious origin. Happy privilege of preserving all the advantages of high birth, and of making them be pardoned! Add moreover that M. de Lafayette possessed at the same time the penetration of a skeptical and the warmth of a believing soul; that is to say, the double power of fascinating and containing his audience. In the *carbonari* meetings he spoke with fiery energy. At *la chambre* he was a witty and charming orator. What then did he want? Genius—and more than that, will. M. de Lafayette willed nothing hardily, because, unable to direct events, he would have been pained at seeing them directed by another. In this sense he was afraid of every one, but more than all of himself. Power enchanted, but frightened him; he would have braved its perils, but he dreaded its embarrassments. Full of courage, he was entirely deficient in audacity. Capable of nobly suffering violence, he was incapable of employing it with profit. The only head that he could have delivered to the executioner, without trembling, was his own.

"As long as he had to preside over a provisional government, he was competent, he was enchanted. Surrounded by a little court, at the Hôtel de Ville, he enjoyed the boisterous veneration which was paid to his age and celebrity, enjoyed it with an almost infantile naïveté. In that cabinet, where they governed by signatures, there was considerable fuss about very little action. This was a situation admirably

adapted to small intellects, because amidst those sterile agitations, they deluded themselves respecting the terror which they felt for all decisive acts."

M. Louis Blanc, in several cases, shows the fatal effects to the republican party of Lafayette's want of audacity. It is certain that this quality, which served Danton instead of genius, is indispensable in revolutions: as M. Blanc admirably says: 'In times of struggle, audacity is prudence; for in a revolution confidence has all the advantages of chance.'

'L'Histoire de Dix Ans' opens with a preliminary sketch of the state of parties from the return of the Bourbons and banishment of Napoleon to Elba, down to the commencement of the revolution of 1830. This is one of the best portions of the book. The author vividly shows how completely the Restoration was the work of the *bourgeoisie*. Napoleon fell because he wished to make France military, and the tendencies of the nation at large were commercial. Rome and Carthage have been and will ever be too adverse in principle to be united; one or the other must succumb. Napoleon did not see this, and he fell. M. Louis Blanc takes great pains to exhibit the cruel egotism of the *bourgeoisie* throughout the calamities which have befallen France. He points with withering sneers to every testimony of it, without seeing that egotism is the vice of the middle classes. They are exclusively bent upon the *bien être*—the 'main chance.' They have neither the refinement and the large ambition of the upper classes, nor the heroism and poetry of the lower. Their object in life is not to enjoy, but to collect the means of enjoyment. They are bent only on making fortunes. The rich think more of spending their money; the poor have no hope of fortune. Heroism, and its nurse ambition; self-sacrifice, generosity, and humanity; these are virtues of the higher and lower classes. Of the higher, because men need outlets for their activity, and because ambition is a stimulant powerful as the 'main chance' of the bourgeois; of the lower, because want feels for want, misery for misery, and generosity is the constant virtue of those who need it in return. With this conviction that egotism is the bourgeois vice, it is somewhat discouraging to trace the rapid increasing development which that class is taking in European history. It impresses us the more strongly with the necessity for doing all to counteract the narrow-minded utilitarianism, which is usurping such a throne

in men's souls; and endeavor to make people fully understand Göthe's profound saying: 'That the beautiful needs every encouragement, for all need it and few produce it; the useful encourages itself.'

Having brought his preliminary sketch down to the opening of the revolution of July, M. Louis Blanc then commences his history of the ten years, 1830-1840. The first volume is devoted to a spirited and detailed narrative of the 'Glorious Three Days,' with the unparalleled examples of mob heroism, and touching episodes of civil war. The second and third volumes continue the history down to the siege of Antwerp. The accounts given of the St. Simonians, of the cholera morbus, of the various insurrections and abortive conspiracies, of carbonarism, and of foreign policy, will be read with universal interest. M. Louis Blanc has not only preceding histories, pamphlets, and newspapers, from which to gain his information; it is apparent throughout that he has had access to unpublished documents, and to the communications of various living actors in the scenes described. Some of these obligations he names; others he leaves the reader to infer. Nevertheless the grave student of history will often demur. He will see conversations reported at length which it is highly improbable, if not impossible, should ever have been authenticated; he will see motives purely inferential ascribed as unquestionable; he will see accounts of ministerial intrigues and royal falsehoods, reported as if the author had been present all the while. Moreover M. Louis Blanc is a young man; he is a journalist; he is a partisan; yet the knowledge he displays, or assumes, implies not only greater age and experience than he can possess, but also astounding universality of personal relations with opposite parties. We mention this as a caution to the reader. We by no means accuse M. Blanc of falsehood, or of misrepresentation; but when we find him reporting at length important conversations held between two people, neither of whom he could possibly have known—neither of whom would for their own sakes have repeated these conversations—when we find this, we confess our critical suspicions are aroused, and we ask, how came these things known? We must again declare that M. Louis Blanc appears to us a perfectly earnest, honest man, and incapable, we believe, of *inventing* these things. But whence did he get them? Why are not distinct references given? Why are not authorities sifted? These are ques-

tions every one is justified in asking. No man can read history with confidence who has not such authenticity before his eyes as prevents the suspicion of hasty statement or party misrepresentation.

Let us observe, however, that the suspicion of M. Blanc's accuracy refers only to minor and individual points. There is no error possible respecting the staple of this history, except such as may result from party views. The facts are known to all. The debates are registered. The actors are mostly living, and the friends of the deceased survive. It is the history of our own times; the youngest of us remember its events. Error therefore on the great events is barely possible; and it is only these that have a lasting interest for men.

It is difficult to select passages from a history of sufficient interest by themselves for quotation. The episodes are too long for extract, and any particular event would demand too much preliminary explanation. We shall condense, therefore, the episode of the death of the Prince de Condé as much as possible. The suspicions which attach themselves to persons high in the state, owing to the unfortunate transactions which preceded and succeeded the event; and, indeed, the mysteriousness of the whole incident; give this episode a strong and special interest.

Our readers will probably recollect the name of La Baronne de Feuchères, which recently went the round of the papers. This celebrated woman died, and left an immense heritage to be disputed, and an infamous reputation to be commented on. She was by birth an Englishwoman, one Sophy Dawes: she appeared at Covent Garden Theatre, which she quitted to become the mistress of an opulent foreigner, with whom she lived at Turnham Green. La Baron de Feuchères subsequently married her, and his name served for some time to cover the scandal of her adulterous amours with the Duc de Bourbon, last of the Condés. Her power over the duke was omnipotent. He loved and dreaded her. Gifted with rare beauty and grace, fascinating and imperious, tender and haughty by turns, she had considerable cleverness and no principle. The duke had settled on her the domains of St. Leu and Boissy, and about a million of francs (£4000) in money. She desired more, and was presented with the revenue of the forest D'Enghien. But a secret uneasiness followed her: she dreaded lest the prince's heirs might provoke an action, and she lose all that she had so dexterously gained. She conceived

the bold plan of making the duke adopt the Duc d'Aumale, son of Louis Philippe, as his heir. The proof of this is in the following letter from the Duchess of Orleans to the Baroness de Feuchères.

"I am very much touched, madame, by your solicitude in endeavoring to bring about this result, which you regard as fulfilling the desires of M. Le duc de Bourbon; and be assured that if I have the happiness of seeing my son become his adopted child, you will find in us at all times and in all circumstances, both for you and yours, that protection which you demand, and of which a mother's gratitude will be your guarantee."

It must have cost the pious rigid duchess some pangs thus to associate her maternal hopes with such very equivocal advocacy. The Duc d'Orleans, on the second of May, 1829, learned from Madame de Feuchères that she had in an urgent and passionate letter proposed to her lover to adopt the Duc d'Aumale; on this information he addressed himself directly to the Duc de Bourbon. He gave him to understand how sensible he was of the kind solicitude of Madame de Feuchères, and how proud he should be to see one of his sons bearing the glorious name of Condé. At this unexpected blow the Duc de Bourbon was overwhelmed with anxiety. He had never liked the Duc d'Orleans. He had stood godfather to the Duc d'Aumale, but never thought of him as his heir. Yet how could he without insult now refuse that which they assumed him to be so anxious to bestow? Above all, how resist the violence and the caresses of Madame de Feuchères? Harassed and terrified, the Duc de Bourbon consented to an interview with the Duc d'Orleans. Nothing positive was concluded, but the Duc d'Orleans believed his hopes so well founded, that he ordered M. Dupin to propose a will in favor of the Duc d'Aumale.

The baroness became more and more urgent. The prince allowed his anger to escape in bitter reproaches. He had had no rest since this fatal plan had been proposed to him; he could not sleep at night. Violent quarrels embittered the day. More than once indiscreet confidences betrayed the agitation of his mind. 'My death is all they have in view,' he exclaimed one day in a fit of despair. Another time he so far forgot himself as to tell M. Surval, 'Once let them obtain what they desire, and my days are numbered.' At last, in a desperate attempt to escape from Madame de Feuchères, he invoked the generosity of the Duc d'Orleans himself. 'The affair which now occupies us,' he wrote on the 20th of

August, 1829, 'commenced unknown to me, and somewhat lightly by Madame de Feuchères, is infinitely painful to me as you may have observed;' and he entreated the duc to interfere and cause Madame to relinquish her projects, promising at the same time a certain public testimony of his affection for the Duc d'Aumale. The Duc d'Orleans went to Madame, and in presence of a witness whom he had taken care to have called, he begged her to discontinue her project. She was inflexible. So that without at all compromising the prospect of his son, the Duc d'Orleans had all the credit of an honorable and disinterested attempt.

This situation was too violent not to explode in some terrible manner. On the 29th of August, 1829, the Duc de Bourbon was at Paris; and in the billiard-room of the palace, M. de Surval, who was in the passage, heard loud cries for help; he rushed in and beheld the prince in a frightful passion. 'Only see in what a passion monseigneur puts himself,' said Madame de Feuchères, 'and without cause! Try to calm him.' 'Yes, Madame,' exclaimed the prince, 'it is horrible, atrocious, thus to place a knife to my throat, in order to make me consent to a deed you know I have so much repugnance for;' and seizing her hand, he added with a significant gesture: 'well then, plunge the knife here at once—plunge it.' The next day the prince signed the deed which made the Duc d'Aumale his heir, and assured the baroness a legacy of ten millions of francs (£40,000).

The revolution of July burst forth; the Duc d'Orleans became Louis Philippe. The Prince de Condé grew more and more melancholy; his manners to Madame de Feuchères were altered; her name pronounced before him sometimes darkened his countenance; his tenderness for her, though always prodigal and anticipating her smallest wishes, yet seemed mixed with terror. He made M. de Chourlot, and Manoury his valet, the confidants of a project of a long voyage: of which the strictest secrecy was to be preserved, especially with regard to la baronne: at the same time dark rumors circulated about the chateau. On the morning of the 11th of August they found the prince with his eye bleeding. He hastened to explain it to Manoury, as having been caused by the table. Manoury replied that that was scarcely possible: the table was not high enough: the prince was silent, embarrassed. 'I am not a good storyteller,' said he, shortly after, 'I said that I hurt my-

self while sleeping: the fact is, that in opening the door, I fell down and struck my temple against the corner.' It is worthy of remark that the prince afterwards wished Manoury to sleep by the door of his bedchamber; and that Manoury having observed that this would look strange, and that it was more natural for Lecomte, his 'valet de chambre de service,' to do this, the prince replied, 'Oh, no, leave him alone.' Lecomte was introduced into the chateau by Madame de Feuchères.

The preparations for the voyage were nearly completed. For three days the prince had resumed his usual pleasures. After a gay dinner, at which M. de Cossé-Brissac was present, they played at whist. The prince played with the baroness, M. Lavillegontier, and M. de Prejean. The prince was gayer than ordinary; lost some money and abstained from paying it; saying, 'to-morrow.' He rose and crossed the room to proceed to his bedchamber; in passing he made a friendly gesture to his attendants, which seemed like an adieu. Was this one of those adieus in which the thought of approaching death shows itself? Or was it the indication of his project of voyage, of exile?]

He ordered that they should call him at eight o'clock next morning; and they left him for the night. It is necessary distinctly to understand the situation of the prince's chamber. It was joined by a small passage to a *salon d'attente*. This salon opened on the one side into a *cabinet de toilette*, touching the grand corridor; on the other it opened upon a back staircase, ending at the landing-place where were the apartments of Madame de Feuchères, and Madame de Flassans her niece. The back staircase led from this landing-place to the vestibule; and by a higher landing it communicated with a second corridor, in which were the chambers of l'abbé Briant, of Lachassine, the *femme de chambre* of the baroness, and of the Duprés, husband and wife, attached to her service. The room of the latter was immediately under that of the prince, so that they could hear when there was talking above their heads.

This night the *gardes-chasse* went their accustomed rounds. Lecomte had closed the door of the *cabinet de toilette* and taken away the key. Why was this precaution taken? The prince constantly left the door of his room unbolted. Madame de Flassans sat up till two in the morning, occupied with writing. No noise disturbed her. The Duprés heard nothing. All the night a profound calm reigned throughout the

château. At eight the next morning Lecomte knocked at the prince's door. It was bolted; the prince made no reply. Lecomte retired and returned afterwards with M. Bonnie: both knocked without receiving a reply. Alarmed, they descended to Madame de Feuchères. 'I will come at once,' said she; 'when he hears my voice he will answer.' Half-dressed she rushed from her room, and reaching that of the prince, knocked, and exclaimed, 'Open! open! monseigneur, it is I.' No answer. The alarm spread. Manoury, Leclerc, l'abbé Briant, Méry-Lafontaine, ran thither. The room was burst open. The shutters were shut, and the room dark. A single wax light was burning on the mantel-piece, but behind a screen which sent the light upwards towards the ceiling. By this feeble light the head of the prince was seen, close to the shutter of the north window. It seemed like a man steadfastly listening. The east window being opened by Manoury, shed light upon the horrible spectacle. The Duc de Bourbon was hanged, or rather hooked, on to the fastening of the window sash! Madame de Feuchères sank groaning and shuddering on a *fauteuil* in the *cabinet de toilette*, and the cry, 'Monseigneur is dead,' resounded throughout the château.

The duc was attached to the fastening by means of two handkerchiefs, passed one within the other. The one which pressed his neck was *not* tied with a slip-knot: moreover it did not press upon the trachial artery—it left the nape of the neck uncovered—and was found so loose, that several of the assistants passed their fingers between it and the neck. Circumstances suspicious. Further, the head dropped upon the breast, the face was pale; the tongue was not thrust out of the mouth, it only pushed up the lips; the hands were closed; the knees bent; and at their extremities, the feet touched the carpet. So that, in the acute sufferings which accompany the last efforts of life, the prince would only have had to stand upright upon his feet to have escaped death! This disposition of the body, together with the appearances which the body itself presented, powerfully combated the idea of suicide. Most of the assistants were surprised by them.

The authorities arrived; the state and disposition of the corpse were noted down; an inquest was held, in which it was concluded that the duc had strangled himself. Indeed, the room, bolted from within, seemed to render assassination impossible.

In spite of many contradictions, it was believed that the duc had committed suicide. Nevertheless, this belief became weaker and weaker. It was proved that the bolt was very easily moved backwards and forwards from outside. The age of the prince, his want of energy, his well-known religious sentiments, the horror he had always testified at death, his known opinion of suicide as cowardly, the serenity of his latter days, and his project of flight: these all tended to throw a doubt on his suicide. His watch was found upon the mantelpiece, wound up, as usual; and a handkerchief, with a knot in it; his custom when he wished to remind himself of any thing on the morrow. Besides, the body was not in a state of suspension. The valet de pîed, Romanzo, who had travelled in Turkey and Egypt, and his companion, Fife, an Irishman, had both seen many people hanged. They declared that the faces of the hanged were blackish, and not of a dull white; that their eyes were open and blood-shot; and the tongue lolling from the mouth. These signs were all contradicted by the appearance of the prince. When they detached the body, Romanzo undid the knot of the handkerchief fastened to the window-sash; and he succeeded only after the greatest difficulty; it was so cleverly made, and tightened with such force. Now, amongst the servants of the prince, no one was ignorant of his extreme *maladresse*. He could not even tie the strings of his shoes. He made, indeed, the bow of his cravat for himself, but never without his valet bringing both ends round in front of him. Moreover, he had received a sabre cut in the right hand, and had his left clavicle broken: so that he could not lift his left hand above his head, and he could only mount the stairs with the double assistance of his cane and the banisters.

Certain other suspicious circumstances began to be commented on. The slippers which the prince rarely used, were always at the foot of the chair in which he was undressed: was it by his hand that they were that night ranged at the foot of the bed? the ordinary place for slippers, but not for his. The prince could only get out of bed in turning, as it were, upon himself; and he was so accustomed to lean on the side of the bed in sleeping, that they were obliged to double the covering four times to prevent his falling out. How was it that they found the middle of the bed pressed down, and the sides on the contrary raised up? It was the custom of those

who made the bed, to push it to the bottom of the alcove; their custom had not been departed from on the 26th. Who then had moved the bed a foot and a half beyond its usual place? There were two wax-lights extinguished, but not consumed. By whom could they have been extinguished? By the prince? To make such complicated preparations for his own death, had he voluntarily placed himself in darkness?

Madame de Feuchères supported the idea of suicide. She pretended that the accident on the 11th of August, was but an abortive attempt. She trembled when they spoke of the duc's projects of voyage, and hearing Manoury talking freely of them, she interrupted him: "Take care! such language may seriously compromise you with the king." But it seemed strange to all the attendants of the prince, that upon the point of accomplishing so awful a deed, he had left no written indication of his design, no mark of affection for those to whom he had always been so kind, and whose zeal he had always recognized and recompensed. This was a moral suicide, less explicable than the other. A discovery crowned these uncertainties.

Towards the evening of the 27th, M. Guillaume, secretary to the king, perceived, in passing by the chimney, some fragments of paper which lay scattered on the dark ground of the grate. He took up some of them from underneath the cinders of some burnt paper, and read the words *Roi . . . Vincennes . . . infortuné fils*. The procureur-général, M. Bernard, having arrived at St. Leu, these fragments, together with all that could be found, were handed to him. "Truth is there," he exclaimed, and succeeded in recomposing the order of sense (according to the size of the pieces) of two different letters, of which the following remained:

"Saint Leu appartient au roi

Philippe

ne pillés, ni ne brûlés

le château ni le village.

ne faite de mal à personne

ni à mes amis, ni à mes

gens. On vous a égarés

Sur mon compte, je n'ai.

urir en aiant

cœur le peuple

et l'espoir du

bonheur de ma patrie.

Saint Leu et ses dépend

appartiennent à votre roi

Philippe; ne pillés ni ne brûlés

le

le village

ne

mal à personne

ni

es amis, ni à mes gens.

On vous a égarés sur mon compte, je n'ai que

mourir en souhaitant bonheur et prospérité au peuple français et à ma patrie. Adieu, pour toujours.

L. H. J. DE BOURBON, Prince de Condé.

P. S. Je demande à être enterré à Vincennes, près de mon infortuné fils.

In these strange recommendations, many thought they saw a proof of suicide. Others more suspicious, could not conceive that these were the adieus of a prince about to quit life. The fear of a pillage of St. Leu seemed incompatible with that disgust for all things which precedes suicide. It was, moreover, little likely that the prince should have experienced such a fear on the night of the 26th, the night after the fête of St. Louis, wherein he had received such flattering testimonies of affection. It was also inexplicable how the prince could attribute St. Leu to Louis Philippe, to whom he knew it did not belong. There was great surprise, that having seized the pen in the midst of preparations for a suicide, he had said nothing respecting his design, and thus saved his faithful servants from a frightful suspicion. The very mode, in which the papers were discovered, was inconceivable. *How came it that these papers, so easily perceived on the evening of the 27th, escaped the diligent search of Romanzo, Choulot, and Manoury, and all those who that day visited every corner of the room, chimney included? Was it not very likely that they were thrown there by some hand interested in the belief of suicide? These things led some to conjecture that the document was of some anterior date, and that it was no more than a proclamation of the prince during the first days of the month of August, when the revolutionary storm was still muttering. This hypothesis was strengthened by some who remembered that the prince had indeed conceived the idea of a proclamation. For our own parts, we incline to look upon it as a forgery. It could hardly have been a proclamation, from the very form of it; and the same objection before advanced of the prince's attributing St. Leu to the king, when in reality it belonged to the prince, applies also to this. Besides, a critical inspection of the words remaining, and of their arrangement, leads to a suspicion of forgery: they are too consecutive for a burned letter.*

Two parties formed opposite opinions, and maintained them with equal warmth. Those who believed in his suicide, alleged in favor of their opinion the inquest; the melancholy of the prince since 1830; his royalist terrors; the act of charity which

he had confided, on the 26th, to the care of Manoury, for fear of not being able to accomplish it himself; his mute adieu to his attendants; the state of the body, which presented no traces of violence, except some excoriations quite compatible with suicide; the condition of his clothes on which no soil had been observed; the bolt closed from within; the material difficulties of the assassination; and the impossibility of laying the finger on the assassin.

Against these presumptions, the defenders of his memory replied by words and acts of powerful effect. One of them, M. Méry Lafontaine, suspended himself at the fatal window-sash in precisely the same condition as that in which they found the prince: and this was perfectly harmless! Another endeavored, by means of a small ribbon, to move the bolt from outside: and this with complete success. It was said that Lecomte, when in the chapel where the body was exposed, vanquished by his emotion, exclaimed, "I have a weight upon my heart." M. Bonnie, contradicting the formal assertions of Lecomte, affirmed that on the morning of the 27th, the bolt of the back staircase was *not* closed; and that in order to hide this fatal circumstance, Madame de Feuchères, instead of taking the shorter route, when hurrying to the chamber of the prince, took the route of the grand staircase!

On the 4th of September, the heart of the prince was carried to Chantilly. L'Abbé Pélier, almoner to the prince, directed the funeral service. He appeared, bearing the heart of the victim in a silver box, and ready to pronounce the last adieu. A sombre silence reigned throughout; every one was in suspense. The impression was profound, immense, when the orator with a solemn voice let fall these words: "The prince is innocent of his death before God!" Thus ended the great race of Condé.

Madame de Feuchères precipitately quitted Saint Leu, and went to the Palais Bourbon. For a fortnight she made l'abbé Briant sleep in her library, and madame Flasans in her room, as if dreading to be alone. Soon mastering her emotion, she showed herself confident and resolute. She resumed her speculations at *La Bourse*; gained considerable sums, and laughed at her enemies. But she could not stifle the murmurs which arose on all sides. The Prince de Rohan made every preparation both for a civil and a criminal *procès*. At Chantilly and St. Leu there were few who believed in the suicide; at Paris the boldest conjectures found vent; the highest names in

the kingdom were not spared. The name of an illustrious person was coupled with that of Madame de Feuchères, and furnished political enemies with a weapon they were not scrupulous in using. With a savage sagacity they remarked that, from the 27th, the court had taken possession of the theatre of the transaction; that the almoner of the prince, although on the spot, was not invited to co-operate in the *procès-verbaux*; and that the physician of the prince, M. Geurin, was not called in to the examination of the body: the latter being confided to three physicians, two of whom, MM. Marc and Pasquier, were on the most intimate relations with the court. With the affected astonishment of raillery, they demanded why the Duc de Broglie had prevented the insertion, in the 'Moniteur,' of the oration of M. Pélier at Chantilly. To stifle these rumors, the scandal of which reached even the throne, a decisive and honorable means was in the power of the king. To repudiate a succession so clouded with mystery would have silenced his enemies and done honor to himself. But the head of the Orleans family had early shown that indifference to money was not the virtue he aspired to. On the eve of passing to a throne he hastily consigned his personal property to his children, in order that he might not unite it with the state property, after the antique law of monarchy. Instead therefore of relinquishing his son's claim to the heritage of the Prince de Condé, he invited Madame de Feuchères to court, where she was gallantly received. Paris was in a stupor. The violence of public opinion rendered an inquiry inevitable; but no stone was left unturned to stifle the affair. The conseiller-rapporteur, M. de la Huproie, showing himself resolved to get at the truth, was suddenly shifted elsewhere, and the place of judge which he had long desired for his son-in-law, was at once accorded him.

At length, however, the action brought by the family of the Rohans, to invalidate the testament of the Duc de Bourbon in favor of the Duc d'Aumale, was tried. Few trials excited more interest. The veil which covered the details of the event was half drawn aside. M. Hennequin, in a speech full of striking facts and inferences, presented a picture of the violences and artifices by which the old Duc de Bourbon was hurried into consent to the will. In the well known sentiments of the prince, M. Hennequin saw the proof that the testament was not his real wish, but had been forced from him; and in the impossibility of sui-

cide, he saw the proof of assassination. The younger M. Dupin replied with great dexterity. But it was remarked and commented on at the time, that he replied to precise facts and formal accusations with vague recriminations and tortuous explanations. He pretended that this action was nothing but a plot laid by the legitimistes; an attempt at vengeance; which he called upon all friends of the revolution of 1830 to resent. The interest of the legitimistes in the affair was evident; but to combat an imposing mass of testimony something more than a vehement appeal to the recollections of July was necessary. The Rohans lost their cause before the jury: but, right or wrong, do not seem altogether to have lost it before the tribunal of public opinion.

The court soon ceased to feel any uneasiness respecting the noise which the affair still kept up. Nevertheless one thing was extremely tormenting in it. There was, and had been for some time in the house of Condé, a secret of which two persons were always the depositaries. This secret had been confided by the Duc de Bourbon, at the time of his stay in London, to Sir William Gordon, equerry to the Prince Regent, and to the Duc de Châtre. After their deaths M. de Chourlot received the confidence of the prince, and having been thrown from his horse and being considered in danger, admitted Manoury also into his confidence. No one ever knew what this secret was, except that it was most important and most redoubtable.

Whatever may be the conclusion arrived at by the reader respecting this mysterious affair, there can be but one sentiment respecting part of the conduct of Louis Philippe. Decency would have suggested that such a woman as the Baronne de Feuchères should not be welcomed at court, especially when such terrible suspicions were hanging over her. Decency would have suggested that the public should have full and ample conviction of the sincerity with which the causes of the prince's death were investigated. It does not seem to us that Louis Philippe acted with his usual tact in this case. For tact he has, and wonderful ability, in spite of the sneers of M. Louis Blanc. A man cannot rule France without courage, cleverness, and tact. Louis Philippe has abundantly shown to what a great extent he possesses all three. He uses his ministers and friends as tools, it is true; but it is no ordinary task to use such men as instruments for your own ends.

M. Louis Blanc, in common with most

Frenchmen, is very bitter against the king; and the episode we have selected from his work must be read *cum grano*, as it is obviously dwelt upon for the purpose of inspiring his readers with his own animosity. True, the spirit of the whole work is biographical, anecdotal, personal; nevertheless we remark that M. Blanc selects with pleasure all the facts or anecdotes which tell against the king. He dwells with evident satisfaction on the vivid picture which he draws of the irresolution, the want of audacity, which Louis Philippe displayed when the throne was first offered to him; and very strongly depicts the utter want of participation which the Duc d'Orleans had in the Revolution. He neither conspired nor combated. His name was never mentioned, his person never thought of, till the Revolution was finished; and then, wanting a ruler, they elected him. It is with quiet sarcasm that M. Blanc points to the fact that Louis Philippe, the day after every *émeute*, always appearing in public with his family, especially on the theatre of the transaction, as if to associate in the people's minds the ideas of order and peace with the Orleans family.

But we must here quit for the present the work of M. Louis Blanc; anxiously awaiting the appearance of the concluding volumes, and conscientiously recommending it to our readers as one of the most vivid, interesting, and important works that have recently issued from the French press.

DR. WOLFF.—A public meeting was convened at the Hanover Square Rooms on Wednesday, to take leave of Dr. Wolff previous to his departure for Bokhara, to ascertain the fate of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly. The proceedings appeared to excite much interest; and the confident hopes held out, in their addresses to the meeting, by Captain Grover and the worthy doctor, that the gallant officers were still living, notwithstanding the accounts of their supposed execution, which had reached this country from various sources, were supported by several very remarkable facts. One of the most striking of these, mentioned by Captain Grover, is to be found in a letter from Colonel Stoddart, written shortly after his imprisonment by the Ameer at Bokhara in 1838, in which he says, "you will frequently hear of my captivity, but I caution you never to believe any accounts of my death." Dr. Wolff stated his intention to set out on his proposed mission this day (Saturday), to proceed first to Malta, then to Constantinople, and then onwards for Bokhara, having been provided by the Foreign Office with despatches for the Ambassadors and Captain Shiel.—*Court Journal*.

LOVE STRONG IN DEATH.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

From Tait's Magazine.

[This poem is founded on a fact, witnessed by a friend of the author. A boy, when at the point of death, requested of his mother that she would give him something to keep for her sake.]

THE brother of two sisters
Drew painfully his breath:
A strange fear had come o'er him,
For love was strong in death.
The fire of fatal fever
Burn'd darkly on his cheek;
And often to his mother
He spoke, or tried to speak.

He said, "The quiet moonlight,
Beneath the shadow'd hill,
Seem'd dreaming of good angels,
While all the woods were still:
I felt, as if from slumber
I never could awake:
Oh, mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake!

"A cold, dead weight is on me,
A heavy weight, like lead;
My hands and feet seem sinking
Quite through my little bed:
I am so tired, so weary—
With weariness I ache:
Oh, mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake!

"Some little token give me,
Which I may kiss in sleep,
To make me feel I'm near you,
And bless you, though I weep.
My sisters say I'm better—
But, then, their heads they shake:
Oh, mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake!

"Why can't I see the poplars?
Why can't I see the hill,
Where, dreaming of good angels,
The moonbeams lay so still?
Why can't I see *you*, mother?
I surely am awake:
Oh, haste! and give me something
To cherish for your sake!"

The little bosom heaves not;
The fire hath left his cheek;
The fine chord—is it broken?
The strong chord—*could* it break?
Ah, yes! the loving spirit
Hath wing'd its flight away:
A mother and two sisters
Look down on lifeless clay.

DUTROCHET ON FRUITS.—This gentleman confirms, by his own experiments, the modern opinion that the removal of the leaves of fruit-trees, in order to expose the fruit to the direct influence of the air and light, is exceedingly destructive; but he considers it highly essential that the tree itself should be well exposed to both. This is particularly requisite with the dwarf vine, which, if shaded, or placed in a position which prevents its receiving an abundant supply of air, becomes almost unproductive.—*Athenæum*.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

BY MRS. ABELL (LATE MISS ELIZA BALCOMBE).

AFTER HE LEFT HER FATHER'S RESIDENCE, "THE BRIARS," FOR LONGWOOD.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

WITH the assistance of my daughter's pencil, and some rough sketches I had by me, I have been enabled to give a view of the Briars, and the cottage occupied by Napoleon whilst he stayed with us. He certainly appeared very contented during that time, and frequently expressed a strong desire that the government would permit him to remain there, by purchasing the estate; and on their refusing to do so, he sent General Montholon to negotiate with my father, that he himself might become the purchaser of the Briars; but circumstances (probably political) prevented the negotiation from taking effect.

Napoleon used to watch with great interest the fatigue parties of the 53d regiment, as they wound round the mountains above us, carrying on their shoulders the materials wherewith to render Longwood fit to receive him; and as the time of its completion drew near, he manifested his discontent, by grumbling at the sounds of the fifes and drums, to which the soldiers of the 53d used to toil up those steep acclivities, as serving to warn him of the speedy termination of his sojourn at our cottage.

Shortly after the ex-emperor left the Briars, we proposed riding to Longwood to see him, feeling much interested to know how he was accommodated, and rather, it may be, hoping to hear him make a comparison in favor of the sweet place he had left for the steril-looking domain in which his house was placed; and I remember being in a state of ecstasy at the prospect of again beholding my old playmate, the loss of whose society I had so deeply regretted.

We found him seated on the steps of his billiard-room, chatting to little Tristram Montholon. The moment he perceived us, he started up and hastened towards us. Running to my mother, he embraced her on each cheek; after which fashion he welcomed my sister; but as usual with me, he seized me by the ear, and pinching it, exclaimed,

"Ah, Mademoiselle Betsee, êtes vous sage, eh, eh?"

He then asked us what we thought of his palace, and bidding us follow him, said he would show us over his *ménage*.

We were first conducted to his bedroom, which was small and cheerless. Instead of paper-hangings, its walls were covered with fluted nankeen; and the only decorations I observed, were the different portraits of his family, which, on a former occasion, he had shown to us.

His bed was the little iron camp-bedstead, with green silk hangings, on which he said he had slept when on the battle-fields of Marengo and Austerlitz. The only thing approaching to magnificence in the furniture of this chamber, was a splendid silver washhand-stand bason and ewer. The first object on which his eyes would rest on awaking was a small marble bust of his son, which stood on the mantelpiece facing his bed, and above which hung a portrait of Marie Louise.

We then passed on through an ante-room to a small chamber, in which a bath had been put up for his use, and where he passed many hours of the day. The apartments appropriated to him were the two I have just mentioned, with a dressing-room, dining-room, drawing-room, and billiard-room. The latter was built by Sir George Cockburn, and was the only well-proportioned room of which Longwood could boast.

After all these chambers were exhibited, and commented on by Napoleon, he proceeded with us to the kitchen, where he desired Pieron, the confectioner, to send in some creams and bon-bons for Miss Betsee. From thence we went to the larder, where he directed our attention to a sheep that was hanging up, and said, laughingly, "Regardez—voilà un mouton, pour mon dîner—ou en a fait lanterne."

And true enough it was so, the French servants having placed a candle in its lean carcass, through which the light shone.

After we had gone all over his rooms, he conducted us to those of Madame Montholon, and introduced me to a little stranger, the Countess's baby, only then six weeks old, and which he began dandling so awkwardly, that we were in a state of terror lest he should let it fall. He occasionally diverted himself by pinching the little creature's nose and chin until it cried.

When we quizzed him for his *gaucherie* in handling the child, he assured us he had often nursed the little king of Rome when he was much younger than the little Lili.

Before terminating our visit, Napoleon took us over the garden and grounds which surrounded his house. Nothing could exceed the dreariness of the view which presented itself from thence: and a spectator, unaccustomed to the savage and gi-

gantic scenery of St. Helena, could not fail of being impressed with its singularity. On the opposite side the eye rested on a dismal and rugged looking mountain, whose stupendous side was here and the rediversified by patches of wild samphire, prickly pears, and aloes, which served but slightly to break the uniform sterility of the iron-colored rocks, the whole range of which exhibited little more than huge apertures of caverns and overhanging cliffs, which, in the early years of the colonization of the island, afforded shelter to herds of wild goats. I remember hearing Madame Bertrand tell my mother, that one of Napoleon's favorite pastimes was, to watch the clouds as they rolled over the highest point of that gigantic mountain, and as the mists wreathed themselves into fantastic draperies around its summit, sometimes obscuring the valleys from sight, and occasionally stretching themselves out far to sea, his imagination would take wing, and indulge itself in shaping out the future from those vapory nothings.

As a diversion to close the day, the emperor proposed to ride in his Irish jaunting-car. Our horses were accordingly sent on to Hutsgate, the residence of Madame Bertrand, and accompanied by Napoleon, we set off at a hard gallop. I always was, and still am, the greatest coward in a carriage; and of all vehicles, that jaunting-car seemed to me to be the one to inspire terror. It was driven by the fearless Archambaud, with unbroke Cape horses, three abreast, round that most dangerous of roads called the Devil's Punchbowl. The party occupying the side nearest the declivity, seemed almost hanging over the precipice; while the others were apparently crushed against the gigantic walls of the perpendicular rock. These were drives which seemed to inspire Bonaparte with mischievous pleasure. He added to my fright by repeatedly assuring me the horses were running away, and that we should be all dashed to pieces.

I shall never forget the joy I experienced on arriving in safety at Madame Bertrand's, and finding myself once more mounted on my quiet little pony, Tom.

After Napoleon had been on the island a few months, some newspapers arrived, containing anecdotes of him, and all that occurred during his stay at the Briars. Amongst other *sottises*, was a letter written by the Marquis de M——, in which he described all the romping games that had taken place between Napoleon and our family, such as blind-man's buff, the sword

scene, &c., ending his communication by observing, that Miss Betsee was the wildest little girl he had ever met, and expressing his belief that the young lady was *folle*.

This letter had been translated into the German and English journals. My father was much enraged at my name thus appearing, and wished to call the marquis to an account for his ill-nature; but my mother's intercessions prevailed, and she obtained an ample apology from the marquis.

On hearing of the affront that "Miss Betsee" had received from the *vieux imbécile*, as Napoleon generally denominated him, he requested Dr. O'Meara would call at the Briars on his way to St. James's Valley, with a message to me, which was to let me know how I might revenge myself. It so happened that the marquis prided himself on the peculiar fashion of his wig, to which was attached a long cue. This embellishment to his head, Napoleon desired me to burn off with caustic. I was always ready for mischief, and in this instance had a double inducement, as the emperor promised to reward me, on receipt of the pigtail, with the prettiest fan Mr. Solomon's shop contained. Fortunately I was prevented indulging in this most hoydenish trick by the remonstrances of my mother.

The next time I saw the emperor, his first exclamation was, "Eh, bien, Mademoiselle Betsee, a tu obei mes ordres et gagné l'éventail?"

In reply, I made a great merit of being too dutiful a daughter to disobey my mother, however much my inclination prompted me to revenge the insult.

He then pinched my ear in token of approval, and said, "Ah, Miss Betsee, tu commence à être sage."

He then called Dr. O'Meara, and asked him if he had procured the fan. The doctor replied that there were none pretty enough.

I believe I looked disappointed, on perceiving which, Napoleon, with his usual good nature, consoled me with the promise of something prettier; and he kept his word; in a few days I received a ring composed of brilliants, forming the letter N, surmounted by a small eagle.

The only revenge I took on the marquis was, by relating an anecdote of his greedy propensity, which diverted Napoleon very much. He was very fond of cauliflowers, which vegetable was rare in the island, and when dining with us one day at the Briars,

his aide-de-camp, Captain Gor, had omitted to point out the fact of there being some at table, and it was only when about being removed that the marquis espied the retreating dish. His rage was most amusing, and with much gesticulation he exclaimed, "*Bête! pourquoi ne m'a tu pas dit qu'ils y avaient des choux-fleurs?*"

During one of our riding excursions, we encountered Napoleon, who was returning from Sandy Bay, where he had been to visit Mr. D——, who resided there. He expressed himself delighted with the place, and spoke in high terms of the urbanity of the venerable host of "Fairy Land."

This gentleman had passed all his life at St. Helena, and at this time had arrived at the advanced age of seventy, without ever having left the island. His appearance was most prepossessing, and to those who loved to revel in the ideal and imaginative, he might have been likened to a good genius presiding over the fairy valley in which he dwelt.*

I asked Napoleon if he had remarked, when at Sandy Bay, three singularly formed rocks, shaped like sugar-loaves, and called Lot's wife and daughter? He replied that he had. I then related to him an anecdote connected with the largest of the three.

More than half a century had elapsed since two slaves, who preferred a freebooting life to that of labor and subjection, secreted themselves in a cave half way up the acclivity which terminates the spiral rock, called "Lot's wife." From this stronghold, their nocturnal sallies and depredations were carried on with great success, and their retreat remaining undiscovered for a long time, they became the terror of the island. They were at length, however, tracked to their rocky hold, where they stood a long siege, repelling all attacks, by rolling stones on their assailants. It was at last deemed necessary to send a party of soldiers to fire on them, if they refused to surrender; but this measure was rendered unnecessary by the superior ac-

tivity of one of the besieging party, who managed to climb the rock, reach the opposite side of the mountain, and clambering up, gain a situation above the cave, the mouth of which became thus exposed to the same mode of attack which had effected its defence: so that when one of the unfortunate freebooters approached the edge of the precipice to roll down stones, he was crushed to death, and his companion, who was following him, severely wounded. Many of the islanders believe to this day that the ghost of the murdered slave is seen to make the circuit of the wild spot wherein he carried on his nightly orgies: a superstition easily accounted for from the circumstance of the summits of the mountains being generally encircled by light mists, which wreath themselves into all kinds of fantastical shapes; thus to the eye of superstition giving to "an airy nothing a local habitation and a name." In St. Helena, every cavern has its spirit, and every rock its legend.

Napoleon having listened to my legend of the Sugar-loaf Mountain, said he should regard it with greater interest the next time he rode in that direction.

One of the many instances of Napoleon's great good-nature, and his kindness in promoting my amusement, was on the occasion of the annual races at Deadwood, which at that time were anticipated by the inhabitants of the island as a kind of jubilee. From having been, as was often the case, in arrears with my lessons, my father, by way of punishing me, declared that I should not go to the races; and fearing that he might be induced to break his determination, he lent my pony to a friend for that day. My vexation was very great at not knowing where to get a horse, and I happened to mention my difficulty to Dr. O'Meara, who told Napoleon, and my delight may be conceived when a short time after all our party had left the Briars for Deadwood, I perceived the doctor winding down the mountain-path which led to our house, followed by a slave leading a superb gray horse, called Mameluke, with a lady's side-saddle and housings of crimson velvet embroidered with gold.

Dr. O'Meara said that on telling the emperor of my distress, he desired that the quietest horse in his stable be immediately prepared for my use.

This simply good-natured act of the emperor occasioned no small disturbance on the island, and sufficiently punished me for acting contrary to my father's wishes, by the pain it gave me at hearing that he was

* A few years after the emperor's visit, Mr. D—— was induced to come to England: and thinking that he might never return to his lovely and beloved valley, he had a tree felled from his own "fairy land," from under the shade of which he had often viewed the enchanting scene around, and had his coffin made from the wood. His arrival in England, and his interesting character, being made known to the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., his R. H. desired that Mr. D—— might be presented to him; and his Royal Highness was so gratified with the interview, that he afterwards knighted Mr. D——, who subsequently returned to his loved Island.

considered to have committed a breach of discipline in permitting one of his family to ride a horse belonging to the Longwood establishment, and for which he was reprimanded by the governor.

We were told by Napoleon the next day, that he had witnessed the races from the upper windows of General Bertrand's cottage, and expressed himself much amused by them. He said he supposed I was too much diverted by the gay scene to feel my usual timidity.

Bonaparte frequently urged my father to correct me whilst young, and said I ought never to be encouraged in my foolish fears, or ever permitted to indulge therein. He said the empress Josephine suffered the greatest terror in a carriage, and he mentioned several instances of her extreme fright, when he was obliged to reprimand her severely. If I remember rightly, the Duchess D'Abrantes mentions in her memoirs of the emperor, one of the anecdotes on this subject which he recounted to us.

There was so little to vary the monotony of Napoleon's life, that he took an interest in the most trifling attempts at gayety in the island, and he generally consented to our entreaties to be present at some of the many entertainments my father delighted in promoting. On one occasion my father gave a fête to celebrate the anniversary of my birthday, at a pretty little place he possessed within the boundary of the emperor's rides, called Ross Cottage: so named as being the abode for a short time of a much esteemed friend, the flag-captain of the Northumberland, whom Bonaparte always designated as "un bravissimo uomo." When the festivities were at their height we descried the emperor riding along the hill-side towards the house; but on seeing such an assembly he sent to say that he would content himself with looking at us from the heights above. I did not consider this was fulfilling his promise of coming to the party, and not liking to be so disappointed, I scampered off to where he had taken up his position, and begged he would be present at our festivity—telling him he must not refuse, it being my birthday. But all my entreaties were unavailing;—he said he could not make up his mind to descend the hill, to be exposed to the gaze of the multitude, who wished to gratify their curiosity with the sight of him. I insisted, however, on his tasting a piece of birthday cake, which had been sent for that occasion by a friend in England, and who, little knowing the strict surveillance exercised over all those in any way connected

with the fallen chief and his adherents, had the cake ornamented with a large eagle, and which, unluckily for us, was the subject of much animadversion. This I named to Napoleon as an inducement for him to eat of the cake, saying, "It is the least you can do for getting us into such disgrace."

Having thus induced him to eat a thick slice, he pinched my ear, calling me a "saucy little simpleton," and galloped off humming, or rather attempting to sing with his most unmusical voice, "Vive Henri Quatre."

One morning we went to call on Madame Bertrand, and found Napoleon seated by her bedside. We were about retreating, thinking we had been shown into the wrong room, when he called out, in his imperfect English, desiring us to enter, and asked what we were afraid of, saying,

"I am visiting my dear loaf, my mistress."

My mother observed that the latter term had a *strange* signification, and that it was never used in our language to express friendship. He laughed heartily at the awkward error he had made, and promised not to forget the interpretation of the word for the future, repeating that he only meant to express that Madame Bertrand was his dear friend.

It was by Napoleon's especial desire that we ventured now and then to correct his English; and being very anxious to improve himself, he never let an opportunity pass when in our society, without trying to converse in English, though, from his exceedingly bad pronunciation, and literal translations, it required the most exclusive attention to understand him. For my part I seldom had patience to render him much assistance, my sister being generally obliged to finish what I had begun; for in the middle of his lesson I would rush away, attracted by some more frivolous amusement. On returning I was always saluted with a tap on the cheek, or a pinch of the ear, with the exclamation of,

"Ah, Mademoiselle Betsee, petite étourdie que vous êtes, vous nede viendriez jamais sage."

Bonaparte, on one occasion, asked us if we had seen little Arthur, who was about a month old; and he repeated Madame Bertrand's speech on introducing the child to him.

"Allow me to present to your majesty a subject who has dared to enter the gates of Longwood without a pass from Sir Hudson Lowe."

He sat chatting a long time, and quizzing

me about the short waist and petticoats of my frock. He took great pleasure in teasing me about my trousers, as he knew I disliked being called a little boy, and which he always made a point of doing when he espied the trousers. He thought the fashion of wearing short waists very frightful, and said, if he were governor, he should issue an order that no ladies were to appear dressed in that style.

Before leaving Madame Bertrand's cottage, he joined the children in a game of puss in the corner, to which I acted as *Maitress de Ballet*.

Napoleon used to evince great curiosity about the subject of our conversations when we called on Lady Lowe, at Plantation House, and asked whether they discussed our visits to Longwood.

I told him that the same sort of interrogation went on there, and that I was sure to be sharply (though goodnaturedly) cross-questioned, about what we did, and what we heard, when in his presence.

One evening, whilst on a visit to Madame Bertrand, we strolled up to see Dr. O'Meara, who happened to be engaged with the emperor. Cipriani, however, sent in to say that some ladies were waiting to see him, and on Napoleon hearing our names, he requested us to come in. We found him in the billiard-room employed looking over some very large maps, and moving about a number of pins, some with red heads, others with black.

I asked him what he was doing. He replied that he was fighting over again some of his battles, and that the red-headed pins were meant to represent the English, and the black the French. One of his chief amusements was, going through the evolutions of a lost battle, to see if it were possible by any better manœuvring to have won it.

A NEW PAVEMENT.—A newly invented wood pavement has been laid down opposite the residence of the mayor, in the Rue de l'Ecu. It is a combination of wood and asphalt, possessing seemingly the advantages of both, without the inconveniences of either, being impervious to water, free from danger to horses, and costing 25 per cent. less for carriage roads, and as much as 50 less for foot pavements. Should it answer, we hear it is talked of laying it down hence to Amiens, and running locomotive carriages upon it. It is the invention of Colonel Sir J. Lilly: the cost is said to be about 5s. a yard.—*Boulogne Gazette*.

AN EPITAPH.

STAY, stranger, stay, and rest awhile,
Forsake not yet my grassy bed;
To dry thy tears and wake a smile,
Oh! tarry with the peaceful dead.

Believe there is no grief below
Which true Religion cannot heal;
From Faith's blest eye no depths of woe
The star of Hope can e'er conceal.

The Son of God in human frame
Has borne our sins, and felt our care,
And comfort lingers on His name
For all that come to Him in prayer.

Then mourn not on thy journey home,
But trust in God, and onward move;
A few more years, and thou shalt come
Where Faith and Hope are lost in Love.

AGNES.

THE GRAND DUKE MICHEL.—An important name has been added, during the past week, to the list of illustrious personages who, during the current year, have visited our metropolis. The Grand Duke Michel, brother to the Emperor Nicholas and husband of the Grand Duchess Helena, one of the most attractive and accomplished Princesses in Europe, arrived on Sunday last at Mivart's Hotel; and has since been a guest of her Majesty and Prince Albert at Windsor Castle.

Five-and-twenty years ago, the Grand Duke (at that time a youth travelling with his governor) visited this country; and after spending some time in London, became the guest of several of our most distinguished noblemen at their country seats. Some ten years since, the Grand Duchess his consort, with her youthful daughters, also visited London, and won golden opinions by the grace of her manners, and the intelligence of her mind.

The Grand Duke, whose tastes are of a military tendency, has visited, since his arrival in town, several of our public institutions, exhibiting the strongest interest in those connected with the profession in which he delights. Yesterday his Imperial Highness was present at a grand military review of the troops stationed at Windsor, consisting of the third battalion of the Grenadier Guards, the first regiment of the Life Guards, and the 13th regiment of Light Dragoons; after which he took leave of her Majesty, and, in company with Prince Albert, proceeded to visit the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, returning thence to Mivart's Hotel.—*Court Journal*.

ARREST OF J. C. CLINTON, AN AMERICAN.—J. C. Clinton, an American, arrested at the Guildhall, under a warrant from the Home Secretary, was examined at Bow street yesterday, on the charge of forgery of American Treasury bills. The "original depositions" from America were produced by the solicitor for the prosecution, but the magistrate refused to receive them, as the new Act for giving up offenders only mentions "certified copies" of such depositions as receivable. The Act is in other respects so clumsily and obscurely worded, as to be difficult, and in some places impossible, to understand. The prisoner was therefore discharged, by the flaw in the Act of Parliament under which he was arrested. This is another specimen of our legal absurdities, and in the far-famed Washington treaty too.—*Examiner*.

MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF
FRANCIS HORNER.

From the Edinburgh Review.

Memoirs and Correspondence of Francis Horner, M. P. Edited by his Brother, Leonard Horner, F. R. S. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1843.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.—A very interesting and valuable article. Let every one read it.—Ed.

THE world owes much to Mr. Leonard Horner for the publication of this work. We have read it more than once, and on each successive occasion we have found new reasons to be grateful to him for having had the resolution to undertake a task so useful, and which he has so judiciously performed. That task was not without its difficulties. It was impossible to do justice to the character of Francis Horner without describing those intellectual acquirements, that high moral principle, and, above all, those warm, generous, and gentle feelings by which he was so greatly distinguished. And yet, in doing justice to these characteristics, it was difficult for one whose childhood and youth had been guided and instructed by his brother's advice and example, who had watched over that brother in his last illness, and had attended his deathbed, to avoid those effects of partiality and emotion which a connexion so near and associations so tender could not fail to produce. This danger the Editor has carefully avoided. Though these volumes would lose much of their charm if they did not contain evidence of the affection felt for the subject of them, we do not think that we could, in a single instance, point out any exaggerated appreciation of his brother's merits or public services. On the contrary, justice, and no more than justice, is done to his memory: we are inclined to think that the language of panegyric might have been carried further, with the approval not only of friends, but of rivals and competitors—enemies he had none. It is true that the Editor has confined his functions within very moderate limits. In this he has imposed on himself a severe, though perhaps a fitting restraint. The narrative is as short and simple as was possible. To use his own words, his whole endeavor was, 'by a careful selection of papers and correspondence, by the addition of a few pages at the commencement, and by filling up occasional blanks in the narrative, to make his brother himself narrate the history of his life.' This task has been executed with equal modesty and judgment. We doubt whether the image of any char-

acter has been more correctly portrayed, or transferred with more truth to the heart as well as to the understanding. The noble statue by Sir Francis Chantrey, which the affection of his friends raised to Horner in Westminster Abbey, is not a more perfect image of his person, than are his journals and confidential letters of his mind and feelings. But how superior in interest are the works of the pen to those of the chisel or the pencil! Therefore it is that we have to thank the Editor, not merely for the pleasure he has communicated to us, but for the good which his publication is so strongly calculated to produce.

It may perhaps appear somewhat ungenerous and ungrateful, after acknowledgments so well deserved, if we venture to express some doubt whether this publication might not have been advantageously delayed for some years to come. Had such a postponement taken place, it is true that we and our immediate contemporaries would have lost much delight and instruction; but we cannot help thinking, that a more full and unreserved publication might then have taken place. Though Francis Horner was one of the gentlest and most tolerant of human beings, though the modesty of his nature seems to preclude the possibility of harsh censures, yet there are evidences in these journals and letters that his discriminating judgment had been freely exercised. His power of detecting what was selfish, insincere, and unworthy in character, could not have been given him in vain. We feel convinced that portions of correspondence important to the history and to the biography of his times must have been kept back, in consideration of feelings which a contemporary biographer is bound to respect. There are many fragments of observation in these volumes which we should have wished to see completed; many outlines which it would have been most desirable to have seen filled up. In some cases a sketch of character is given, and the acts to which that character or temperament has led are scarcely alluded to; in other instances, the acts are slightly described, but there is no analysis of the feelings or motives from which they have originated. If our surmises be correct, we trust that at some future day, when restraints of delicacy no longer exists a more full publication may take place. The history of our times cannot but profit by the unreserved disclosure of all judgments, whether negative or affirmative, passed by Francis Horner upon men and things.

We have said that we thank the Editor,

not only for the pleasure he has given us by this publication, but for the good which it must produce. It is more especially in reference to this latter consideration that we esteem this work. It is in its practical usefulness that we are inclined to consider it as eminently recommendable. Within a few years, some delightful works of the same character have been published: the Memoirs of Mackintosh and of Romilly, for instance, and the Letters of the late Earl of Dudley—three very distinguished friends of Francis Horner. But, interesting as these works are, they do not lead to the same practical consequences as the work before us. They are also far from leaving on the mind of the reader the same genial and happy impression. Shades of melancholy, of disappointment, of a sensibility almost morbid, and an aimless and indeterminate activity, are to be found in different degrees in the works we have named. But in the picture of Horner there is a distinctness, a sunshine, and warmth, which we can trace to his steady convictions, and to the happiness derived from his energetic fulfilment of practical duties. He was essentially as happy as he was a distinguished man. The profound, enlarged, and fertile mind of Mackintosh, expanded itself into wide philosophical systems, metaphysical abstractions, and variegated literary inquiries. Though stored with general and elegant knowledge, and elevated by feelings of a devoted, but uncompromising and somewhat austere patriotism, in Romilly professional duty still asserted a just pre-eminence, not overpowering, however, his too acute sensibilities. Literary and speculative endowments, a rare wit, eloquence, highly but painfully elaborated, distinguished Lord Dudley; but these qualities were singularly neutralized by a pitiful fear of the world, which shrank from the risk of failure, by a want of vigor and self-reliance, and by the absence of that steady and methodical industry, which gives strength as well as acuteness to the understanding. There was also a lamentable deficiency in the principles of political duty. Lord Dudley seems to have considered public life rather as a pageant or tournament where crowns are to be won, than as a field which is to be cultivated by hard toil, and where the harvest reaped is not exclusively for our own consumption, but for the sustentation of our fellow-men. The Chair of the professor of moral and political philosophy would have been better filled by Mackintosh; the ermine of a great magistrate would better have become Romilly; the

brilliant triumphs of society, and the occasional success of oratorical display, might more justly have been claimed by Dudley. But for the perfect character of a British member of parliament, for the fulfilment of its innumerable functions; where the most minute of those duties are elevated by an ever-present sense of right—all are influenced by patriotic motive, and restrained and limited in their application by calm and practical wisdom—we doubt whether the history of the House of Commons has ever exhibited a rarer combination of qualities than those which were displayed by Horner, and recorded in these volumes. *Idoneus patriæ* was a motto which might well have been conferred upon him. The light of his mind was not the flash of a meteor, to dazzle rather than to irradiate; it was the clear, calm day, beneath whose influence man goeth forth to his work and to his labor. Simple, truthful, and unostentatious, he sought and found no short cut, or royal road to eminence and distinction. He recognized the condition assigned to man by his Creator. That decree which fixes labor as the price of all success, so far from discouraging only excited his indefatigable industry; and though fame and success might justly be contemplated by him as probable and legitimate rewards, they were never allowed to become primary objects, but were mainly viewed as collateral incidents. We doubt whether a much more useful gift could be made to a young man destined for civil duties than these volumes; nor can we conceive any example which an affectionate parent could hold out, with more advantage to his child, than the useful and honorable life which they record.

To us they possess a deep and a peculiar interest. We are disposed to trace Horner's character to the peculiar institutions of our native land. The High School and the University of Edinburgh were the seats of his education. Dugald Stewart, Playfair, Black, Robertson—names dear to us as household gods—were the teachers under whom his intellect was formed and matured. His education was essentially Scotch; and its entire success is one, out of many refutations, of those attacks which depreciate our national system of instruction. That in the case of Horner its success was complete will hardly be denied; for it should be remembered that it was not only with contemporaries and professional rivals in North Britain that he had to contend; nor were his trials confined to the dry pursuits of the bar. He had to struggle for equality, and at length he gain-

ed pre-eminence, among those whose literary success was recorded in the *Musæ Etonenses*; he had to win his way among the most exclusive and jealous of the aristocratic circles of the metropolis; he had to contend for the mastery in that most fastidious of all assemblies, the House of Commons; and unaided but by his own powers, standing on no height but that of his exalted principles, the Edinburgh student, almost without a consciousness of the obstacles which stood in his way, surmounted them all, and acquired an earlier and a better established reputation as a public man than any one of his contemporaries.—But our attention has been too long withdrawn from the work immediately before us.

Mr. Horner was born at Edinburgh in 1778. His parents were highly respectable, but not of an elevated class in society. His father was a merchant, who appears from his correspondence to have eminently deserved the dutiful affection and confidence so strongly evinced in every page of his son's correspondence. This happy result may to a considerable degree, be traced to the mode of his education. As a child, he was not sent away from his home; neither was he at once thrown amidst the temptations of a great public school, among new associates, to whom his home thoughts, his home duties, and his home affections were strange and foreign. He was not thus brought into a circle whose influences, though often exerted for good, frequently detach the child from his filial obligations. In his childhood and youth, the school and the university were bound up with the domestic circle. The pursuits of the son, his intimacies, and his habits, were all kept within the reach of his father's observation. That most endearing and useful of all ties—that to which may be traced all the purest, the earliest, and the strongest impulses—the tie of a mother's love—was not severed. We believe that more of knowledge, as well as of happiness and virtue, may be traced to the early influence of a well-informed and a well-principled mother, than the pride and vanity of Oxford or Cambridge would be quite ready to confess. Of the happy effects of this domestic training, the life of Francis Horner presents a striking example. It is evidently no exaggerated praise when the biographer informs us, that 'whilst his father's cultivated and naturally strong understanding, general information, refined taste, and liberal sentiments, were well qualified to give a right direction to the talents of which his son gave an early

promise, his mother's excellent qualities had an influence no less beneficial in the formation of her son's character. She united to a gentle nature, great good sense, activity of mind, and an earnest unobtrusive piety, which shone forth in her whole conduct and in all her sentiments, and which she carefully impressed on the minds of all her children.' This influence continued unchanged, or rather it seems to have increased in strength, and to have deepened into greater tenderness, up to the very period of her son's death. During his first visit to England, he writes as follows with reference to his mother's letters—'Besides the influence of my mother's injunctions in guiding me to what is proper and becoming, I shall derive from her letters the pleasure of considering myself under her immediate direction, and of sometimes forgetting that I am at distance from her.'—p. 24.

One of these letters is so very characteristic in its maternal simplicity, that we cannot resist the pleasure of extracting it.

'Edinburgh, 19th October, 1796.

'MY DEAR FRANK,

'I had once and again proposed writing at the very time your father proposed to do it, and as I thought you would consider him and me the same person, it made me yield, as I knew he had something to say to you about your future plans, which he understands better than I do. After all, you rogue, I have a notion that you are in my debt, but I do not dispute it with you. I shall in future be more punctual.

'You, and all of you, are most fortunate in a most indulgent father, who, instead of having occasion to be prompted, is willing to deny himself, in many instances that his wife and children may enjoy the more; and I hope and trust that all of you will amply repay his goodness by being grateful, should it please God to spare you and him together. I bless God we have no reason to complain. May the example of our eldest descend on our youngest branches! I shall ever use my endeavor to promote their imitation.

'And don't consider it, my dear, as the cant of an old woman, when I admonish you, above all things, not to neglect your religious duties. I would much rather see you a good than a great man, and it is no uncommon thing for learned men to neglect what is the most important part of their duty; but be sure, if you do not remember your Creator in the days of your youth, you need never look for comfort in your old age.

'Farewell, my dear! May health and happiness attend you wherever you are.'

There may be found some, though we hope not amongst our readers, who are disposed to treat this 'short and simple' letter as trite and commonplace. We doubt whether such observers have a just

appreciation of the elements which form our national character, or of the influences which produce in that national character much that is greatest, and all that is best.

Though it interferes with the strict chronology of our narrative, we deem this part of Horner's character to be so important, and its development so beautiful and so instructive, that we must be permitted to carry our illustrations further. Indeed, the obligations of home duty and the ties of affection were with him the foundation of every thing else that was good and useful. His character did not resemble one of those substances formed by mechanical accretion from without; but rather one of those formed by chemical fusion and by expansion from within. This, in fact, is the key to his whole nature and merits, moral and intellectual. With him the heart was the great moving power, and its impulses seem never to have misled him. At the age of twenty, after the completion of his studies under Mr. Hewlett, he writes to his father:—'The hope on which I am most accustomed to dwell is, that we may all grow up round you and my mother with sentiments of active probity and a spirit of industry, so as never to give you cause to regret your care and your indulgence. I feel most sensibly how much our success will depend on having your example long before us, and long enjoying the benefits of your counsel and direction. I feel most sensibly how much my immediate comfort and enjoyment depend on these, in the impatience with which I look forward to my return home, and to the prospect of coming again to domestic society and its duties after having been absent so long, and having felt by experience what a blank those duties leave in life.'—(Vol. i. p. 39.) At an after period, and when considering the expediency of going to the English bar, his filial respect and tenderness are unabated. 'Before I obtain your concurrence,'—he writes to his father—'I cannot give the name of resolution to the inclination I entertain.'—*Ibid.* p. 189. These feelings were uninterrupted to the last; and we shall have occasion hereafter to remark, that his latest effort at correspondence was addressed to his father four days only before his lamented death.

We trust there are none of our readers who are scoffers on a subject like this; and who will think that we have dwelt too much on what may appear so simple and commonplace as filial duty and affection. We could wish that these feelings were even more commonplace, if by such expression is meant more general and more

widely diffused. We see in them the foundation on which the moral superiority of Horner's character rested, and on which his moral ascendancy over the minds of others was founded. To us these characteristics are as touching as the descriptions in the 'Cotter's Saturday Night.' The 'big ha' Bible—the old man's blessing—the 'ingle nook'—are not more strictly identified with Scottish feeling, than this duty and affection on the part of a child;—continued in his maturer years, forming his principles, and influencing his conduct when he has entered into the active contentions of the world. It surely cannot be thought a national prejudice to connect these sentiments with a system of education which cherishes and maintains family affections and associations. We know full well that distinguished and numerous examples may be shown, proving that all these advantages are perfectly compatible with the system of public education in England. The chain of family affection may be continued unbroken between Castle Howard or Hagley and Eton; and, under the late estimable Dr. Arnold, we believe that the surest foundation for filial duty was laid, in the cultivation of the strongest religious convictions. So far from weakening the domestic ties, Dr. Arnold's instructions could not fail to strengthen them, combining with the love felt by his boys for their parents, the affectionate reverence which he so well merited from them himself. But we deal not with exceptions, but with tendencies and general results. The Indian juggler swallows the naked sword, though he does not grow fat on the produce of this 'iron harvest.' M. Chabert was also accustomed to take his pastime in a heated oven, and to come out unsinged, though the beefsteak which was placed beside him was broiled to a turn. As we prefer more nourishing food than steel, and a milder temperature than that of the furnace, we are inclined to think that the risks of an education, wholly separating the child from the parental roof, under the ordinary and very imperfect system of our public schools, are greater than can be compensated by the most miraculous master over *longs* and *shorts*. We shall not speak of the cases in which public education fails in its own more peculiar course of study. We refer to instances of classical success, and ask whether this success is not too often dearly purchased. Let us suppose the following to be the summing up by a father of the school life of his child:—'My son is wholly estranged from

his family—but then he has written a learned essay on the philosophy of the Stoics; he has ruined himself, and has half ruined me, at Newmarket—but has acquired immortal honor by his version of Pindar; his arrangements of the Greek chorusses are lauded by German critics of the deepest learning and unpronounceable names—and this must console me for his elopement with a French opera-dancer.' We know not whether this balance of account would be satisfactory to many parents. We are satisfied to receive less, if we are convinced that less is risked. Dealing with the future prospects of our children as if they resembled a stake at hazard or the price of a lottery ticket, is a gambling too desperate for our nerves or consciences. We feel strongly the importance of the development of the manly character which public education is calculated to produce, and has produced, in many instances. We are far from recommending a system that, by injudicious restraint, prevents the formation of habits of decision, and of a sense of responsibility. Safety itself may be too dearly purchased, if the character is dwarfed and stunted. It should be allowed to grow freely and vigorously. Above all, we must be understood as dealing with public schools as they are, and not as they ought to be.

But to return. We left Horner pursuing his education at Edinburgh. There he formed many early and valuable associations with men who have since risen to the highest distinction in various walks of life. His earliest friend was Henry Brougham. Before the year 1780, the two boys used to run together on the pavement before his father's house.' How little could the future destiny of these boys have been anticipated—how little could it have been foreseen that the one was to become the most brilliant and powerful rhetorician of his day—was to rise to the highest eminence of his profession, and, as Lord Chancellor to preside over the House of Lords; and that the other was to exercise over the House of Commons a moral influence even greater than that produced by his acknowledged intellectual superiority!

The gratitude which Horner felt towards all those from whom he derived instruction, is but an exhibition in another form of the strength of his affections. Of his old master, Dr. Adam, the Rector of the High School, he writes thus in 1809:—'I have always felt a most agreeable debt of gratitude to him for the love he gave me in early life for the pursuits which are still my best source of happiness, as well

as for the most valuable impressions on all subjects of political opinion.' Having, at the age of nineteen, translated the greater part of Euler's Algebra into English, he declined claiming any right in the publication, but transferred it altogether to his tutor, the Rev. Mr. Hewlett—'modestly but resolutely opposing even any recognition of his share in the task, and desiring that whatever merit or emolument might be attached to the work, might be given to his instructor.' That he should have felt the deepest gratitude and affection for Dugald Stewart, is only stating that he participated in those feelings which that truly great philosopher, and excellent man, inspired in the minds of all who approached him; and more especially in the minds of those who had the benefit of his instructions. Horner applied to him a characteristic sentence extracted from one of his own works:—'It is with no common feeling of respect and gratitude that I recall the name of one to whom I owe my first attachment to those studies, and the happiness of a liberal occupation superior to the more aspiring aims of a servile ambition.' At a subsequent period (1804) he again reverts to the same subject, and speaks of 'the effect produced by Professor Stewart's lectures, in sending out every year a certain number who had imbibed a small portion of his spirit, as being so great that he could not consent to any suspension of it.' But it was at a later period (1809), when Mr. Stewart was suffering under the grievous calamity of the death of a most promising son, that all the tenderness of Horner's nature manifested itself—'I know not when I should venture to write to him,' he says in a letter to Lord Webb Seymour: 'I have abstained doing so during the period of his poor son's illness, except at that momentary interval of apparent recovery which is always so delusive in this disease—

*"Visa tamen tardi demum inclementia morbi
Cessare est, reducemque iterum roseo ore salutem
Speravi"*—

a passage which I have heard Mr. Stewart read with the most touching expression, but which he will never be able to read again! About writing to him, I wish you, who are on the spot, to direct me; after a while, he may take some interest in the details of public news, or be tempted to amuse himself with new books; and as soon as there would be any real kindness, and no unpleasant intrusion, in supplying him with these, I should be happy to

make a duty of such attentions to him.' It was thus that the same warmth and sincerity of affection, which we have already seen so strongly and beautifully exhibited towards his own family, were in a like measure shown in relations, which, being often considered as purely scholastic and academical, too seldom take any permanent root in the heart.

Partly with the view of learning the important art of acting for himself, and of acquiring habits of self-reliance, and partly also for the secondary purpose (though not a trivial one) of correcting any provincial accent or idiom, Mr. Horner was placed for two years in the neighborhood of London, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Hewlett, who justly appreciated the abilities and qualities of his pupil, and rendered him very essential services in the prosecution of his studies. His industry seems to have been most unremitting and persevering, though somewhat too diffuse; and in some few instances was not, seemingly, very wisely directed by his instructor. In the cultivation of English style Mr. Hewlett directed his pupil's attention most particularly to the inaccuracies of Hume, and gave him as models of composition the 'Letters of Junius.' We can scarcely imagine a more dangerous recommendation of the kind than the latter, for a young and enthusiastic student. At a later period Horner seems to have been captivated by the orientalisms and amplification of Gibbon. But fortunately he was not betrayed into adopting the style of either of these writers as his model. From this danger he was protected by the severity and simplicity of his own taste.

It is very interesting to observe, at this early period of life, how the natural tendencies of his mind exhibited themselves in their early process of development. His first visits to the House of Commons seem to have disappointed him much. 'The best speakers,' he observes, 'and the good are but few, speak with such an unaccountable tone, they have so little grace in their action and delivery, and such a set of cant phrases have crept into use, that he who has previously formed ideas of eloquence from what he has read of Greece and Rome, must find the speeches even of Fox and Pitt miserably inferior.' Here we find an instance, very rare in Horner, of youthful rashness. He evidently referred Parliamentary oratory to a very false standard. He might almost as well have condemned Kemble for not assuming the sock and buskin. His attention, now at the age of nine-

teen, was directed to a subject to which he afterwards owed his highest reputation—the question of the Currency. Being in London at the time of the memorable Bank restriction, he mentions the fact that for some time subsequently to that event Paper money exhibited no signs of depreciation. Where he observes on the relief given to trade by the enlargement of discounts, his opinions seem still unfixed and confused; but he concludes very justly, that 'all political reasonings point out the increase of paper money as a most pernicious evil; from which the country could only escape provided this remedy were used merely as a temporary expedient. It is thus that in the meditations of the youth we can discover the germs of the future reasonings of the philosopher. The accidental coincidence of his residence in London with this event, may have been to Horner what the Jesuit's Treatise on Perspective is considered by many to have been to Sir Joshua Reynolds; or what the accidental task of binding a volume of an Encyclopædia, containing an article on Electricity, was to Professor Faraday. But we must not overrate the import of these coincidences. Such casualties excite attention, but cannot be held to create an intellectual power, any more than the application of lime to a clay soil creates the plants of white clover, the seeds of which it causes to germinate.

The suspension of cash payments, by Order in Council, was, however, an event of such startling novelty and magnitude, as to have been calculated to awake the attention of a mind even less observant and active than Horner's. We happen to be in possession of some curious particulars connected with 'that wonderful event,' as it was well called by Mr. Fox in the debate on the 28th of February, 1776;—affecting, as it did, not only the finances and commerce of England, but bearing upon the whole combination of European policy, and of which event the consequences are still experienced. The facts which we are about to relate were communicated to us by one of the parties to the transaction; and, as we are not aware that they have ever been accurately given to the public, we do not think that they can be more fitly recorded than in this notice of the life of that statesman whose name is identified with the great work of the restoration of our Currency. We shall not stop to examine the causes which led to the difficulties of the Bank; at present, we deal with the events only. On Saturday the 25th of February, 1797, the late Mr. Samuel Thornton,

deputy governor of the Bank of England, waited on Mr. Pitt, to explain to him the imminent dangers to which that corporation was exposed. Mr. Pitt appointed to receive him at dinner that very day, for the purpose of examining into the facts, and of determining upon the line to be adopted. At that dinner there were present but three persons—The Chancellor of the Exchequer, the deputy governor of the Bank of England, and Mr. Steele, then Secretary to the Treasury. The presence of the latter was soon dispensed with, and the authorities of the Treasury and Threadneedle Street were left to discuss confidentially the most important proposition that had ever been mooted between those 'high contracting powers.' Mr. Thornton demonstrated to the Minister, that it was utterly hopeless for the Bank to continue its specie payments; and that, early on the following Monday, it was necessary that some decisive resolution should be formed and acted on. The interview was long. Mr. Pitt examined into the case with the deepest anxiety and minuteness. In dismissing Mr. Thornton, he directed him to attend a meeting of the Council to be held the following morning, on Sunday. Mr. Thornton was in waiting even before the arrival of Mr. Pitt. Having sent in his name to the Council, he was asked by some of the official persons present what was the object of his attendance—an object which did not appear to have been communicated to them. He replied, that he attended by the command of Mr. Pitt, and on behalf of the Bank of England. On the arrival of Mr. Pitt, Mr. Thornton was called in and examined; he explained the state of the Bank, and the imminent peril to which it was exposed of an immediate stoppage. The persons present were the Chancellor (Lord Loughborough,) the Duke of Portland, Marquis Cornwallis, Earl Spencer, Earl of Liverpool, Earl of Chatham, and Mr. Pitt. The latter shortly, but conclusively, stated his reasons for the instant adoption of an Order of Council directing the suspension of Cash payments by the Bank of England. The Lord Chancellor expressed the strongest objection to such an act, as being wholly contrary to law. The reply of Mr. Pitt was conclusive:—'My Lords, it must be done—the public safety requires it; and I lay before your Lordships a minute, directing the proper steps to be taken. To that minute I affix my own name, and I assume the whole responsibility of the proceeding.' The minute was adopted, as might have been expected, from the authority, almost supreme,

conceded to Mr. Pitt by his colleagues as well as by Parliament. The Order of Council was issued; it was communicated to the Bank of England; it was dispersed throughout the metropolis at the earliest hour on Monday morning. We are aware that this statement does not altogether agree with the declarations made on the occasion, as well as subsequently; but our information came from the lips of one of the parties to the whole transaction, from its commencement to its close—a man who would not deceive, and who could not be mistaken.

To this great event the attention of the practical statesman cannot be too often and too earnestly directed. What constitutes its danger, is the facility with which the greatest of all financial revolutions was effected; the false popularity which it acquired; the instantaneous ease it afforded not only to Government, but to various classes suffering under extreme pressure; the slow and gradual development of its fatal consequences, for a time undetected, and almost unsuspected, in the midst of that false prosperity produced by increased issues of paper; the artificial increase of production, the artificial demand for labor, followed by that fearful collapse, which, exhibiting the practical difference between money wages and real wages, imposed the greatest amount of suffering on the most laborious and industrious classes: and, in its ultimate effects, produced a national bankruptcy for a season, and the payment of the public creditor by a dividend on the amount of his just demand.

But to return to our immediate subject. The relative importance of that education which an enlightened and active mind works out for itself, as compared with all that can be acquired in the mere routine course of study, was never more strongly exemplified than in the interval of Horner's life from 1797 to 1802, during his residence at Edinburgh, and after his first visit to the South. It is after instruction in its more limited sense has ended, that education, properly so called, in many instances commences. Yet no mistake is more common than that which substitutes the means for the end, and considers that technical acquirement and mere accomplishment can do more than furnish the tools which a sound understanding is afterwards to apply to practical purposes. The five years of Horner's life subsequently spent at Edinburgh, were devoted not only to the study of the law, the profession for which he was destined, but to other intellectual pursuits, the most vari-

ed and multifarious. Indeed, it is impossible not to trace in this part of his conduct no inconsiderable degree of weakness and imperfection. This had early attracted the attention of his friend and instructor, Mr. Hewlett. 'Were I to suggest a hint with respect to his future studies, it should be to guard him against desultory pursuits, and disquisitions in science not immediately connected with his profession. The avenues of nearly all the sciences are open to him, and he is acquainted with the nature and relative importance of the different kinds of truth. Here is the general object, and when a young man has accomplished it, his powers ought to be concentrated and directed to the particular profession which he has adopted.' We should very deeply have regretted had Horner limited his pursuits exclusively to professional studies. This would have destroyed one of the greatest and most attractive characteristics of his mind—its *catholicity*, the wideness of its range, its general cultivation, its balance, and its estimate of the just properties and relative value of objects. What we cannot but regret, and that against which we should warn our younger readers, is the indiscreet adoption of successive and gigantic plans of study, which being undertaken lightly, were not, and could not be, practically realized.

All persons, but more especially the young and sanguine, should eschew the dangerous readiness with which they are tempted to undertake more than it lies in their power to perform. To weaker minds—to minds less strenuous in exertion and less firm in principle—this error might have been fatal. Every resolution of this description made and abandoned, inflicts a severe blow on the character. From this weakness Horner suffered less than most others would have done; but even to him it is evident, that these varied and successive resolutions, so hastily adopted and abandoned, could not but have been productive of diminished power of mind, as well as of diminished contentedness. In the undisguised exhibition of motive and of action, which is contained in these volumes, we cannot discover any other cause of self-reproach; and even in this single instance, the error, such as it was, arose from a noble ambition. Of the error itself he seems to have been fully conscious. In his journal of 1801, after reviewing a day of varied but desultory occupation, he observes—'Such a review, when feebly and vainly considered, may flatter the consciousness of power. But it is manifest

that, were the mind to be habitually indulged, especially in the early part of life, in a course of unrestrained and lawless rambling, it would soon lose the power of persevering attention in systematic study, and the memory would become a farrago of superficial and unconnected observation.' Notwithstanding the frankness of this confession, the same error accompanied him throughout his life. In laying out a course of study for the two years before his entrance on his profession as an advocate, he proposed to perfect himself in the Latin and Greek classics, to acquire an elegance and facility in English style in writing and speaking; to make himself a proficient in the general principles of philosophy; and a complete master, if possible, of law as a science. For this purpose, he proposed reading in Greek, Homer, Demosthenes, Xenophon, and Euripides; in Latin, Livy, Tacitus, Cæsar, and Sallust; together with Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Lucretius, and Tibullus, and the whole works of Cicero, which were almost to be learned by heart. With this were to be combined mathematics, the logic of analysis, both geometric and algebraic. In mixed mathematics and other branches of physics, including chemistry, botany, and natural history, he proposed to read the book of nature. Metaphysics were to be made the elements of legislative science. Law, both civil, municipal, and statute, was to be included, and made a prominent part of this vast cycle of knowledge! Our censure does not apply to the failure in competing this task, but to the want of wisdom in undertaking it. We are quite willing to admit, that no young man of twenty would have been able to execute a scheme like this within two years; but at the same time, and on that very account, no reasonable man can defend it. There is no justification in saying, with Horner, '*magnis tamen excidam ausis.*' When he meditated on the composition of a commentary on the *Instauratio Magna* of Bacon, bearing the somewhat presumptuous title of '*A View of the Limits of Human Knowledge,*' he remarks upon what he himself terms 'the audacity of his ambition;' but adds, 'that no presumption is culpable while it only stimulates to great undertakings.' This is scarcely true: for the danger he himself admits to be great, when 'the inadequacy of what is performed can be contrasted with what is attempted.'

If Horner did not equal his own aspirations, it was not because he accomplished little, but because he aimed at an unattain-

able excess. His mind was continually engaged in the most useful and improving pursuits. The associates with whom he lived were such as at once to appreciate and to improve his character. Many of them are still spared to their country and to their friends; and to them we shall abstain from making any allusion, further than by saying, that we know not a higher tribute that can be paid to man, than the friendships Mr. Horner then acquired, and the fidelity with which he maintained them through life to the very last. His principles were not more steadfast and undeviating than his affections. An unspeakable merit! No divergence of pursuit—no separation in after life—no change of occupations, ever disjoined the heart of Horner from those early companions who continued to deserve his affection. The splendors of political success, the seductive attractions of the society of London, never broke, or even weakened the force of his early friendships, where their continuance was justified by character and conduct. Pope completes the climax in which he commemorates the virtues of Craggs, by the encomium “that he lost no friend.” To no one could this somewhat rare praise be more truly applicable than to Horner.

His happy associations of friendship were founded on a community of principle and of mental pursuit. Even when still a youth, he proposed that he and his much-valued friend Mr., now Lord Murray, should work together, and “become the Beaumont and Fletcher of metaphysics.” With Lord Webb Seymour, whose friendship and esteem were no less a privilege than a blessing, he studied Bacon, and Political Economy. The origin and the durability of this happy and honorable community of pursuits, may, we feel convinced, be traced to the purity of motive which Horner’s mind—his unaffected humility, that teachableness which in him was united to such vigorous powers—the absence of all vanity, and of all love of personal distinction. It was the refined modesty of his own nature, that alone could induce him to decline the application to himself of a splendid passage of Lord Bacon, to which he refers: in which that philosopher describes the various motives which urge men onward in intellectual pursuit: “Omnium autem gravissimus error in deviationem ab ultimo doctrinarum fine consistit. Appetunt enim homines scientiam, alii ex insita curiositate, et irrequieta; alii animi causa et delectationis; alii ex imitationis gratia; alii contentionis ergo, utque ut in disser-

endo superiores sint; plerique propter lucrum et victum; paucissimi ut donum rationis divinitus datum in usus humani generis impendant.”—(Vol. I. p. 127.) If Horner did not merit to be included *inter hos paucissimos*, we know not who ever deserved that distinction; not only professing, but acting as he did, on the principle, “that the passions which he sought to encourage in his mind, were an inviolable attachment to truth for its own sake, in every speculative research, and an habitual reference of every philosophical acquisition to the improvement of his practical and active character.”—(Ib.)

We have been struck by some whimsical analogies between Horner and a statesman and philosopher, whose works he esteemed highly, and studied much—we mean Turgot. In all respects, however, our countryman has a manifest superiority. Turgot’s first destination was the church; he was elected Prior of the Sorbonne. Horner had for a time a desire “to be a parson,” and his mother equipped him in a gown and bands. He was modest, retiring, and simple-hearted. “Turgot,” observes the Abbé Morellet, “était d’une simplicité d’enfant qui se conciliait en lui avec une sorte de dignité, respectée de ses camarades, et même de ses confrères les plus agés.” Turgot abandoned his views of entering the church, on conscientious grounds, and he betook himself to the bar and to the service of the state. Horner was not in a position which required him to make this sacrifice; but he was guided by his conscience strictly in all acts, both in his profession and in Parliament. The writers of the *Biographie Universelle* inform us that Turgot, having studied the classical and modern languages, and almost every branch of science, was accustomed to form boundless schemes of future study. “Il s’était tracé la liste d’un grand nombre d’ouvrages qu’il voulait exécuter. Des poèmes, des tragédies, des romans philosophiques, des traductions, des traités sur la physique, sur l’histoire, sur la géographie, la politique, la métaphysique, et les langues, entraient dans ce cours singulier.” Horner, as we have seen, had to the last a similar weakness. “I have indulged myself,” he observes, “in all the reveries of future achievements, future acquisition, future fame: poetry, romantic philosophy, ambition, and vanity conspire to infatuate me in this oblivion of the present; and amid this visionary intoxication, I almost feel the powers of actual exertion sink within me.” At the age of

twenty-two, Turgot addressed to the Abbé de Cicé a Dissertation on Paper Currency. At twenty-two, Horner was called on to read a paper on the Circulation of Money, before the Speculative Society of Edinburgh. The free trade in corn was alike a favorite object of both these distinguished men. In one point the analogy wholly fails. We have seen how Horner received his earliest moral and religious impressions from his mother. Turgot was not so fortunate. The contrast between Paris and Edinburgh is here manifest. The Abbé Morellet informs us, "que la mère de Turgot le trouvait maussade parcequ'il ne faisait pas la reverence de bonne grace. Il fuyait la campagne qui venait chez elle—et se cachait sous un canapé, ou derrière un paravent, où il restait toute la durée d'une visite, et d'où l'on était obligé de le tirer pour le produire." This distinction in their early impressions may have determined much of the future destiny of the two men. We have been tempted into this digression, for the purpose of tracing an analogy suggested by the deep interest which Horner exhibits so constantly for the writings and opinions of Turgot. He was too prudent to approve of many of his measures of administration.

With a mind such as that of Horner, and with the well-regulated but manly ambition which made politics and political economy favorite pursuits, it is not to be wondered at that he should ultimately take up his residence in London, and prefer the bar of England to that of Scotland. To this determination the attractions of society, of literature, and of politics contributed. He applied himself to professional studies, but he never seems to have considered the bar as a primary object. He rather pursued it as an honorable mode of acquiring an independence, than as an avocation acceptable to his taste or feelings. Whilst still studying as an advocate in Edinburgh, he admits that the "refreshment of a few chapters from Livy became necessary after four hours given to *tack* and *wadset*."—(Vol. i. 109.) And we can readily believe that Dugald Stewart's evening lecture on the poor-laws, was an agreeable change from the title in Erskine's *Principles* on the "Vassal's Right." He was fully sensible of the danger to which he would have been exposed from studies purely professional; and, for his own protection, he laid down the principle of devoting "one day in the week, at the least, to the study of Lord Bacon's writings, or of works on a similar plan. In this way," he observed, "I may flatter my-

self with the reflection of making an effort, at least, to preserve my mind untainted by the illiberality of professional character, if not to mould my habitual reflections upon those extensive and enlightened views of human affairs, by which I may be qualified to reform the irregularities of municipal institutions, and to extend the boundaries of legislative science." It was clear that the tenor of these observations marked out the chapel of St. Stephen's as his future destiny, rather than the courts of Westminster-Hall. He admits this distinctly in a letter to Lord Murray, written in 1812:—"A very slow and a very quiet walk for a public life, is the only one for which I feel myself fit, though in such a one, with steadiness, I hope I may in process of time find some opportunity of rendering service to the country. One thing I feel more every day, that nothing but the alliance of politics, or the manner in which I take a share in them, would be sufficient to attach me to the legal profession, in which I have little prospect of eminence, and very moderate desire of wealth; but in which, by possessing the opportunities of legislative experience, I do not despair one day of doing some good."

Whether in private, in professional, or in political life, Horner was resolute in his determination to secure a perfect independence of circumstances. To the possession of wealth as furnishing the means of indulgence, he seems to have been totally indifferent; but his early habits and his strongest principles all led him to consider the acquisition and the maintenance of personal independence to be one of his highest duties. He felt that his future usefulness depended upon it. Even at the age of nineteen, he appears to have been fully sensible of this important truth. In a letter to his father, he says, "I would not suffer myself to be tempted by the hopes of what my own industry might in time refund, to incur the disgrace of dependence on another person."—(Vol. i. p. 18.) To adhere steadily to these principles, Horner was encouraged by his wise and affectionate friend, Lord Webb Seymour. "Every thing should be done to strengthen your resolution of clinging closely to your profession, till you have securely laid the humble, but essential basis on which you may rest the whole machinery of that public influence, which I hope hereafter to see you in possession of. In adhering to your plan, you have many temptations to resist, and those temptations are likely to increase. Formerly you had merely to sacrifice the gratification of your

taste for science; you have now to guard against the incitements of literary luxuries, as well as the political ardor of the society in which you live. You will soon have to withstand the direct allurements of power, and of the applause which attends the patriotic statesman."—(Vol. i. p. 351.)

Horner took up his residence in London at an interesting moment. Fox and Pitt were both living, and in the fullest possession of their powers. The excitement of a doubtful peace, and ultimately the renewal of the war—the complicated state of party, and the uncertainty of future political combinations—were all most interesting. That a ministry like that of Mr. Addington should ever have been formed, was wonderful; that it should at first have commanded great majorities was astounding; that it should have been allowed to subsist after giving proof of its inefficiency, was the mere result of the sufferance of its powerful and combined opponents. So rapid a loss of public confidence and of political strength never was exhibited; except, perhaps, in the vast change of opinion towards the present Cabinet during the session which has just closed. Horner approached the political arena with opinions rather cultivated than matured. It is worthy of remark, that his attachment to Whig principles was the result of calm and cautious examination, and of the most earnest convictions. He thus gave a double security for his firmness and his consistency. His opinions had been slow in their growth: they were moderate, and free from all exaggeration. They did not resemble the sappy water shoots of some plants, which rise rapidly into a rank vegetation—produce many leaves, a few flowers, and even promise some fruit, but which are cut back by the first frost, or are broken down by the first squall of wind. On the contrary, a more true resemblance to Horner's opinions may be found in the timber trees of slower growth, but of firmer consistency, which resist alike the dry rot and all extraneous force. Horner's opinions were progressive in their tendencies; they were formed for himself, and not taken ready-made from others. So far from adopting in early life very popular doctrines, his first expressions of opinion, strange to say, have somewhat of an opposite character.

"I am of your opinion," he writes to his father in 1799, "as to the propriety of supporting the Government of the country. Undoubtedly, within the few last years, violent attacks have been made on the rights of the subject; but no one finds his comforts impaired, nor his property

less secure: a circumstance which should make the constitution more estimable to us, showing that its spirit is such as to continue to be beneficial, even after its forms have been suspended. There are good grounds to expect that that suspension will be removed by Parliament, when the necessity, real or imaginary, disappears. . . . When thinking upon this, I often look forward to a rule of conduct, which I hope no circumstances may ever induce me to abandon; and it is this, to connect myself with the exclusive interests of no political party whatever. A man's independence must be best preserved, and his duty to the public best performed, by attaching himself, not to any set of political characters, but to that system of measures which he believes most conducive to the public welfare. It seems a reasonable duty at all times, rather to lean towards the ruling ministers; for no administration can act with energy, unless it can trust to the countenance of respectable people."—(Vol. i. p. 36.)

We have been induced to make this extract by various motives. In referring hereafter to Horner's political principles with a just appreciation, we are desirous of showing that the liberal opinions of his manhood were not carelessly adopted, or subscribed to, from any early prejudice or association. Further, we think it not unimportant to consider the numerous fallacies which are contained in the declaration of faith of our political novice of nineteen—fallacies which it would be less necessary to expose if they were confined to persons of his age, and to one occasion. But, unfortunately, such is not the case. On the contrary, the erroneous, and we may add the mischievous, opinions which Horner advocated when a student, residing with his private tutor Mr. Hewlett, and before he had acquired any practical knowledge of life or politics, are the very opinions which not only men of maturer age, but whole classes, profess, at the present day, to the infinite degradation of our legislative counsels, and the sacrifice of spirit and chivalrous feeling among our public men. A general disposition to support the government, however hostile to public liberty—an expectation that the spirit of freedom can ever long survive the overthrow or decay of a free constitution—a credulity which flatters itself that despotism once acquired, will be readily and freely relinquished by its possessors—these opinions still form elements of a Tory creed. We need not say that such principles, though more or less deducible from Horner's early letter above transcribed, could not long be allowed to remain as articles of his political faith. He soon discovered their fallacy, and himself rejected them. When he had at-

tained his twenty-first year we find a manifest improvement to have taken place. We can trace this progress as early as in his journal of February 1799. "I find it daily more necessary to be anxious about the formation and expression of my political opinions. In such times as the present, there is some merit in setting about it in a manly and open manner. On the one hand, the majority of the country runs strongly and implicitly in favor of the minister who has made the greatest inroads on the constitution; on the other hand, there is a set of people who undoubtedly, some from wicked and ambitious, others from honest views, pant after a new and republican order of things. Between these two fires there is some courage in pleading the cause of our neglected constitution."—(i. 70.) Here we observe a considerable progress already made; there is no longer manifested that trust in the government, and that kind of epicurean apathy which tends to unfit mankind for active political duty. On the contrary, the social obligation of withdrawing support from an unconstitutional government, and the necessity of discovering some safe middle way, is strongly expressed. What that safe middle way was to be, Horner seems to have suspected, if not discovered, during the course of the same year; for we find him speaking of his "veneration, some of which he admits may be prejudice, for the ancient Whig politics of England, which he states to have been at that time (1799) so much out of fashion, being hated by both parties." Horner soon felt the necessity and the duty of proceeding steadily onwards in this task of forming his political opinions. In 1800, he observes, *solvendum est problema difficillimum*; "to ascertain the maximum of absolute and enlightened independence, and the happy medium between the prostitution of faction and the selfish coldness of indifference." Thus he meditates on a second step—something to be done as well as to be demonstrated;—a problem rather than a theorem. In 1803, dismissing his apprehensions of party association, he perceives the necessity of purifying it. He no longer suggests that the obligation of party should be disregarded; but he recommends that party should be freed from all that could lower or contaminate its nature. "Depend upon it," he observes, "that liberal opinions will never again be popular till we shake off all those who have brought disgrace upon them."—(i. 234.) It was in 1804, when in his twenty-sixth year, that his matured judgment

adopted and avowed that political preference to which with such honorable constancy he adhered to the close of his life. The following remarks were entered in his journal, after deliberate reflection and consultation with three of the most acute and experienced of his friends:—

"Political adventure," he observes, "is a game which I am disqualified from playing by many circumstances of my character, and which I am resolved to decline. But some share in public business, acquired by reputation, and supported on an independent footing, is a fair object, and almost the only reward that stimulates me to the law. Without belonging to a party, there can be no efficient participation in public affairs. If an honorable man sees no formed party amongst the factions of the state, by whom his general views of policy are maintained he will shrink from them all, and attempt only individual efforts to explain and enforce his views. But in the general maxims and principles of Mr. Fox's party, both with regard to the doctrine of the constitution, to foreign policy, and to the modes of internal legislation, I recognize those to which I have been led by the results of my own reflection, and by the tenor of my philosophic education. And I am ambitious to co-operate with that party in laboring to realize those enlightened principles in the government of our own country. However I lament some violences and mistakes in the conduct of opposition, and however much I suspect the characters of some who have at times been very near Mr. Fox's person, all my feelings carry me towards that party, and all my principles confirm the predilection. Into that party, I therefore resolutely enlist myself, with very feeble hopes of its ever being for any long period triumphant in power. There is a low prudence in rearing the fabric of one's fortunes, which fixes the ambition (if it may be called by so proud a name) on the actual possession of place and emolument. But there is a more elevated prudence, which does not stop at affluence in its prospect, but ventures to include the chance of lasting service to mankind, and of a good name impressed on the history of the times."—(i. 253.)

Attached as Horner was to the principles of Fox, he yet comments on his public character with the utmost freedom. 'The great error of Fox, in the late years of opposition,' he remarks, 'appears to have consisted in that favorable expectation of the issue of the French Revolution, natural to young and speculative minds, but hardly to be permitted in a practised statesman. He felt too much, and reflected too little; perhaps he did not take sufficient pains to inquire into facts. He gave an indolent indulgence to his benevolent and quiet feelings. An error of an inferior description, but of fatal influence on the opposite party, was the countenance given to the Jacobin party in England by Mr. Fox. He was

misled in this by some people about him, and by the persuasion, no doubt, that that powerful party might easily be restrained from excess, and in the meanwhile give effectual aid in the prevalence of popular sentiments.' We do not transcribe this passage as adopting the opinions it contains in all respects, and to their full extent. On the contrary. But the extract proves the independence of Horner's judgment as exercised on men and things; and it contains some principles of more general application,—of peculiar importance, indeed, to the Whig party in the present times.

The most immediate link with the Fox party was, in the case of Horner, as in so many other instances, with that truly excellent man, the most attractive of all his contemporaries, the late Lord Holland. Attached as Horner was to the principles of freedom, civil and religious, foreign and domestic, from whose lips could those opinions come with more persuasiveness than from those of the representative of Mr. Fox, the heir of his uncle's reputation? When Lord Holland dwelt on constitutional doctrines, it might truly be said, *Nunquam libertas gratior!* 'I have had frequent opportunities of seeing Lord Holland,' Horner writes to Lord Webb Seymour in 1805. 'I am delighted with his spirited understanding and the sweetness of his dispositions. In both respects he resembles his sister much, and both are of their uncle's make. The strongest features of the Fox head are precision, vigilance, and (if I may apply such a word to the understanding) honesty. Nobody escapes from them in vague showy generals, or imposes by ostentatious paradox; you are sure of getting both fair play and your due, but you must give as much, or you have no chance of concealment or mercy. Watchful, dexterous, even-handed, implacable sense is their law.' It was not on grounds merely personal, or theoretical, that the party preference of Horner rested. The events of 1807 had placed before him Whigs and Tories in their just relative position. 'I began to exult a little about the Whigs, and shall be doubly armed in argument for their defence. The Slave Trade, the Finance Committee, the Limited Service, and the commencement of wise and moderate government towards the Catholics, gave me great confidence and great pleasure.'—(i. 397.) On the other hand, the correctness of all his anticipations of evil from the advent of the Tories to power, had been but too fully

demonstrated. 'All the prejudices that have been skulking out of sight will be advanced into broad day, avowed in Parliament, and acted on in the Cabinet; it will be the language of the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons, that the poor would be made worse subjects by letting them learn to read; the principles of toleration will be brought into question; and we shall have eternal chimes rung on the wisdom of our ancestors, and the danger of innovation.' We do not deny that the present Conservatives would shrink from the avowal of many of these doctrines. We recognize this change, on the contrary, as a gratifying fact. But to what are these tardy and reluctant conversions attributable? Solely to the truth and boldness of men like Horner, who familiarized the public mind with real and orthodox doctrines, and made it impossible for their political opponents to adhere to their more ancient and bigoted articles of faith.

This slow but steady growth in the formation of his opinions, till they deserved the name of settled principles, took place some years before he entered Parliament. It was not the result of any *necessitudo sortis*, nor of any compulsion arising out of association in practical politics. Nor were his determinations fixed without having considered, as well as heard, what might be said, and strongly said, against them. His enlightened and affectionate friend, Lord Webb Seymour, whose temperament fitted him for contemplative rather than for active life, not only seems to have stood aloof from party feelings himself, but to have used all the authority of tried and valued friendship to maintain in Horner's more practical mind a state of philosophical balance. This excellent person would have preferred that Horner's introduction into the House of Commons had been delayed even beyond the age of twenty-eight, for the purpose of 'strengthening those principles which, as he considered, seldom continue unimpaired amidst the violence or the cankering corruption of party zeal.'—(i. 369.) In after life, these friendly warnings and this amiable controversy were carried further, and more distinctly stated, when Lord Webb Seymour alludes to Horner's 'warm attachment to friends, with whom every private as well as public feeling has almost made it a religion to agree. The prevalence of partial views may in some degree be ascribed to certain noble sentiments which the circumstances of the times made you cherish in early youth; an admiration for talent

and energy of character, and the wish to see those only who possess them at the head of affairs. But the main source of bias is the constant society of your party friends in London. I can conceive no situation more seducing to the mind than to be going on among a set of men, most of whom are united in the harmony of friendship and social enjoyment, all extolling the talents and principles of each other—all ardent for the same objects, though each impelled by a various mixture of private and of public motives—all anxious to communicate and to enlarge upon every thing that is to the disadvantage of their adversaries, and to keep out of view every thing that is to be said in their favor. Most men, when actuated by any keen interest, even in their private affairs, are liable to bias: how much more must this be the case, when a number of minds are re-acting on each other in the strenuous prosecution of a common cause, when there is the mutual support of each other's authority, no reference to opinion beyond the limits of the party, and the prevalent notion that the good of the country depends mainly on the practical adoption of their principles. How seldom in history do we find an active associate of any sect or party retaining a tolerable degree of candor! There are many cases in which I would trust to the candor of your judgment, but not so when certain strong feelings are connected with the point in question. Above all, I could not trust you where your affections are involved; for that warmth of heart and steadiness of attachment, which are such charms in your character, must then interfere, and I have observed them to do so. The reply to this very striking appeal escapes from the path of controversy with a friend, rather than meets the argument; but it is strongly characteristic of the meek and tolerant nature of the writer. 'I took your letter as you meant it, as the interposition of your authority as a friend rather than as opening a controversy with me. I think I could justify myself on many points where you have mistaken me, or been misinformed about me. I have read your letter repeatedly, which was what you intended me to do; and though I hardly confess myself so wrong on any particular as you think me, I feel sure that your advice will, even more than I may be at the time aware of it, keep me from going wrong.' There may be finer writing than this, but we know not where to seek better feeling. It is eloquent, because it is the heart which here speaketh out of its abundance.

We cannot dismiss this question so lightly. Important as that question is at all times, connected as party spirit has ever been, now is, and must be hereafter, with free institutions and a parliamentary government, there are present circumstances which render a just appreciation of the effects of party connections more than commonly momentous. We see the ties of party loosening around us; we see the old landmarks removed on all sides. The Radical sneers at one who calls himself a Liberal; the latter gives but a limited confidence to the Whig. On the other side, 'Young England' breaks out into open mutiny, and abjures all faith in Sir Robert Peel's government, as founded on low and vulgar principles of expediency. The old Tories continue their more constant, but still somewhat threatening allegiance: though support be not withdrawn, cordiality exists no longer. The Conservatives, escaping from the scoffings of friends and opponents, may possibly contrive to maintain order and combined action at the Ministerial Fish Dinner; but have sunk into a state of pitiful weakness in the House of Commons and in public estimation. What is the tendency of this movement on both sides, but to render the Government contemptible, and the Opposition inefficient? The effect on the two parties is, however, very different. An Opposition may bear differences of opinion—indeed such differences are the necessary results and incidents of their freedom of action; but to a Government, union is indispensable; divisions are fatal. Is not faction found pretty uniformly the successor and substitute for party? Small knots of men, connected in an insignificant companionship, coalescing without any great, or perhaps any well-defined principle, acquire and exercise a most undue and mischievous importance in public affairs. Intolerance and animosities are increased on both sides; and these bad feelings are more especially excited between those who form parts of the same political corps. Exaggeration finds a ready acceptance, and, so far as the attainment of mere personal notoriety goes, a pretty certain selfish reward. This is a miserable substitute for the more regular and disciplined struggle of Whig and Tory. This *petite guerre* ceases to excite public interest; Parliament is lowered in the estimation of the country; Parliamentary leaders, on both sides, lose all their dignity, and much of their usefulness, when deprived of their ancient authority; and those great watchwords, which have been handed down from

age to age, and which gave a nobleness to party contests, are undervalued, if they are not wholly forgotten. This state of things is but poor amends for the loss of party attachment; it possesses all the evils of party without any one of its redeeming attributes. So long as it continues, with some few bright intervals, the reign of insipid mediocrity will last.

But this was not the system which Lord Webb Seymour recommended to his friend Horner's adoption. What, then, is the *tertium quid*?—Individual action, founded on the supposition that each member is bound to form his own opinion, to act on his own conviction, and to admit no guide or adviser but his own conscience. All this sounds very plausible, and to those who have not entered practically into politics seems highly attractive. It appears to be founded on high moral principles. It holds out the hope that, as conscience acts upon individuals and not upon classes, the separate action of the units composing society will produce a more elevated and dignified result than that which proceeds from combinations where mutual sacrifices must be made, and averages must be struck. But is this historically true? Have we any example that justifies such a theory? What are those great measures which have advanced or secured the well-being of nations, that have not been the consequence of combined action? Were our liberties so won? Was it not a party confederacy in the days of the Plantagenets which established the rights of the House of Commons, and limited the power of the Crown? Were the Reformation, and the Revolution, the fortuitous consequences of some accidental agglomeration of political atoms? Was there no union and no combination required to produce the Petition of Rights in one reign, and the Bill of Rights in another? How could the Emancipation of the Roman Catholics, the Repeal of the Test Acts, or the Reform Bill, have been carried but for the agency of this much decried and misrepresented spirit of party? Is not social mainly distinguished from savage life, by its wise and salutary application of this same principle?

Lord Webb Seymour, and other speculative reasoners of the same school, who look on politics pretty much as a mere theoretical mechanist considers his science, believe that party can only be maintained by the sacrifice of individual judgment. This sacrifice they describe as immoral, as well as contrary to true freedom of thought, and therefore they condemn it. We object

to their mode of stating the question. A right of individual judgment must always be reserved for extreme cases; and not only reserved but exercised. Of this Horner's life affords some remarkable instances. His strongly formed party attachments did not preclude him from expressing, in 1806, his decided condemnation of Lord Ellenborough's appointment to a seat in the Cabinet. 'It is against the constitution, both in its forms and its spirit, he writes to Lord Murray, 'that the Chief Justice of England should have a seat in the Cabinet; and it is a violation of those fundamental principles on which the purity and integrity of judicial administration rest.'—(i. 341.) In like manner, in reference to the noble struggle for Spanish independence, he writes to Lord Holland, 'I have never ceased to lament, that in the crisis of Spanish politics in 1808, our party took a course so inconsistent with the true Whig principles of continental policy, so revolting to the popular feelings of the country, and to every true feeling for the liberties and independence of mankind.' Great exigencies of this kind can only be provided for when they arise: like the constitutional principle of resistance, this right of independent action can never be very exactly defined in extreme cases, though it must be acted on courageously as well as conscientiously.

Horner, though not in Parliament at the time, witnessed the last public exertions both of Pitt and Fox. He was in London at the period of the deaths of these great rivals. In respect of the former event, his observations are peculiarly interesting. In a letter written to Lord Murray, from the gallery of the House of Commons, and dated 21st of January 1806, he observes—'The illness of Pitt occupies every one's feelings and attention; for no one, even with all his party antipathies, can be insensible to the death of so eminent a man. In the place where I am sitting now, I feel this more than seems quite reasonable to myself; I cannot forget how this space has been filled by his magnificent and glowing declamations, or reflect with composure that that fine instrument of sound is probably extinguished for ever.'

The tenderness and generosity of Fox's nature had at that moment an opportunity of displaying themselves in a very remarkable manner. 'An amendment having been intended to be moved in the House of Commons, a meeting of the Opposition was held at the house of Mr. Fox, a few hours before going down to Westminster.' Fox stated to the meeting, 'that he thought

it improbable they would enter into the discussion; *he could not*, while they had the idea that Pitt was in extremities *mentem mortalia tangunt*, he said. A curious and well authenticated fact on this subject has been communicated to us, which we shall here record. Pitt died at a solitary house on Wimbledon common. Not far off, by the roadside, stood, and still stands, a small country inn, where the various parties interested in the great statesman's life were accustomed to apply for information, and to leave their horses and carriages. On the morning of the 23d January 1806, an individual having called at this inn, and not being able to obtain a satisfactory reply to his inquiries, proceeded to the house of Pitt. He knocked, but no servant appeared; he opened the door and entered; he found no one in attendance. He proceeded from room to room, and at length entered the sick chamber, where on a bed, in silence and perfect solitude, he found, to his unspeakable surprise, the dead body of that great statesman who had so lately wielded the power of England, and influenced, if he did not control, the destinies of the world. We doubt whether any much more awful example of the lot of mortality has ever been witnessed.

It was in October of the same year, that Fox died, not surviving his great rival for more than seven months. "This week has been a painful and anxious one," writes Horner to Mr., now Lord Jeffrey. "After all had been given over, there was a strange renovation that deluded us in spite of our despair. It is a cruel disappointment, if one thinks of the hopes so recently indulged, and a cheerless prospect forward. The giant race is extinct, and we are left in the hands of little ones, whom we know to be diminutive, having measured them against the others."—(i. 373.) If such was the observation of Horner, in 1806, when Lord Grenville, Romilly, Canning, Mackintosh, Lord Holland, Grattan, Tierney, Wyndham, and Whitbread, were still living, and before Lord Grey had retired from that Parliament which he reformed—of which he was the ornament, and of which he deserved to be the idol—what would be said of the present state of both houses?

Did our limits permit it, we should have wished to have entered into a detailed examination of Horner's Parliamentary life: yet this is too memorable, and his services are still too recent, to require to be recapitulated. To some persons it will be a matter of observation that he owed his return to the close borough system. He sat first

for St. Ives in Cornwall, obtaining his seat through the good offices of the Marquis of Landsdowne, as communicated by the late Lord Kinnaird. Nothing can have been more honorable to all parties concerned, than the mode in which the anomalous system of borough patronage appears to have been exercised towards Mr. Horner, both on this and on subsequent occasions. Yet it would be a mere puerility, on account of instances like these, to entertain any doubts with respect to the principles of the Reform Bill, or, in other words, with respect to the principles of civil liberty. It is said, that in reply to a well-turned compliment from Madame de Staël, in which that distinguished lady spoke with indulgence of despotism where wisely administered, the Emperor Alexander observed, "D'ailleurs, Madame, ce n'est qu'un heureux accident." The same remark is applicable to a liberal and generous use of parliamentary patronage. This reminds us of a very striking passage in the life of Horner. In 1812, Romilly was defeated at Bristol. At that time Horner was out of Parliament, but a seat was offered to him by the kindness of Lord Grenville. No person can doubt how much his happiness depended on his connexion with the House of Commons. But all private feelings and interests were forgotten in his sense of the public claims and services of Romilly; and he wrote to Lord Holland to suggest, that a preference should be given to Romilly, and that his own claims should be set aside. He could not have selected any person better fitted to be the medium of a noble and generous offer. The ambassador was worthy of the mission.

We have described the rise and growth of Horner's party attachments and principles. In adopting them, he still maintained his fixed resolution of preserving his independence. He applied it in a manner the most honorable—a manner which proved his entire sincerity. In January 1811, when there arose a question of forming a new administration, Lord Grenville, for whom Horner had ever felt a most sincere respect, wrote to him on the subject of accepting office in connection with his political friends. Nothing could be more kind, and, as we are convinced, more sincere than the offer which was made. "I do not mean to flatter you," observed Lord Grenville, "when I say that I myself feel, and I am confident such would be the universal impression, that I had in that way secured the assistance of the man in all England the most capable of rendering efficient service

to the public as Secretary of the Treasury, and of lightening the burthens which I am thus to undertake." Horner declined this proposal, and explained to Lord Murray, that "having been put to the trial, he had decided without difficulty to adhere to the rule which he had laid down on entering Parliament, not to take any political office until he was rich enough to live at ease out of office."—(Vol. ii. p. 76.) We doubt the justice and wisdom of this rule, though it has received so high a sanction. Undoubtedly, a man thus escapes from what might be a temptation; but to a high mind, is it not better that a temptation should be overcome, than merely avoided? Can it be doubted, but that, if the temptation did occur, principles like Horner's would have surmounted it? But by retreating before this imaginary danger, the result might have been, that for an unlimited time the country would have been deprived of all chance of his services, when those services were most necessary. Was not this entailing on the public an unreasonable sacrifice? To the great majority of mankind a lot is cast, rendering a strenuous labor, continued during many years, the condition by which alone competency and independence are to be won. Are all such men to be excluded, or are they to exclude themselves, from the public service, till their harvest has ripened, has been reaped, and is bestowed away in their garners. We think such a result most dangerous: it limits the public service most disadvantageously. Risks for the public should, and must, be run, and, among others, the very risk which Horner endeavored to escape from by a decision which he stated "was made for his life."

There is a passage in this part of Horner's life very peculiar and noble. What seems to have tempted him the most to accept the offer of Lord Grenville, was neither distinction, power, nor emolument; it was an association with a colleague in whom he had entire confidence, and the belief that the political prospects of his party made his acceptance of office a step attended with uncertainty and adventure. Here we see exhibited again, the true moving powers of his nature—duty and affection.

A most striking contrast might be drawn between the conduct of Horner on this occasion, and that of his friend, Lord Dudley, then Mr. Ward, in October, 1822. On the accession of Mr. Canning to office, that statesman proposed to the latter, who had been a kind of volunteer aide-de-camp,

that he should become under secretary of state, retiring from Parliament. His hesitation, doubts, and vacillation, all appear in his published letters. But what are the motives which seem to affect and influence his mind? He observes that the office is 'subordinate, but that he prefers subordination to responsibility.' He does not object to leaving Parliament, 'because he is quite sure never to cut any figure in it.' He refers to the relative 'dignity and fitness of offices of the second and third class,' and the prior offer of the same office to another by Canning, and its rejection; he admits that literature is 'beginning to pall upon him, and he begs for delay again, and again for additional delay—shrinking from the pain of any decision. This state of miserable irresolution continued for more than a fortnight. How very superior does Horner's character appear! and may not that superiority be traced to the different foundations on which the political opinions of the Whig and the Tory rested? Obligation due to the public, the desire of usefulness, determined the course of the one. The most insignificant worldly considerations seem to have been the influencing motives of the other. With Horner, politics were not treated as a sport or as a speculation; the House of Commons was not degraded into a theatre or a gambling house, but was considered as the arena of a noble and elevating contest, where the battle of the public was to be fought; where the combatant, and even the victor, if not by others, yet certainly by himself, should be forgotten in the thought of victory; and where 'the garland to be run for was immortal, and not to be won without toil and heat.'

On no questions were the abilities of Horner more conspicuous or more usefully employed than on all measures connected with Political Economy. The principles of freedom of trade, which at the present moment occupy the first place in public attention, were discussed by him with the wisdom of a philosopher, combined with the knowledge of a practical statesman. On no other subject did he display more ability than on the Corn Question. If this were the fitting opportunity, we should be glad to strengthen our own views by his authority. Though we are unwilling to do so at any length, there are yet some few points which we cannot wholly overlook. Horner pointed out, in 1813, that 'though we had Corn Laws on our statute book, we had no Corn Laws in fact; but that there was the most perfect freedom in the trade

in grain; and that, notwithstanding this, tillage had never increased so much, or prices been so regular.' He described as the inevitable consequences of the measure then proposed, 'great misery among the manufacturing classes as well as among laborers in husbandry, an alteration in the proportion between agricultural and manufacturing population and capital, which the freedom of both has adjusted, and would maintain better than all the wisdom of all the squires in the island, and all the political arithmeticians to boot.' In reply to the argument of Malthus in favor of high cultivation at home, as the consequence of high duties and restrictions, he observes, 'It would be a palpable sacrifice of the end to the means, if, for the sake of extending our most finished husbandry to every sterile ridge, we impose on the whole body of the people extravagant prices for the necessities of life. What other result would there be if Dartmoor and Blackstone Edge were laid out in terraces and garden ground, than a population always in peril of being starved, if their rulers will not let them eat the superfluity of their neighbors.' On the subject of fluctuation of price, his opinion is equally distinct. 'My theory is, upon the whole, that nothing will contribute so much to make prices steady, as leaving our own corn-factors unfettered by restrictions of our own making, and at liberty to make their own arrangements for bringing corn from the various large and independent markets of the world.'—(Vol. ii. p. 233.) These are opinions, it should be remarked, not hazarded in debate, but communicated in amicable controversy between himself and one of his ablest and most intimate friends. These doctrines might be expected to produce some salutary effects on the minds of opponents, if the results of the controversy had not brought us pretty nearly to agree in an assertion made by Horner, 'that it is almost as absurd to expect men to be reasonable about corn as to be reasonable about religion.' On this question he had the strong hope which is the result of firm conviction; and he exclaimed with the same confidence which we now feel,—'Magna quidem, magna est veritas, et prevalebit.' But when will this truth prevail? and in the meanwhile, what ills may come!

The leading part taken by Horner on the Bullion Question, seconded by the experience of Huskisson, and by the eloquence of Canning, needs no notice on our part. If a coin were now to be struck, as in the reign of Elizabeth, perpetuating the great

event of the restoration of our circulating medium, it is the name and image of Francis Horner which such a medal ought to bear.

We know not that any more striking instances of political sagacity have ever been exhibited, than some which might be collected from the interesting letters before us. Had Horner lived to later times, he would indeed in many instances have only 'seen what he foresaw.' Referring to the state of opinion, and the political bias of the court, in the reigns of George III. and of his successor, he says of the Whig party:

'In the precarious, unsure footing on which they would have to act, with the Court hostile and deceiving them, and, on the other side, an ill-disposed public, incapable of seeing their merit and public virtues, they could prosecute no systematic measures for the public good. It is not very probable, under any circumstances, according to my view of these matters, that they can retain for a length of time the favor of any king they are likely to serve. In a certain event, I expect they will hold him just long enough to carry through one or two large measures, such as the Catholic question, and an arrangement in respect to Irish Tithes, which, like the abolition of the slave trade, and the limitation of military service, will mark them out hereafter to those who will appreciate their conduct more truly than their contemporaries are capable of doing. Not that I have not some faint hopes, in which you will probably think me both sanguine and partial, that a time may come, in which they will acquire the confidence of the better part of the public; that is, a time when a taste and fashion may be revived in this country for the qualities and principles which entitle them to that confidence.'—(Vol. ii. p. 4.)

Horner might have prophesied that the rise and progress of the middle classes, which he saw and rejoiced in, must contribute to this result. This subject is so very important, and the anticipations of Horner have been so accurately realized, where they are not still in visible progress towards their accomplishment, that we are sure our readers will indulge us in one or two further extracts and remarks. So early as in 1806, he observes—'It does strike me very forcibly, that the great number among whom wealth is diffused in considerable yet equal portions, the tolerably good education that accompanies it, the strength of physical and moral influences that are thus combined in a population to which both order and freedom are necessary, form a new case very different from any former example; and it is from this aspect of our condition that I take my hope.'—(Vol. i. p. 375.) In 1810, he carries his prognostics further. 'It is by a perverse coincidence

in point of time,' he observes, 'that the greatest peril we have ever been exposed to from foreign hostility, has fallen in one of those periods which are incident to our constitution in its nature, when the evils of the monarchical part prevail over its advantages; but if we outlive this crisis, there are numerous symptoms which begin to manifest themselves in the three kingdoms, especially in England, to start forward, which cannot be repressed much longer, but which, on the next change of the individual whose character most affects the condition of the country, will enforce maxims of administration more adequate to the necessities of the times, and more corresponding to the sentiments of the educated part of the people.' No one was better calculated to appreciate or to be appreciated by the middle classes of England than Francis Horner. Earnestness, simplicity, strong sense, domestic affection, and public spirit, are the characteristics of the class, as they were of the statesman. Of a cabinet to govern this great community, Horner was admirably suited to be the first minister. It was in the confidence that the voice of the middle classes would yet make itself heard, and its power felt, that he contemplated 'the building up in this country of a vast party, cordially united on public principles, who, supported by the intelligence and activity of the middle orders, will wait, with cool determination, for the first opportunity when they can demand, with decisive voice, the establishment of those laws and maxims of administration, which are required by the necessities as well as by the improvement of the times.' This voice spoke, and this power was felt at the time of the Reform Bill. We are convinced that it will speak yet more loudly, and make itself felt hereafter.

We could have wished, had our space permitted it, to have accompanied Horner into the private society of London, which he was so well qualified to improve. His success was immediate and complete. All those who were most distinguished in politics, in literature, and in powers of conversation, gave him a welcome reception. Of the personal friends by whom he was known and cherished, many of the most distinguished are now, unhappily, removed from the scene—Mackintosh, Romilly, Whishaw, Sharp, William Stewart Rose, Malthus, and, very lately, John Allen, whose knowledge, alike deep, accurate, and extensive, was not more admirable and constant than his kindness of heart, and his undeviating courage and integrity. To Horner's success, the

truth and simplicity of his character, and the warmth of his attachments, contributed even more powerfully than his acquirements and rising fame. Perhaps his eager thirst for information, and his respect for those who could communicate it, might have equally contributed to this result; as it is those who most ardently seek knowledge who are the most valued by those who have acquired it. The terms in which Horner speaks of the late Richard Sharp are very descriptive of this part of his character. 'Sharp is a very extraordinary man. I determine every day to see more of him, and as much as I possibly can. His great object is criticism; what I have not frequently observed in combination, he is both subtle and pleasing. I spent the whole afternoon with him; I trust beneficially, I am sure most delightfully. If I had owed nothing to you (he is here addressing Sir James Mackintosh) but the friendship of Sharp, I never could repay even that. I am assiduous to make myself worthy of it, by bringing myself as frequently as I can in contact with his strong and purified understanding.'—(Vol. i. p. 283.) We are glad that, in making this extract, we are enabled to pay a tribute to the memory of a very superior man, whose friendliness of nature, as well as whose soundness of judgment, deserve to be remembered even more than that power of conversation to which he owed his main distinction. Though well meriting the name of 'Conversation Sharp,' given him by common consent, he had a better title to the regard of society than any which is derived from one of its most delightful but transient distinctions. Of Sir James Mackintosh he writes, as might justly be anticipated, in still stronger terms. 'To him my obligations are of a far higher order than those of the kindest hospitality. He has been an intellectual master to me, and has enlarged my prospects into the wide regions of moral speculation, more than any other tutor I have ever had in the art of thinking. I never left his conversation, but I felt a mixed consciousness as it were of inferiority and capability; and I have now and then flattered myself with this feeling, as if it promised that I might make something of myself.'—(Vol. i. p. 244.) We have made these extracts with a view of showing, on the authority of such a man as Horner, in what spirit it is necessary to hold intercourse with superior men, if we are indeed desirous of profiting either by their conversation or their example.

It was in the society of those we have

named, and of the most brilliant of our still living contemporaries, that the literary and social tastes of Horner expanded and acquired completeness and accuracy. Like most other considerable men, his enjoyment of natural pleasures never seems to have deadened. To the beauties of nature, the change of the seasons, the song of the birds, his sensibility was possibly more lively, than if he had passed the whole of his days by the side of mountain streams and lakes. Whether in youth he visits the Isle of Wight, or in maturer life the valleys of Wales, his pleasure in the varied aspects of nature is undiminished. His power of describing as well as relishing them is very great. Nor was he contented with visiting beautiful scenery as a mere source of physical pleasure. From this, as from every thing else, he seems to have possessed an intimate and peculiar power of extracting moral enjoyment. 'Surely the stir and smoke of a town life, so far from deadening our sensibility to country beauties, render our pleasures in them of a still higher relish; at least I assure myself it is so with me; and I am no less certain, that frequent retreat into the country is necessary for keeping one's mind in tone for the pursuits of an active life, and for refreshing, in our imagination, those larger and distant views, which render such occupations most useful, and which alone make them safe.'—(Vol. ii. p. 18.)

These turns of thought and of feeling were, in fact, modifications of that overflowing sympathy and affection which, freely and abundantly given to his friends, was repaid by them, as was so richly deserved, in returns largely poured into his bosom. This was touchingly manifested during his last fatal illness. The disease to which he fell a victim, at the early age of thirty-nine, but ripe in virtue and in knowledge, seems to have assumed a serious character while attending Parliament in 1816. 'I have been at Holland House'—he writes to his father—'during our Whitsun holidays; Lady Holland taking almost as much care of me when she fancies I need it, as if I were in my own dear mother's hands.' Towards the close of the autumn, the unfavorable symptoms still continuing, Horner was recommended to try the air of Italy. The family of Fox, from which he had already received so much affectionate sympathy, again offered to make a home for his reception. The letters written both by Lord and Lady Holland are above all praise in their earnestness and kindness of feeling. We cannot resist the pleasure of

making an extract from one of Lady Holland's letters, regretting that we have not space for the whole of those written on this occasion.

Holland House, 1st Oct. 1816.

—'I am glad my doctors send you from the keen air of your native mountains, but they will not mend the matter by sending you to London. I accordingly trust to your docility and your sister's good-nature, in expecting you to drive from Barnet straight here, where you will occupy three south rooms, regulated as Allen shall direct, and have your hours, and company, and occupations, entirely at your own disposal. Such books and papers as you may require can easily be brought from your own house. These three rooms open into each other, and are perfectly warm; your servant will sleep close to you, and your sister will have a room adjoining the apartment. Pray, spare me all the commonplace compliments of giving trouble, and taking up too many rooms. What you know I feel towards you, ought to exempt me from any such trash. From henceforward till June, when I look forward to a thorough amendment, you must lay your account to have me, heart, soul, and time, devoted to your welfare and comfort; and I am satisfied in this, because Allen says it is right. I am afraid your sister may think it a bad exchange from living solely with you to come among strangers; but tell her I already feel warmly towards her, for her affectionate intention of nursing you, and that I will try and render her residence as little irksome as possible. Do, my dear friend, yield to my entreaties.'—

If warm and earnest hospitality could have been a restorative, the letter we have partly transcribed must have been effectual. No *eloquence de billet* of the most accomplished French correspondent has ever equalled the sincere, but refined and considerate energy of this excellent letter. The same anxiety was expressed for him by Romilly,—a man whose deep and concentrated sympathies were never carelessly or indiscriminately lavished. 'I do not think you nearly as careful of yourself as you ought to be. If you take little account of yourself for your own sake and that of your friends, yet your regard for the public good should induce you to pay the utmost attention to it. You will not, I am sure, suspect me of encouraging vanity, though your modesty may induce you to question the soundness of my judgment; but it is my most sincere opinion, that there is no public man whose life it is of such importance to the public should be preserved as yours.'

Accompanied by all these anxious good wishes, Horner proceeded to Pisa. The change of climate produced no improvement in his health. But though struggling with a mortal disease, his energy, his pub-

lic spirit, and his love for his fellow men, never for one moment slackened. On the 21st December, 1816, he writes to Lord Murray on the wretched state of the Scotch jails, and on the despotic power vested in the Lord Advocate of Scotland, of protracting from year to year the imprisonment of accused persons, by 'deserting the diet.' By such means, persons not convicted are said to have been detained in custody until they suffered confinement long enough for guilt, and were ultimately discharged, not tried indeed, but punished. This cruelty and injustice awakened that moral indignation against oppression which formed so essential a part of Horner's character. He urges on Lord Holland (21st December) the necessity of trying to raise the tone of the House of Commons 'above the old song of sinecures and reversions.' This, he observes, 'we learned from the unreasonable, narrow-minded democrats, and have been teaching it so exclusively to the excellent Whig party among the gentry and middle orders of England, that more general and generous notions of constitutional liberty and foreign politics, are no longer so familiar and acceptable to them as they were formerly.' But it is in his last letter to his mother, that all that was most engaging and attractive in the character of Horner, breaks out in undiminished warmth. His heart and his affections seem as young as when, in 1795, he addressed his first letters to his parents from Mr. Hewlett's parsonage. 'I have a little nosegay upon the table, taken from an open garden in the town, in which, besides China roses and a lily, there is the most exquisite perfumed double jessamine; and my brother Leo brings in from the wayside on his walks, buds of spring. All this I hope is soon to do me good, for I am rendered so selfish by illness, that I think only of myself, you see, in these blessings of the sun. The last ride I took was with dear little Mary; and, upon recollection, I think I should have been better company for her to-day than on that occasion: for I have no longer that feeling of mortal lassitude which hung upon me at Dryden, and seemed to wither me within; that sensation is gone, though I am weaker now and leaner, and blow still with a very bad pair of bellows.' Quitting this style of playful affection, he proceeds to describe with much sympathy the distress of the Tuscan peasantry, arising from the failure of the crop of chesnuts, grapes, and olives. On the 4th of February he writes to his father, expressing a grateful confidence in his phy-

sician; he describes in a tranquil and resigned tone the general state of his health; and draws a graphic picture of the spring work among the peasantry. 'In one field, they are still gathering the olives; in another, pruning the vines; in a third, ploughing for Turkey wheat; in a fourth, preparing the ground with the spade. I feel far greater curiosity,' he continued, 'to know the ways and habits of this peasantry, and to understand a little the form of this society, than to penetrate into the Campo Santo, with all its treasures of art.' Four days after writing this letter, he was no more!

No event of the same description in our times appears to have called forth the same general sympathy. The unhappy fate of Romilly was felt deeply, but felt within a narrower circle, and was connected with painful reflections. The extinction of the splendid light of Canning's genius cast a shadow over a wider sphere; but the private sorrow was less remarked than the public calamity. The fervor of political excitement, then prevailing, diverted the public sympathy from the heavy loss the world sustained in Mackintosh. Grattan was gathered to his fathers in a ripe old age; and was almost permitted, from the height which he had reached, to look down upon Ireland awaiting that promised emancipation to which his prophetic eloquence had so greatly contributed. On the occasion of moving a new writ for the borough which Horner had represented, the present Earl of Carlisle, then Lord Morpeth—a name transmitted from sire to son, giving and receiving honor—Mr. Canning, Mr. Manners Sutton, Mr. Wynn, Mr. W. Elliot, Lord Glenelg, and Lord Harewood, in varied terms, but with one feeling of respect, affection, and deep sorrow, expressed their sense of his virtues and public services. Monuments were raised to his memory, and statues were erected; but without undervaluing these proofs of esteem and affection, we must be permitted to say, that the most enduring monument to his memory is to be found in this publication. It is one, too, which we view as no less appropriate than enduring. His object was not to acquire fame for himself, but to confer benefits on his fellow men; and his journals and correspondence not only afford evidence the most conclusive of his abilities, his public services, and his virtues, but as it were revive and continue, even after death, the exercise of his active duties. They instruct and benefit mankind, and more especially that country which he ever warmly loved.

THE FATE OF POLYCRATES.

HEROD. iii. 124-126.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

"Oh! go not forth, my father dear—oh! go not forth to-day,
And trust not thou that Satrap dark, for he fawns but to betray;
His courteous smiles are treacherous wiles, his foul designs to hide;
Then go not forth, my father dear—in thy own fair towers abide."

"Now, say not so, dear daughter mine—I pray thee, say not so!
Where glory calls, a monarch's feet should never fear to go;
And safe to-day will be my way through proud Magnesia's halls,
As if I stood 'mid my bowmen good beneath my Samian walls."

"The Satrap is my friend, sweet child—my trusty friend is he—
The ruddy gold his coffers hold he shares it all with me;
No more amid these clustering isles alone shall be my sway,
But Hellas wide, from side to side, my empire shall obey!"

"And of all the maids of Hellas, though they be rich and fair,
With the daughter of Polycrates, Oh! who shall then compare?
Then dry thy tears—no idle fears should damp our joy to-day—
And let me see thee smile once more before I haste away!"

"Oh! false would be the smile, my sire, that I should wear this morn,
For of all my country's daughters I shall soon be most forlorn;
I know, I know,—ah, thought of woe!—I ne'er shall see again
My father's ship come sailing home across the Icarian main."

"Each gifted seer, with words of fear, forbids thee to depart,
And their warning strains an echo find in every faithful heart;
A maiden weak, e'en I must speak—ye gods, assist me now!
The characters of doom and death are graven on thy brow!"

"Last night, my sire, a vision dire thy daughter's eyes did see,
Suspended in mid air there hung a form resembling thee;
Nay, frown not thus, my father dear; my tale will soon be done—
Methought that form was bathed by Jove, and anointed by the sun!"

"My child, my child, thy fancies wild I may not stay to hear,
A friend goes forth to meet a friend—then wherefore should'st thou fear?
Though moonstruck seers with idle fears beguile a maiden weak,
They cannot stay thy father's hand, or blanch thy father's cheek."

"Let cowards keep within their holds, and on peril fear to run!
Such shame," quoth he, "is not for me, fair Fortune's favorite son!"
Yet still the maiden did repeat her melancholy strain—
"I ne'er shall see my father's fleet come sailing home again!"

The monarch call'd his seamen good, they muster'd on the shore,
Waved in the gale the snow-white sail, and dash'd the sparkling oar;
But by the flood that maiden stood—loud rose her piteous cry—
"Oh! go not forth, my dear, dear sire—oh, go not forth to die!"

A frown was on that monarch's brow, and he said as he turn'd away,
"Full soon shall Samos' lord return to Samos' lovely bay;
But thou shalt aye a maiden lone within my courts abide—
No chief of fame shall ever claim my daughter for his bride!"

"A long, long maidenhood to thee thy prophet tongue hath given—"
"Oh would, my sire," that maid replied, "such were the will of Heaven!
Though I a loveless maiden lone must evermore remain,
Still let me hear that voice so dear in my native isle again!"

'Twas all in vain that warning strain—the king has crost the tide—
But never more off Samos shore his bark was seen to ride!
The Satrap false his life has ta'en, that monarch bold and free,
And his limbs are black'ning in the blast, nail'd to the gallows-tree!

That night the rain came down apace, and wash'd each gory stain,
But the sun's bright ray, the next noonday, glared fiercely on the slain;
And the oozing gore began once more from his wounded sides to run;
Good-sooth, that form was bathed by Jove, and anointed by the Sun!

COINS.—A letter from Wisby (the island commonly known as Gottland, in the Baltic, on the coast of and belonging to Sweden) mentions that "On the 1st of this month a countryman of Robne, while ploughing on the side of a hill, found an oval copper vessel, containing above 3,350 silver coins, and fragments of different sizes. About 380 of these coins are Anglo-Saxon, Danish and Norwegian, of Kings Ethelred, Canute, Harold, Cardicanute, Edward, and Swen Erickson. The others are German, chiefly of the cities of Cologne, Magdeburg, Mainz, Strasburg, Augsburg, &c. They are all of the 10th and 11th centuries, and the whole appear to have been buried in the ground towards the end of the 11th century. There are only two cafes (Arabian coins) among them. Two other peasants have found a coin and a clasp.—*Athenæum*."

THE HAPPIEST HOUR OF MY LIFE!

BY MRS. ABDY.

From the Metropolitan.

"'WHERE is happiness?' asks one learned Pundit, and Echo answers 'Where?' 'What is happiness?' demands another, and a matter-of-fact hearer forthwith takes down the first volume of Johnson's Dictionary, looks out the word, and announces that 'Happiness is a state in which all the desires are satisfied,' a decision which, inasmuch as nobody was ever yet satisfied in all their requisitions, leaves the difficulty precisely where it stood before. There is no rule, however, without an exception. Happiness may be caught, although it may not be caged: I am qualified to dogmatize on the subject from personal experience. Happiness is a bird of paradise, and I once threw salt upon its tail, and detained it with me for the space of an entire hour,—I enjoyed just sixty minutes of perfect felicity!"

"Did you, indeed, sir? I conclude that was during the hour when you made your proposals, and were accepted."

"Not at all, my dear madam, that hour was any thing but satisfactory; it was thirty years ago, and yet I remember it as if it were yesterday. I had very imprudently fallen in love with my dear Octavia, who, as her name denotes, was the eighth child of her honored parents. I was balancing myself on the lowest step of the ladder of the law, and she was the independent possessor of one thousand pounds in the stock then bearing the name of the Navy Five Per Cents; alas! five per cent. for one's capital is now 'the light of other days.' Our prospects were dreary enough, however, notwithstanding the light of Octavia's fifty pounds a year; her father, mother, two brothers, and five sisters, frowned annihilation on me whenever I approached her; and my own mother, my only surviving parent, indulged herself in daily sarcasms on my total want not only of prudence but of good taste in my selection of a partner for life. My mother was unluckily acquainted with three sisters, each of whom was the fortunate possessor of twenty thousand pounds; they were plain and ill-tempered, and the youngest was ten years my senior; but she was unremittingly anxious to obtain one of them for a daughter-in-law;—they were Graces in her estimation, and she thought it very hard that they should be chronicled as Furies in mine! It was with much difficulty that I ever contrived to exchange a few words with Octavia; when the relatives on both sides are agreed

in wishing to separate a young couple, it is astonishing how very roughly they contrive to make 'the course of true love' run. At length 'we met, 'twas in a crowd,' in a fashionable squeeze of two hundred people. I contrived to get seated with Octavia in a recess; an open window was behind us, the air blew coldly and sharply, I shut it down, and in a moment a panting fat chaperon in a crimson turban, resolutely advanced and opened it, professing herself thoroughly discontented with the modicum of air attainable through the agency of her ivory fan, and eulogizing the advantages of fresh breezes, on the authority of some fashionable medical writer of the day. There sat Octavia, the delicate interesting Octavia, exposed to the imminent risk of colds, coughs, and toothaches, and vainly endeavoring to make an ethereal gauze scarf do the duty of a warm ample shawl. I thought of Kirke White's description of the advances of consumption—

'In the chilling night air drest,
I will creep into her breast;'

but I also thought of the old proverb, that 'opportunity once lost is never to be regained;' I offered, and was accepted, the wind blowing every moment more and more keenly, and the dancers sweeping close to us in their evolutions. Octavia's elder sister, on the opposite side of the room, sat looking at her much as the elder sister of Cinderella might have beheld her envied junior in the act of fitting on the glass slipper; and about twenty yards from us, the most disagreeable and most determined of the co-heiresses to whom I have already alluded, scrutinized us through her eye-glass, evidently taking note of our glances, attitudes, and whispers, for the particular edification and enlightenment of my mother on the following morning. Add to this, that I had no prospect of marrying with prudence for at least ten years, and judge if the hour in which the chosen of my heart 'blushed a sweet consent,' was one of unmingled happiness."

"Certainly not; and did you really wait ten years?"

"No, we did not; engagements are never very pleasant things, and ours was rendered peculiarly uncomfortable to us by our respective relations. At length, finding all our endeavors vain to break down the barrier of poverty, we resolved on springing over it. I had a legacy of a few hundred pounds in the first year of our engagement from a distant relation; I now betook myself to the study of all the advertisements

of cheap furniture, in the newspapers; they were not, as now, professedly addressed, "To Persons about to Marry," but they were the same in substance. I engaged a small neat house, furnished it with economical prettiness, and married my dear Octavia in a twelvemonth after I had first proposed to her."

"Now I understand very well that the happiest hour of your life was that of your marriage;—including, of course, the drive to the church and home again."

"Far from it, my dear madam, it was a very tedious and uncomfortable hour: I went to church in a carriage with Octavia's mother and two of her sisters, all drowned in tears, sparing of speech, and redolent of *eau de Cologne*. I felt that I performed my part very awkwardly, my voice was scarcely audible in the responses, and I twice dropped the ring on the ground. I was deprived of the resource of twirling my hat, and I had a confused impression that the youngest of the bridesmaids was laughing at me. To render the matter more provoking, my bride was a model of self possession, elegance, and propriety; spoke in a silvery full-toned voice, wore her orange blossoms, blonde, and white satin, with inimitable grace, and went through the ceremony with as much composure, as if, to use an expression of Theodore Hook's, 'she had been married every morning for the preceding six weeks!' I returned in a chariot with my bride and her uncle, who was also her trustee, who gave me the best advice about the most expedient manner of managing 'a very small income,' and impressed upon me to lose no time in effecting an insurance on my life for the benefit of my probable family, devoting the interest of Octavia's money to the purpose."

"I will venture one more guess,—the happiest hour of your life was that in which your first-born boy was presented to you."

"Not at all; I had begun before his birth to find out some of the disadvantages of poverty; as a single man, I had been enabled to feel 'content with a little,' but I now said with Doctor Syntax,

'This is the cause of all my trouble,
My income will not carry double!'

I could not flatter myself that my first-born boy was one of those fortunate people alluded to by Hood, who

'Come into the world as a gentleman comes
To a lodging ready furnished!'

On the contrary, he was born with an unmistakable wooden ladle in his mouth; I could not even consider him heir to the

cheap chairs and tables which I had bought of the advertising upholsterer, for I did not know how soon they might be seized for arrears of rent. Besides, my ideas of baby beauty were founded on my reminiscences of the pink and white cheeks and curling hair of a wax doll, and I was too much disappointed at the appearance of my son to be disposed to receive with becoming credulity the assurances of the nurse that he was 'the exact image of myself';—no, that hour was certainly not a particularly felicitous one."

"I never give more than three guesses respecting a riddle or charade, therefore must beg that you will at once tell me the secret of your mysterious hour of happiness,—did it leave no traces behind it?"

"Not one; it all vanished at the end of the hour."

"Ah! now I know what you mean; you were under the influence of opium."

"No, indeed, the 'Confessions of an English Opium Eater' were not then written, and there were no teetotallers at that time, so opium was not at all in general requisition; I will, however, disclose the mystery to you without further delay, that is, when I have mentioned a few preliminary circumstances of my situation. My family increased; my third child was born in the fifth year of our marriage, my clients were few, my mother's income I knew barely met her expenses, and that of my father-in-law was quite insufficient for the multitudinous wants and wishes of himself, his lady, and their seven children. Octavia was all that I could wish her; amiable, patient, uncomplaining; I could almost have desired that she should sometimes have reproached me for the heart-wearing penury to which I had reduced her. I should not then have felt such bitter repining at the sight of one so lovely and accomplished, burying her charms and talents in obscurity, and bending the whole of her fine abilities to the practice of painful and minute economies;—do you not feel for our situation?"

"Very much; I cannot conceive how you came by your hour of happiness!"

"Seven years after our marriage, my Octavia fell into a delicate state of health; sea-air was prescribed for her, freedom from care, cheerful society, and airings in an open carriage; how easily do medical men run off these phrases, never seeming to consider that there can be any difficulty in fulfilling their requisitions. I had long ago sent in an account to a tardy client; I wrote to him again, candidly telling

him of my poverty, and the illness of Octavia; he was not devoid of feeling; he instantly replied to my letter. He had just, he said, been foolish enough to exhaust his purse in the purchase of a lottery-ticket; he inclosed me the ticket, which I might dispose of for a sum equal to about half the amount owing to me, and the remainder he promised speedily to remit to me. The moment I became the possessor of this lottery-ticket, the thought struck me that perhaps a rich mine of gold lay within it. I could not persuade myself to dispose of it, nor did I mention its existence to Octavia: I was fearful that her cool and steady judgment would disapprove of my conduct in relinquishing my 'bird in the hand' for the two who were not even 'in the bush,' but only fluttering in the regions of imagination: the lottery was to begin drawing in a week; my suspense could not endure long. I locked the ticket safely in my secretaire, and the number was securely impressed upon my memory: we had no scientific Polish Majors at that time, to give us an artificial memory for getting up puzzling combinations of figures; but the combination in question was not at all puzzling, the number was twelve hundred: and I repeated it over and over to myself, as if it were some cabalistic incantation which was to conduct me to ease and affluence. A week passed; it was the first day of the lottery-drawing, and it was a particularly untoward day at home, 'every thing went wrong.' I dare say all family men will enter into the meaning of that phrase! My poor Octavia was more than usually feeble, languid, and hectic; and immediately after breakfast our maid of all-work, (for in those days we did not employ the refined term of 'general servant,') gave warning, allured by the better wages and more abundantly supplied table proffered to her by a thriving tradesman's wife in the neighborhood. Now, Dorothy was not without faults, but we had reason to think that those faults were fewer than generally fall to the share of over-tasked under-paid maids of all-work; besides, she had lived with us five years; we knew her faults and recommendations, and lacked courage to investigate those of a stranger. The two elder children were also in a singularly irritable state of temper on that unfortunate morning, and the baby, who usually slept all day, and cried all night, seemed resolved to depart from its usual routine, and to cry through all the twenty-four hours. The refractory maid of all-work sent us up a peculiarly ill-cooked dinner; and my poor

wife informed me, with evident sorrow, that the price of bread had again risen. Alas! alas! that a creature, formed to dazzle all eyes and win all hearts, sing scientific canzonets, and discuss poetry and philosophy, should be reduced to the doleful necessity of knowing or caring that the quarter loaf costs a halfpenny more one week than another! After our sorry repast, I prepared to take a walk. I had just got ready the draft of a will for a client who resided in Spring Gardens, and I was to attend, by appointment, to submit it to his inspection. In my way I passed down Cornhill; a crowd was collected at Bish's door. 'News has just come from Guildhall,' exclaimed one of them to a friend who had not been able to get near the window, 'that the thirty thousand has been drawn—the number is twelve hundred!' I pressed forward with so much energy, that every one instinctively gave way to me; it was indeed so; the figures were written in a gigantic hand, and displayed in the window; the ink was not yet dry; I was the enviable possessor of thirty thousand pounds!"

"And did your hour of happiness then begin?"

"Not immediately; eminent dramatists have declared, that when the theatre rang with plaudits at their genius, their sensations were those rather of nervousness and faintness than of triumph and exultation; and one of them defined his feeling as that of 'coming near enough to Fame to clutch it!' Now I suddenly came near enough to Fortune to clutch her, and at first I seemed to droop and tremble at the close approximation. I did not, as you may suppose it likely I should do, call a coach, drive home, and communicate my success to my wife and family; I felt dizzy with excess of joy. I could not for the world have shared it at that moment with any one; I knew that the ticket was in perfect safety, and I resolved to delay my return till my spirits were calmed down to a tolerable degree of sobriety. I disengaged myself from the crowd, 'made no sign' to indicate that I was the happy owner of the paraded thirty thousand, and I bent my steps to my original destination, Spring Gardens, walking lightly and gaily through places which everyday people would call Cheapside, St. Paul's Church-yard, and Ludgate Hill, but which to me appeared to be select portions of the most delightful districts of fairy-land. How can I describe to you the ecstatic thoughts in which I revelled, the dazzling visions I conjured up, the phantoms of future bliss

which hovered round me? My beloved Octavia was to enjoy an exquisite marine villa at Hastings till her health was restored, and afterwards a tasteful boudoir, a new grand pianoforte, a set of pearls from Hamlet's, (then the fashionable jeweller,) and a beautiful little phaeton, drawn by two cream-colored ponies. I was immediately to procure an efficient nursery-staff, and eventually, my daughters were to be educated by an all-accomplished governess, and my son to be sent for tuition to a clerical friend, who took a limited number of pupils on terms of unlimited expense: my dinners were to make Dr. Kitchener jealous; my library was to be filled by the best authors, and my cellars stocked with the best wines; my house was to be at the west end of the town, and I was to have a sweet little cottage at Richmond."

"And did you think you could do all that with thirty thousand pounds, sir?"

"Yes, indeed I did, my dear madam, and much more also. I had never had any but a very small income to manage, and having discovered that even that poor pittance could procure for myself and family the 'meat, clothes, and fire,' which Pope declares to be all that riches can give to us, I naturally enough fell into the error of concluding that incalculable and interminable enjoyments and luxuries were to be procured by a handsome fortune. I reached Spring Gardens in this delightful state of mind and spirits, feeling that my happiness was glowing in my cheeks, and laughing out at my eyes; and the very footman who opened my client's door looked at me with astonishment, as if he had seen some strange transformation in me. And had I not undergone a transformation? I was no longer the spirit-broken, pressed down, poor man; the wand of Harlequin, that converts a hut into a palace, had never wrought a more wonderful metamorphosis than had taken place in my situation; past drudgery, future misgivings, were no longer in existence; a brilliant perspective of happiness for me and mine stretched itself before me in clear and shining radiance. My client entered, and looked over the draft of the will; he suggested a few alterations; he had seven thousand pounds to leave to his wife and family. I inwardly pitied him for having so small a sum for their provision; how short a time ago should I have thought it a large one! A book, having the appearance of a pamphlet, lay on the table before me; I mechanically opened it, and found that it contained the list of subscribers to a celebrated public

charity. 'This is well,' I thought; 'it is fit that when I receive such unexpected bounties myself, I should think of the need of others: I will become a life-subscriber, not only to this charity, but to many others; nor will I permit public liberality to supersede private benevolence; my ear shall be open to the complaints of honest poverty, and my hand ready to relieve them.' My client was too much occupied with the study of his will to perceive any thing unusual in my manner; he returned the draft to me, begged that it might be formally executed, and I took my departure. My thoughts in returning were just the same as they had been in going, and literally dwelt upon

'Gold, gold, nothing but gold.'

These golden reveries, however, were not so low and sordid in my case as in that of many persons, because I may safely say that I valued the goods of wealth for others more than for myself, and my satisfaction developed itself in feelings of unutterable kindness and complacency towards the whole of the human race.

"A brother lawyer passed me in his neat chariot—I no longer looked on him with envy. 'Poor fellow!' I thought, 'he is obliged to work hard for his comforts; I shall immediately relinquish my profession, I will recommend him to two or three of my best clients.' I greeted several common acquaintances with the most earnest warmth, inquiring after the health of their wives and children as if my existence depended upon a favorable reply. I could not have been more universally cordial had I intended standing for the county! A stripling met me whom I had deservedly sent to Coventry for his extreme impertinence to me; he seemed undecided whether to bow or not; I settled his scruples by a friendly recognition, and a warm shake of the hand; he seemed gratified, and no doubt eulogized my forgiving temper—alas! if my ticket had not been drawn a prize, I should have encountered him with a bent brow, and a scornful curve of the lip! All whom I had previously disliked and disapproved had a share in my kindly feelings. My wife's sisters had repeatedly wounded and displeased me, but I now resolved to give them turquoise necklaces, and invite them to carpet-dances; even Dorothy became an innoxious maid of all-work to me—she had been quite right in wishing to remove herself—she would not have been a fitting member of our new es-

tablishment. I next met an old gentleman, a distant relation.

"How happy you seem," he said.

"How happy I *am*," I replied. "I may say with Hamlet, 'Seem! I know not seems!'"

"Well, this is as it should be," replied the old gentleman, gazing on me with admiration. "Your spirits are not hurt by a slender income, nay, I dare say you are far happier than if you had a large one—riches, as the poet says, are—"

"But I was in no mood to listen to what any poet said in depreciation of riches, and, pleading haste, I passed rapidly on, enjoying the thick-coming tide of pleasant fancies, which as yet I felt disinclined to share with mortal being. Again I reached Cornhill. I looked at my watch; exactly an hour had elapsed since I was last there; a crowd was still around the windows of Bish, and again I pressed through it, wishing to feast my eyes a second time on the announcement of my triumph, just as the miser gazes, again and again, on the bank note with whose value he is already thoroughly acquainted. Amazement! horror! Was I under the influence of witchcraft now, or had I been the sport of its spell an hour ago? The number of the fortunate ticket was clearly 1210! I rushed into the shop, and in hoarse tremulous accents inquired into the meaning of the change.

"It was quite a mistake, sir," replied the man behind the counter, in provokingly cool and courteous accents; "it was sent off to us from Guildhall in a great hurry, and the person who wrote it down made it 1200, instead of 1210; but we rectified the mistake the moment we received the proper information."

"Is number 1200 drawn?" I gaspingly ejaculated.

"Yes, sir, and it is a blank."

"And so ended my hour of happiness!"

"And what did you do?—drop down in a swoon?"

"No; I certainly dropped down from the regions of imagination on the rough shingles of reality, and might have said with Apollo in Kane O'Hara's *Midas*, 'A pretty dacent tumble!' but I considered that we cannot be said to lose what we have never had, and, above all, that no invectives or repinings could restore to me the beautiful phantasmagoria which had vanished from my 'mind's eye.' I walked home, my glances bestowed on the ground, and my 'sweet fancies' replaced by bitter ones."

"And then you disclosed all that had passed to your wife, I suppose?"

"By no means; I resolved not to disclose it to a creature. Octavia, I felt, would sympathize with me too much, and the rest of the world too little. I could not brook the idea that my fleeting dream of happiness should be related by some officious quizzer to a laughing circle, prefaced with the observation, 'Have you heard of the terrible blunder our poor friend fell into the other day?' I entered the house calm and dejected, and found all its inhabitants much as I had left them, except that Dorothy's brow was a shade more sulky, the voices of the children were pitched in a somewhat higher key, and poor Octavia was mending for me an already thrice-mended pair of gloves. O! how like Abou Hassan I felt, when he awakened in his own home after his short experience of the grandeur and magnificence of regal power!"

"How sad! how mortifying! How very much I pity you!"

"Do not waste your pity upon me, fair lady; I believe you would have had much more reason to pity me, had I really become the possessor of these thirty thousand pounds. In my hour of happiness, I only thought of the enjoyments of riches; I should soon have been made to feel its troubles, anxieties and responsibilities. I then knew nothing of the management of money; I should have attempted to make my thirty thousand pounds do the work of a sum of four times its magnitude, and should probably, in a small way, have run the career of Mr. Burton Danvers, the hero of your favorite story in 'Sayings and Doings.' To return, however, to my narrative—My evening at home was not so melancholy as you may surmise: about ten o'clock, a sharp ring was heard at the door; for a moment I was wild enough to imagine that my number, after all, had proved to be the right one, and that the lottery office had sent a special messenger to inform me of it. But I quickly reflected that they could have no clew to my name and residence, as the ticket had been purchased by another person. The messenger, however, was a welcome one. The young man who had sent me the lottery ticket in part of his account, was not yet so hardened in the ways of the world as to feel quite easy in squandering in revelry and luxury the money which was really and painfully wanted by those to whom he lawfully owed it. He had been touched by my representation of my wife's illness, had raised the

remaining twenty pounds due to me, and now forwarded it to my house. O! with what playful contempt should I have beheld it, had I regarded it in the light of a drop of water coming to mix with the boundless ocean of thirty thousand pounds! Perhaps I should even have tossed it, as a valedictory gift, to 'speed the parting' Dorothy; but now it was received with real rapture and gratitude. The next day I took Octavia and our children to Hastings—not to an 'exquisite marine villa,' but to an obscure lodging, from which the sea was distinctly visible to an extremely clear-sighted person, who did not mind running a little risk of falling out of an upper window in the attempt to feast their eyes upon it; but, thanks to Providence, Octavia returned home in two months, restored to health, and I was enabled to give my undivided thoughts and time to the duties of my profession. A difficult cause was to be tried respecting the rightful heirship to an estate—the person who claimed it was thought to do so on inadequate grounds. He put his cause into my hands, he requested me to examine and compare sundry papers and documents; it was evident to me, after perusing them, that others of more importance were in existence. I urged him to a diligent search; it was attended with success, and the cause was gained. His gratitude was unbounded, and he forced upon me a remuneration for my assistance, far beyond my expectations; but I drew a more solid advantage from the trial; my name became known; I was sought out by new clients; business poured in upon me, and profit also, in due proportion. I have been a prosperous man, and my private property now amounts to a larger sum than my supposititious lottery prize, while I have a lucrative profession which occupies my time satisfactorily, and I hope usefully, and adds to my power of relieving the necessities of others, as well as of bestowing the goods of education and fortune on my family. All is for the best. I have enjoyed but once an hour of overwhelming happiness, but I have enjoyed many years of true and calm content. I have won my way to fortune step by step, and truly grateful do I feel that I have won it by the assistance of Coke and Blackstone, rather than by that of Bish and Canter, even although to their unconscious agency I owe the delightful delusion of 'The Happiest Hour of my Life!'

RANDOM REMINISCENCES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, OF THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD, SIR HENRY RAE BURN, &c. &c.

From Tait's Magazine.

THE value of reminiscences of eminent men must be in proportion to the opinion entertained of the writer's powers and opportunities of observation, and of his good faith as an accurate reporter and chronicler. The reminiscences we have to present to our readers, connected with Scott and "The Shepherd," bear intrinsic evidence of their genuineness in every sentence. Yet we deem it the most satisfactory, and also the most simple and direct mode of procedure, to permit Sir Walter Scott himself to introduce the individual who here recalls his sayings and doings; and who, without being blind to his weaknesses, appears to cherish his memory with the most devoted and grateful respect. To few individuals could Sir Walter Scott have appeared under an aspect more uniformly kind and benignant than he must have done to Mr. Morrison. Their acquaintance commenced in 1803—an early period of Scott's brilliant career; and eighteen years afterwards, we find him thus cautiously and characteristically describing the author of the subjoined Reminiscences, in whose prosperity he at all times took no ordinary interest. Mr. Morrison's name does not, we believe, once occur in Mr. Lockhart's Memoirs of Scott; but this is an oblivion which he shares with many other of Sir Walter's early friends; and it is one of small consequence, save that it renders this explanation necessary:—

MR. WALTER SCOTT TO MR. ROSCOE OF LIVERPOOL.

DEAR SIR,—I should not have presumed to give the bearer an introduction to you on my own sole authority; but as he carries a letter from General Dirom of Mount Annan, and as I sincerely interest myself in his fortunes, I take the liberty of strengthening (if I may use the phrase) the General's recommendation, and, at the same time, of explaining a circumstance or two which may have some influence on Mr. Morrison's destiny.

He is a very worthy, as well as a very clever man; and was much distinguished in his profession as a civil engineer, surveyor, &c., until he was unlucky enough to lay it aside for the purpose of taking a farm. I should add that this was done with the highly laudable purpose of keeping a roof over his father's head, and maintaining the old man in his paternal farm. At the expiry of the lease, however, Mr. Morrison found himself a loser to such an amount that he did not think it prudent to renew the bargain, and attempted to enter upon his former profession. But being, I think, rather impatient on finding that employment did not occur quite so readily

as formerly, he gave way to a natural turn for painting, and it is as an artist that he visits Liverpool. I own, though no judge of the art, I think he has mistaken his talents; for, though he sketches remarkably well in outline, especially our mountain scenery, and although he was bred to the art, yet so long an interval has passed, that I should doubt his ever acquiring a facility in coloring.

However, he is to try his chance. But he would fain hope something would occur in a city where science is so much in request, to engage him more profitably to himself, and more usefully to others, in the way of his original profession as an engineer, in which he is really excellent. I should be sincerely glad, however, that he throve in some way or other, as he is a most excellent person in disposition and private conduct, an enthusiast in literature, and a shrewd entertaining companion in society.

I could not think of his carrying a letter to you without your being fully acquainted of the merits he possesses besides the painting, of which I do not think well at present; though, perhaps, he may improve.—I am, Sir, with very great respect, your most obedient servant.

WALTER SCOTT.

EDINBURGH, 1st June, 1821.

In Liverpool, Mr. Morrison, as will afterwards be seen, met with the kindest reception from Mr. Roscoe, who returned him Sir Walter Scott's introductory letter, as a document of more value to himself than to any one else. Before coming to the Reminiscences, and in order to throw a little more light upon the character of their writer, and his connexion with the distinguished individuals from whom they derive their interest, we copy from the original MS. of the Ettrick Shepherd, the following rhymed epistle and epitaph, addressed to Mr. Morrison while he was engaged on some piece of professional business with Mr. Telford in North Wales.

EDINBURGH, July 18, 1810.

Thou breeze of the south, so delightful and mild,
Enriched with the balms of the valley and wild,
With pleasure I list to thy far-swalling sigh,
And watch the soft shades of thy vapors on high.
—O! say, in thy wanderings afar hast thou seen,
Mong Cambria's lone valleys and mountains of green,

A wanderer from Scotia, unstable and gay,
The friend of my heart, but the friend of a day?
Who left us without telling wherefore or why,
Unless by the murmurs uncertain and shy;
And pleased a new scene and new manners to see,
He breathes not a sigh for old Scotia and me!

Then say, gentle breeze, ere for ever you fly
To mountains and moors where thy murmurs shall die,

Say where my few lines or inquiries shall find
This bird of the ocean, this son of the wind!
Is he dancing with Cambrian maids on the green?
Or making a plain where a mountain has been?
Or diving the deep, the foundation to see
Of a bridge to astonish and rainbow the sea?

Or watching in rapture, unbounded and high,
The bright maiden-glance of a sweet rolling eye?
—Or say, has his deep hyperbolical smile,
With a flow of fine words, and deep phrases the while,

The gentry of Wales to astonishment driven,
At a mind so unbounded by Earth or by Heaven?
—Whate'er he is doing, where'er he may roam,
O bear him good news from his sweet native home;
And tell him his friends in Edina that stay
Are sadly distressed at his biding away;
That a *passionate* —, and *pennyless Bard*,
Would, with much satisfaction, his presence regard;

That the one still is basking in Fortune's bright smile,

The other's despised, though admired all the while;

And from listless inaction, if nothing can save,
He may sink, without fail, in despair to the grave;
"Like the bubble on the fountain, like the foam on the river,

The Bard of the Mountain is gone and for ever."

O tell me, dear Morrison, fairly and free,
Say what must I do to be gifted like thee!
Is genius with poverty ever combined
Without perseverance or firmness of mind?
Or would affluence load her bold pinion of fire,
And crush her in* — of sense to expire?

If so, let me suffer and wrestle my way;
But give me my friend and my song while I stay:
With a heart unaffectedly kind and sincere,
To the lass that I love, and the friend I revere;
Though thou, as that friend, hast been rather un-
seemly,

A SHEPHERD, dear Jock, will for ever esteem thee.

JAMES HOGG.

In the above epistle the following epitaph was enclosed:—

EPITAPH ON MR. JOHN MORRISON, LAND-SURVEYOR.
BY JAMES HOGG.

Here lies, in the hope of a blest resurrection,
What once was a whim in the utmost perfection;
You have heard of Jock Morrison, reader. O hold!
Tread lightly the turf on his bosom so cold;
For a generouser heart, or a noddle more clear,
Never mouldered in dust than lies mouldering here.
His follies, believe me—and he had a part—
Sprang always spontaneous, but not from his heart:
Then let them die with him; for where will you see

A man from dishonor or envy so free?
For a trustier friend, or a lover more kind,
Or a better companion, is not left behind.
O! had I headstone as high as a steeple,
I would tell what he was, and astonish the people.
How solid as gold, and how light as a feather,
What sense, and what nonsense, were jumbled together.

In short, from my text it may fairly be drawn,
Whatever was noble or foolish in man.
Then, read it with reverence, with tears and with sighs,

Tis short but impressive, — HERE MORRISON LIES.

This much premised, we may now, with propriety, allow Mr. Morrison to speak for himself.

* A word obliterated.

REMINISCENCES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

I BECAME acquainted with Mr. Scott in 1803, from the following circumstance:—

In the first edition of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and in the ballad of "Annan Water," are these words,—

"O! wae betide the *frush* saugh wand,
And wae betide the bush of brier,
For they broke into my true love's hand,
When his strength turned weak, and his limbs
did tire."

And in a note at the bottom of the page, *Frush* signifies *fresh* or *tough*. On which I took the liberty of writing to the Editor, "*Frush* does not mean fresh, but brittle, or half rotten; and such is the meaning of Holinshed in his description of Ireland: 'They are sore frushed with sickness, or too far withered with age.' The saugh wand broke in her true love's hand, from its being *frush*, i. e., withered or rotten. So Barbour, when the shaft of Bruce's battle-axe broke in his encounter with De Bohun, says—

'The hand-ax schaft fruschit in twa.'

"You state that the ballad of 'Annan Water' is now published for the first time; I send you the song in a half-penny ballad, published in Dumfries thirty years ago. I have seen still another copy, where the hero is more cautious,—

'Annan Water's broad and deep,
And my fair Annie's passing bonny,
Yet I am loth to wet my feet,
Although I lo'e her best of ony.'

I received an immediate answer, thanking me for my communication, and desiring my farther remarks on any other subject in the publication, with a present of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and an invitation to visit him when I might have occasion to come to Edinburgh.

It was two years before I had occasion to visit Edinburgh, when I waited on Mr. Scott, and had a most gracious reception. I had visited the Court of Session on my arrival in town, to have a look; and I was much disappointed. He had a downward, and, to me, a forbidding aspect; and so strikingly resembled Will Dalzell, the gravedigger of my native parish of Terregles, a person of rather weak intellect, that I could not help thinking there must be some analogy in their genius; but the spell dissolved the instant he spoke. He invited me to dinner: "Indeed, you had better wait,—in the library there are maps and prints, besides books; and dinner will be ready in an hour." His family was in the country, so that he was keeping

bachelor's hall. Mr. Scott inquired much about the ruins and traditions of Galloway but more particularly about the songs and rhymes that had not appeared in print, and if we had any legends of the Douglasses, "who once were great men in your country."—"We have," said I, "their castle of Threave still standing on an island of the river Dee; but we do not associate their memory with any thing that is good. Their castle of Threave was with the assistance of the devil, built in one night; although the stones were brought from Rascawel Heugh, a distance of at least ten miles; as the same kind of sandstone is there only to be found. There are some lines, descriptive of this infernal piece of masonry, which I have written down somewhere."—"Do," said he, "let me have a copy. Any more about the Douglas?"—"He had a grudge at the Laird of Cardoness, and surrounded the castle; but the laird was nowhere to be found. He offered to satisfy any one with gold who would show him the hiding-place of his enemy. The cook pointed up the chimney, where he was concealed; from whence he was immediately dragged and despatched. Douglas then directed the cook to put on the fire a little pot, which he filled with gold, and, placing the betrayer of his master fast in a chair, directed his mouth to be gagged, and poured down the melted liquid: then, turning to his followers, said, 'Behold the reward of treachery!' He also, as you have yourself narrated, murdered the Master of Bomby; but the country resolved to suffer his tyranny no longer. Twelve brothers,* blacksmiths by trade, who lived at Carline work, not far from Threave, made a cannon, consisting of twelve staves, each brother making one. They then bound them in the proper form, by twelve hoops, or *girds*, and carried the cannon to a commanding situation, still pointed out, and still retaining the title of Camdudal or Camp-Douglas, and at the first shot knocked a hole through and through the castle, as the breach now shows; on which Douglas fled, and never again set his foot in Galloway. It is said that, in his flight, he robbed the abbey of Lincluden, and with his men ravished all the nuns."—"I have understood," said Mr. Scott, "that he expelled the nuns on account of their irregular way of living; but I have my doubts whether he was so stern a moralist. You must make me a drawing of Threave, or any other town or castle connected with

* The name of these brothers was M'Min. I have talked with a person of that name, who claimed being their lineal descendant.

the Douglas. The Gordons succeeded the Douglasses, and some of them were not much better. I have seen a copy of a pardon granted to Gordon of Lochinvar for certain crimes and misdemeanors: for the slaughter of Lord Herries, and driving his cattle; for the crime of adultery; for abusing a witch, or supposed witch, and scoring her with his sword across the forehead; and for not only deforming the king's messenger who came to arrest him, but forcing him to eat and swallow his own royal warrant."—"With respect to our songs, we have the Lass of Loch Ryan, which you know; Fair Margaret, of rather spectral import; we have Lochinvar who carried off a lady on her wedding day. She—

'Sent her former lover a letter, her wedding to come see.

When Lochinvar he read the lines
He looked o'er his land,
And four-and-twenty wild wight men
All ready at his command.
He mounted them all on milk-white steeds,
And clothed them all in green,
And they are off to the wedding gone.

* * * * *

Now one bit of your bread, he said,
And one glass of your wine,
And one kiss of the bonny bride,
That promised to be mine.
He took her round the middle jimp,
And by the green gown sleeve,
And mounted her on his milk-white steed,
And speered nae bold baron's leave.
The blood ran down the Kylan burn,
And o'er the Kylan brae,
And her friends that kenn'd naething of the joke,
They a' cried out foul play.'"

"There's the banes of a good song there; try to recover some more."*—"The rest, so far as I can recollect, is mere doggerel. The disappointed bridegroom receives a taunt, that he had caught frogs instead of fish: *Kenmure's on and awa* is very good the old way; not the edition in Johnson's collection, but a set much older. In 1746 or 1747, one of the Gordons of Kenmure lived in Terregles House. My father, when a boy, used to accompany him to the fishing, and had from him many stories about Kenmure. Kenmure was forced out in 1715, against his better judgment, by his wife. On leaving the castle his horse stumbled, which, he observed, was a bad omen. 'Go forward, my lord,' said she, 'and prosper! Let it never be said that the snapper of a horse's foot daunted the heart of a Gordon.' There is a saying of hers often repeated in the country, of which I do not know the import: 'If the lads lose the day at Preston, I'll let the witches of

Glencairn see to spin their tow.' Some have it, 'If the dogs lose the day at Preston, I'll let the b——es of Glencairn see to spin their tow.' The uncle, William Gordon, said that she was a rank Catholic b—— from the highlands, and was the ruin of his poor brother. And added, that Kenmure had a favorite in the clachan he liked much better, to which the old song alludes—

'Kenmure's on and awa,
And Kenmure's on and awa,
And Kenmure was the bonniest lad
That lived in Gallowa.
Kenmure bought me ae silk gown,
My minnie took that frae me,
When Kenmure he got word of that
He bought me other three.'"

"The Gordons," said Mr. Scott, "were from the south. The parish of Gordon was their property. Two brothers left the country: one went north, whose descendants are dukes of Gordon; the other directed his course west, and became Lord of Lochinvar and Kenmure. You sent us Buccleugh, and we sent you Kenmure; and as you say the one was sent for stealing sheep, perhaps the other was expelled for something of the same sort."

An old gentleman made the third person at dinner. He spoke little. He was one of Mr. Scott's neighbors in the country. On preparing to go away, Mr. Scott said—"You will oblige me greatly by making me some drawings of your old castles. I am particularly anxious to have a drawing of Caerlaverock: it is a noble ruin, and the stacks of chimneys are still very perfect and in the finest style. I was once there, and was much pleased. Threave, also, I must have; but I suppose there is nothing elegant there: strength was the grand object. And any old scraps of rhyme, or anecdote, will be most acceptable. Come to breakfast to-morrow; and come early; you will find me in the library, and can divert yourself with a book."

Next morning I found him in his study. "There," said he, "is a line to the keeper of the Advocates' Library. Ask for a catalogue, and the keeper will bring you any book you ask for. You can also have writing materials." During breakfast he inquired if I was acquainted with James Hogg. "I met with him," said I, "on my way to Edinburgh. I was perambulating the country for a proposed road from the south towards Edinburgh, and on my route passed the farm of Mitchelslacks, where he is shepherd. I intended to call; but before reaching the house, I met him on his way to the hill. His plaid was wrapped

* See Scott's *Lochinvar*, in "*Marmion*."

round him, although the morning was warm and sunny. He was without shoes, with half stockings on his legs, and a dog at his foot. I inquired if he knew Mr. Hogg—"I am that individual." We sat down by a well; and I had a small flask of brandy in my pocket. We instantly became friends. "What are you doing in our part of the country?"—"I am," said I, "endeavoring to find a line for a proposed road up the vale of the Ae water; and hitherto I have met with no difficulty from the water of Sark, near Gretna, to where we are sitting. From this point I wish to get into Daar water, and so down the Tweed."—"Your work is near an end," said the Shepherd, "for the devil a wheel-carriage road you will ever get from this to the water of Daar." And on examining the country, I found that he was perfectly correct."

"Hogg is a wonderful man," said Mr. Scott, "and has been of great use to me in procuring materials when I was arranging the Border Minstrelsy; and furnished me with one of its best pieces, Auld Maitland, with some other excellent fragments." I mentioned that Mr. Hogg intended coming to Edinburgh soon. "If so, you will meet him here often. I hope that you are to remain for some time,—indeed, as a land surveyor, you ought to make Edinburgh your home. Come, and I will introduce you to some friendly writers; they have all the most lucrative department of your business in their hands, as I learn, by plans and surveys passing through the court." I mentioned that I had the offer of being appointed secretary to General Dirom, Deputy-quarter-master-general, worth a hundred pounds a year, and liberal leave of absence.

"Accept, by all means; it may, nay must, lead to something better; and I will be always ready to give you a lift."

"I am here," said I, "on a trial for murder; having made a plan of the scene and country connected. I have been summoned as a witness to describe my plan as connected with the circumstances of the murder."—"Mention the leading points connected with your plan."—"On the night of the murder, Mary Robson and John Hannay met by appointment in Dumfries to arrange their marriage. She lived with her mother about five miles distant at Lochruton, and he was a servant in Castlehill, about three miles from Dumfries. They were seen in the town, and also resting about twilight not far from the place of Hannay's residence. At the usual hour he appeared at supper with his fellow servants. He was asked what he had done with Mary. He

answered that she was gone home. He then apparently retired to bed. On the following morning the girl was found dead at a short distance from her mother's door. I was present at the precognition with the sheriff, Sir Alexander Gordon. In the mean time Hannay was secured. The girl was found on a rising ground. There had been a severe struggle from this spot to the bottom of the brae. The broom, which was in full bloom, had been grasped and stripped of its blossoms; one of her shoes was found at the bottom, where the murder had been finished; and the body carried up the bank, where the struggle had commenced, and the clothes adjusted. The black marks of fingers and a thumb were visible on her throat, and a little blood was oozing from her mouth. The body was warm when found. I was immediately sent to examine the ground. The servant, on going to make up Hannay's bed, which was in the stable above the horses, found that the bed had not been occupied. At some stiles between Castlehill and the girl's home, and on the footpath, the ground was soft, and I observed the print of feet, a greater and less, which I concluded to be a man's and a woman's; these I measured carefully, and found them to agree exactly with the shoes of Hannay and the poor girl. It was evident that he had made his victim conceal herself about the place; and, in order to lull suspicion, had made his appearance at supper, and seemingly retired to bed, but had again joined the girl, and conducted her to the place where he committed the crime.

"I am going now," I said, "to call on the Crown agent respecting the plan."—"He is," said Mr. Scott, "my most particular friend, William Clerk. I will, if you wish it, give you a card of introduction. You are likely to be the first witness called; and, after giving your evidence, you may remain during the trial, take notes, and compare the proof with the opinions you have already formed. I recollect," said Mr. Scott, "something of a murder that was committed in Galloway, where the guilty person was discovered in the same manner, by the size of his shoe, and also by some particular mark on the sole. Your sheriff, Gordon, was the person who took the precognition, and measured the murderer's foot, who was condemned altogether on presumptive proof, but afterwards confessed."

Mr. Hogg, soon after this, arrived in Edinburgh, and introduced me to Mr. Grieve, with whom we dined; and next day Mr. Hogg brought us an invitation to sup with

Mr. Scott, and to be in Castle-street at eight o'clock.

When we arrived, "I have reserved my wine till your arrival; and we will have, as Burns has it, 'some rhyming ware.'" It was Mr. Grieve's first interview. "I am happy," said Mr. Scott, "to meet a borderer and a poet." Mr. Scott read to us some of the introductions and two of the cantos of "Marmion." In the introduction to one of the cantos, there is a description of St. Mary's Loch, which Mr. Hogg praised out of all measure. The poetry, he said, was beautiful; but the accuracy of the description better still. Mr. Scott inquired if I had been at St. Mary's; and if so, how I liked the description.

"You have," said I, "given the lake what it has not, and taken from it something that it possesses:

'Save where a line of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.

You have no line of silver sand. You have been thinking of some of the Highland lakes, where, from the decay of the granite, the water is encircled with a beautiful line of silver sand. On St. Mary's, also, you have some good trees, particularly one very fine old ash, that has seen the deer resting under its branches 300 years ago.

'Thou know'st it well; nor bush nor sedge
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge,'—

is not rendering it justice. There are also some tolerable birches on the Bowerhope side."

"You are quite correct," said Hogg. "I had forgotten these trees, led away by the beauty of the poetry."

"Very well, Mr. Hogg," said Mr. Scott; "but a few facts, or a little sound criticism, is infinitely more welcome to me than any praise whatever. I am sorry that I had not observed these trees, as the part is now printed off. I am sorry these trees have escaped me; but my eyes are not good; and I should, when I am in search of the picturesque, always have some better eyes than my own near me."

It was a high treat to hear Mr. Scott read his own poetry: even the *burr* had a charm. His voice was harsh and unmusical; but the passion and impressive manner made ample amends. I have heard many readers of high character reciting and reading his poetry; but after himself they all fell short. There is, to be sure, a sympathy betwixt a poet and his work that gives double interest. He called on Mr. Grieve to repeat a "verse or two," and if his own, it would enhance the value. Mr. Grieve

recited a poem that was afterwards published in a collection arranged by Mr. Hogg. In my turn I gave a ditty called the Pedlar, who was murdered on his way to a fair. Mr. Scott was pleased to give me credit, and desired a copy. It has since been published. Mr. Hogg repeated, "The Moon was a-waning;" the best, to my mind, of the whole. Mr. Scott told some remarkable instances of the second-sight, one of which I afterwards recognized in the gray Spectre of Waverley.* "Have you any ghosts in Galloway?"—"We have many: Mary's dream, for instance, which is a true tale, and was told in my hearing by Mary's sister. Sandy had just sailed on a voyage. Mary had 'laid her down to sleep.' The rising moon was shining in at her window, when Sandy came and sat down with a *soos* on a chest by her bedside. 'Dear Sandy,' said Mary, 'your clothes are all wet!' The Spirit addressed her nearly in the words of the song. The lady used to say the song was improperly called a dream—it was reality."

"This," said Mr. Scott, "is a most beautiful ballad as ever was written. Did the author write nothing more?" I repeated some verses, and mentioned that I had a poem of considerable length in the handwriting of Lowe. "We are obliged to Galloway," said Mr. Scott, "for the first of our clan." And he read a passage to us from Scott of Satchel's history of the name of Scott.

'Gentlemen in Galloway by fate
Had fallen at odds, and a riot did commit;
Then to the south they took their way,
And arrived at Rankleburn.
The keeper was called Brydon.
They humbly, then, did him entreat
For lodging, drink, and meat."
He saw them pretty men,
Immediately grants their request,
And to his house they came.
To wind the horn they did not scorn
In the loftiest degree;
Which made the Forester conceive,
They were better men than he.
These gentlemen were brethren born;
The one of them was called John Scott,
And the other English Wat.'

"Our tradition has it," said I, "that they were banished for stealing sheep."—"Not at all unlikely," said Mr. Scott, "for they continued to practise the business on a pretty large scale when they settled in our

* When Waverley was published, I had no difficulty in recognizing the Bodach Glas, and nearly in the same words:—"I stood still and turned myself to the four points of the compass—turn where I would, the figure was instantly before my eyes."
—See Waverley.

country. It is," said Mr. Scott, "not a bad subject for a better poem than our friend Satchel's. You should, Morrison, try your hand."

Next morning, I introduced Mr. Hogg to General Dirom, who invited us to dinner, was much pleased with his company, and continued Mr. Hogg's steady friend ever after. He left Edinburgh to enter on his new farm of Locherben, which he had taken in company with his friend, Mr. Adam Brydon, of Aberlosk, in the south. About this period Mr. Hogg was arranging the "Mountain Bard" for publication; and I received many letters from him inclosing poems. Mr. Scott also showed me some of his correspondence. "I am afraid," said he, "that Hogg will neglect his *hirsel* with his poem-making."

I was commissioned to make a survey of a line of road in Dumfriesshire, the direction of which passed near Hogg's farm of Locherben; and on mentioning to Mr. Scott that I would call and see the Shepherd,—“Do,” said he; “and bring me an account whether he is doing any good. I am a subscriber to the ‘Mountain Bard.’ Here are six pounds—it is all that I have in my pocket; give it to him, with my best respects. He is, I am informed, an indifferent practical shepherd; and his partner, Edie Brydon of Aberlosk, is, it is said, a hard drinker: if so, the farm speculation has but a poor chance of succeeding.”

I rode some miles out of my way, and called at Locherben, but Hogg was from home. His housekeeper, a very good looking girl, under twenty, or about eighteen years of age, invited me to alight and come in; for she expected James every minute. She unsaddled my pony, and gave it plenty to eat. I told her that I had a small parcel to leave for her master. “I have two masters,” said she; “but I own the authority of Jamie only.” The bottle was put down; and soon after, an excellent tea-table was laid,—cold lamb, and fried mutton-ham, cheese, &c.,—“For,” said she, “you will not have dined.” She sat down, and made tea; and I would not wish to have it served by a better hand. Hogg did not make his appearance; and, after tea, the bottle and glasses were again put on the table. I waited till after sun-set, and then prepared to go, presenting the housekeeper with the money. She still insisted that I would wait an hour or two. “You have only to Thornhill to ride; it is the longest day, and it never is dark.” I waited still longer; but he did not come. I learned that the Shepherd was too often from home,

and his partner had a farm to attend to in Eskdale Moor; from all which it was evident that the concern must be much neglected. The housekeeper said that the farm was understood to be high-rented, and, even with the most prudent management, would have enough to do. She had left her father's house in a *pet*, and was a servant for the first time. “My work is easy enough; but I have reason to regret that I ever left my father's house.”

Hogg, from being a shepherd on the farm of Mitchelslacks, took, in company with Edie Brydon, the farm of Locherben. I paid a second visit to Locherben. My pretty housekeeper was then gone. It was the time of sheep-shearing, which was just finished. Masters and men were sitting round a small cask of whisky, drinking it raw out of a tea-cup. They were all rather merry. I sat with them for some time, and was regaled with some excellent mutton-ham, cakes and butter, whisky and water. I had a surveying engagement at Moffat, about ten miles across a rough moor. A number of the company were going the same route. Mr. Brydon was of the party, and fortified his pocket with a bottle of whisky, which was finished on our journey. I was obliged to attend to some papers for the greater part of the night, but I heard the distant sound of revelling. The establishment at Locherben soon after was broken up—how could it stand?—and Mr. Hogg, with a small reversion, took on lease a farm on the Water of Scar, in the parish of Penpont, about seven miles west from Locherben. Corfardine was its name. I happened to be at Eccles with Mr. Maitland for a few days, and one forenoon paid him a visit, distant about three miles. The ground was covered with snow; and on entering the farm, I found all the sheep on the wrong side of the hill. Hogg was absent, and had been so for some days, feasting, drinking, dancing, and fiddling, &c., with a neighboring farmer. His housekeeper was the most ugly, dirty goblin I had ever beheld; a fearful contrast to his former damsel. He arrived just as I had turned my horse's head to depart.

“Come in,” said he. “Put your sheep to rights, first,” said I; “they are on the wrong side of the hill, and have nothing to eat.”

“Never mind,” said he; “the lads will soon be home.” The inside of his house corresponded with its out. A dirty looking fellow rose from a bed, who was desired to go and look after the sheep. “I have been up,” said he, “all night in the

drift."—"You have been so," said I, "to very little purpose. Your *hirsle* is on the wrong side of the hill."

He ordered some ham, and bread and butter; but it came through such hands that I could not eat. Over our glass of whisky we had a long conversation. I strongly recommended him to give up his farm, and come into Edinburgh, and attend to the publication of the "Mountain Bard," which he said agreed with his own opinion, for that he had in contemplation a long poem about Queen Mary.

As Mr. Scott had warned me to keep a sharp look-out, particularly if his farming was doing any good, on giving him this account, he entirely agreed with the advice which I had given, and said that he would write him to that purpose. "Or why should he not engage again as a shepherd?"—"That," said I, "is now impossible. One who neglected his own flocks is not likely to manage well those of another, unless you can get him appointed one of the king's shepherds in Hyde Park or Windsor Forest. It would be a glorious sight to see him with his checkered plaid round his shoulders, and his dog, Lion, lounging behind him! On his first appointment I should like to have the keeping of the Park gates for one week, at a shilling a head; it would be worth ten thousand pounds. One half of London would be out to see him. One day of it would make Hogg's fortune."

Soon after this Mr. Hogg came into Edinburgh, and was at first received into the house of his friend Mr. Grieve, where I often met him, as well as at the house of Mr. Scott.

In the Upper Ward of Clydesdal I fell in with some old editions of some of those ballads given in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, and obtained two additional verses to the *Twa Corbies*.

'My mither cleket me of an egg,
And brought me out wi' feathers gray,
And bad me flee where'er I wad—
Winter would be my dying day.

But winter it is gane an' past,
And a' the birds are bigging their nest,
But I'll flee heigh aboon them a',
And sing a sang for summer's sake.'

I also got another edition of *Young Benjie*; and the pool was pointed out to me where the Lady Marjorie was drowned; her struggles to gain the bank are described but the relentless Benjie

'Took a *fouw* and fouwed her in,
And Bodell banks are bonny.'

Fouw is pitchfork, and the image gives a

fearful picture of savage cruelty. Young Benjie I have heard sung, or rather chanted, by the late Dr. John Leyden, with whom it was a great favorite. The air is beautiful and wild, and will be found in Alexander Campbell's "Albyn's Anthology." The ballad was given by Leyden to Mr. Scott, and may have received some dressing up. Mr. Leyden's style of singing Young Benjie was particularly wild. The tune is not a little obliged to Allaster Dhu, (Mr. Campbell,) whose taste for the old ballad music was exquisitely delicate. I likewise found a different edition of Johnie of Braisdlee:—

'Johnie sat his back against a aik,
His foot against a stane,
He shot seven arrows all at once,
And killed them all but ane;
He broke three ribs frae that ane's back,
But and his collar-bane;

Old. { Then fingers five came on belyre,
O, true heart, fail me not!
And, gallant bow, do thou prove true,
For in London thou was coft;
And the silken strings that stenten thee,
Were by my true-love wrought.'

On my return to Edinburgh, and showing my sketches and scraps, Mr. Scott wished much that I would return and explore every cottage and corner of Upper Clydesdale; "where," said he, "I suspect there is much valuable wreck still floating down the stream of Time."

This expedition never took place; as I was engaged to go, early in the spring, to meet Mr. Telford in North Wales, and engaged in a survey of the Holyhead, Chester, and London roads.

On mentioning the Holyhead expedition to Mr. Scott, he gave me several letters of introduction. "Draw every old castle and glen that comes in your way. Keep a regular Journal, which, if you bring it up every night, will be, so far from any trouble, rather an amusement. Wales is particularly rich in castles; but the old towers of the Welsh, prior to the ravages of Edward, are by far the most interesting, and have been much neglected. The Welsh have famous memories, hate the English, and are partial to the Scots. There are no parts of Wales, I suppose, where the English language is not understood. You may, therefore, have translations; and the more literal the better."

With respect to understanding English, Mr. Scott had been misinformed. I found many places where the Welsh language only was spoken and understood.

Among the Welsh superstitions is the *Mort Bird*, or Bird of Death, which appears

at the window of every person about to die. The Bird of Death, Black or white, is seen flapping its wings at the window or door.

On mentioning this to Mr. Scott,—“The warning bird we have also in our own country.

‘The Lady of Ellerslee wept for her Lord ;
A death-watch had beat in her lonely room ;
Her curtain had shook of its own accord,
And the Raven had flapped at her window-board,
To tell of her Warrior’s doom’ ”

When at Bangor Ferry, I received from Mr. Scott “The Lady of the Lake.” This book I regret much having lost. I lent it to a lady, who refused to return it. “You may spare,” said she, “yourself the further trouble of asking it; give it to me, therefore, with a good grace, and write your own name under your friend’s, Mr. Scott: and I will keep it for both your sakes, besides making you a handsome present.”

On mentioning this to Mr. Scott,—“I wonder,” said he, “you hesitated one moment to give the lady the book. I will replace it. Pray, what was the present she made you?” “It was,” said I, “a handsome Bible, in two volumes, accompanied by a letter of good advice, with a request that I never would sketch views on the Sabbath-day, and to make her a solemn promise to that effect.”

“Well; and did you promise?”—“No. I answered her with a story of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Johnson. When the latter was on his death-bed, he sent for Reynolds, and desired him to promise three things: ‘First, you are not to ask me to repay the thirty pounds that I borrowed of you long ago; second, you are to read a portion of your Bible every Sabbath-day; and third, never use your pencil on Sunday.’” To the first two Sir Joshua readily consented, but bolted at the third. The Lady wrote me back that Reynolds consented to all the three requests.*

Alas! she has been several years dead. I would give any thing for the book; and have some thoughts of making a pilgrimage into Wales to endeavor to recover it.

I was often at a loss to reconcile Sir Walter Scott’s descriptions of scenery, which were excellent, to his practical taste, which was not always in good keeping; for, after all, Abbotsford is a strange jumble. If he had searched all over his property, he could not have built on a less interesting

spot. The public road from Melrose to Selkirk passes within fifty yards of the front of his house, and is on a level with the chimney tops. I have read somewhere, by some dashing Syntax, the following description of Abbotsford:—

“Beyond the gates you had an extensive park, laid out on the best and boldest principles of landscape gardening, as applicable to forest scenery!” The gates are very simple affairs; and the park, a field of eight English acres, rising up the shoulder of a steep brae, with the public road passing betwixt it and the mansion-house. Before building his garden walls, and constructing a very expensive screen, as it is called, I seriously recommended that he would lift or remove the whole to a more eligible situation, and, being built of hewn stone, the affair could be easily done; and cited, for example, the House of Glasserton, in Galloway, which was removed, stone by stone, from a distance of, at least, fifteen miles, and it was of treble the magnitude of Abbotsford. “You require no architect, or new plan; the stones are numbered as you take them down; and if you have committed any mistake, you will have an opportunity of correcting it in the new erection.” “I wish,” said he, “that it stood on Castlesteads, or Turnagain; but it has cost me so much to place it where it now stands, that I feel something like a duke or lord of Drumlanrig, who built that castle, expecting, it is said, to marry Queen Ann; and, when disappointed in that plan of ambition, locked up, in an iron box, the accounts of the expense of the building, pronouncing a curse on the head of any of his descendants who should uncover the nakedness of their father.”

While I was engaged in surveying the estate of Abbotsford, Sir Walter was much with me in the fields. He used to come, leaning on his favorite, Tam Purdy, and tell me tales connected with the spot I might be surveying.

“This” said he, “is Turnagain; and the field below is Castlesteads, where, between the Scotts and Kerrs, a battle was fought in 1526. Buccleuch fled, pursued by the Kerrs, when one of Scott’s men, an Elliot, turned again, and killed Kerr of Cessford, which was the cause of a bloody feud between the families for many a day.”

One day a large wagon arrived, drawn by eight oxen, loaded with an obelisk from Forfarshire, or some of the distant eastern counties, covered with Danish or Norwegian hieroglyphics, animals, and so forth; and was erected, with great ceremony,

* The Bible was accompanied with other things: two very handsome shirts, six neckcloths, and three pairs of Welsh stockings, wrought by her own fair hand.

on the rising ground above Turnagain. Having, no doubt, been erected to commemorate some battle field, it was of little value out of its original place. My opinion being asked, I said that it had better be taken home again; for such monuments having been raised to commemorate some victory over the Scotch, were rather a disgrace to the country. Sir Walter pointed out to me, with considerable triumph, the door of the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*—that is, the old prison-door of Edinburgh—which he had procured, and erected as the gateway from his mansion-house to the offices. I observed that its grim aspect gave me a disagreeable feeling, to think how many human beings had passed through it, never to return but to the scaffold and death. How many of our noble martyrs and patriots!—"Yes," said he; "but many a traitor has passed also to receive his doom!"—"Yes," said I; "your friend Montrose passed through it."—"Noble martyr!" said Sir Walter, with great emotion. "As he passed to prison, up the Canongate,—placed backwards, with his face to the horse's tail, the hurdle drawn by an old white horse, and driven by the common hangman,—on passing the Chancellor's house, his head uncovered, the ladies, the Chancellor's wife and daughters, leaned over the balcony, and spat on his sacred head—the b——s!"

We entertained very different sentiments respecting the character of Montrose.

Abbotsford is intersected by foot-paths in every direction; and he was particularly anxious that none of these paths should be interfered with, although the road commissioners offered to close some of the least important up. "Remove not the ancient landmarks," he would say. The consequence was, that he never received any injury in the way of trespass; and the people declined of themselves to walk on many of these paths, restricting themselves to those that were least offensive; such was the effect of his forbearance. "If I was to stop up any of these footpaths, which I might be able to do as unnecessary, the people, if they took it in their heads, would walk over them in spite of both the law and myself; so far, then, my indulgence is good policy." His attention to the lower orders of the country people but ill accorded with his high aristocratical visions; and his political principles were as ill digested. He wrote and distributed the *Visionary*,† a poor ridiculous pamphlet, which he said

was written in a style to meet the acquirements of the country people. It was distributed in the villages around, Galashiels, Selkirk, Darnick, Melrose; and a large parcel was despatched to Jedburgh, Kelso, &c. A Conservative acquaintance of mine boasted that not a single copy of the *Edinburgh Review*, or *Scotsman* was received on the banks of the Jed. Mr. Harper, a great favorite with Sir Walter, and a very large, powerful man, was fixed on to distribute, read, and explain the *Visionary* to his neighbors. I asked Harper what success he had, and what he himself thought of the pamphlet. "O! man," said he, "it's *waesome* to see so good a man in other respects, in such a state of bewilderment."

Sir Walter presented me with some copies, and said, "They may be useful to some of your Galloway friends." After having perused a copy, I returned the parcel and said, that it was my business to prevent such principles being circulated in my native country. "Why," said he, "I have been endeavoring to prevent the rascals from pulling down the old house about their ears; and some of my best friends will render me no assistance."

AFRICAN DISCOVERY.—We have the satisfaction to announce the arrival in England of Captain Becroft, a gentleman well known for his recent explorations in the Delta of the Niger, and by whom part of the late Niger expedition—H. M. steamer, *Albert*—was so courageously saved, at the time when all the officers and crew of that ship, with the exception of two individuals (Drs. MacWilliam and Stange), were wholly unfitted for duty by fever, and were in extreme danger of perishing on the sand-banks in the lower course of the Niger. Captain Becroft, in the *Ethiope* steamer, nobly came to their rescue, and towed them to Fernando Po; for which service her Majesty's Government awarded him £100. Captain Becroft but recently sailed from Fernando Po for the Old Calabar river, on the opposite African coast, previously unknown, excepting *embouchures*. Having entered that magnificent river, he steamed up a distance of 400 miles, meeting everywhere with an intelligent and industrious race of Negroes, who received and treated him hospitably. At length he reached a rapid in the river, where, although there was plenty of water, he had not steam power sufficient to contend with the strength of the current. Captain Becroft returned to Fernando Po; and we are gratified to add that he has been appointed Governor of that island by the Spanish Government, and at the same time they have given him the rank of Lieutenant in the Spanish navy. From Captain Becroft's known hardihood and activity—and from what he has already accomplished for geographical science is an earnest for the future—we have little doubt of his adding greatly to our knowledge of that part of the west coast of Africa, to which he will shortly proceed, and will venture to predict that his explorations will have the most beneficial results as regards the slave-trade of that part of Africa.—*Colon. Gaz.*

* During the heat of the Reform Bill agitation.—E. T. M.

MISCELLANY.

SPAIN.—The appointment of General Mazaredo, the Military Governor of Madrid, to the post of Political Chief, was a concession made by the Ministry to General Narvaez, to save the capital from being declared in a state of siege. The liberty of the inhabitants was thereby entirely placed at the mercy of the latter. Senor Caballero, the Home Minister, leaves Madrid for Saragossa. There remains in the Cabinet but one hapless Liberal, Senor Ayllon, the only representative of this parliamentary party, which Senor Olozaga led against the Regent's Government. Senor Olozaga himself has escaped to Paris. Senor Caballero is now off to Saragossa, or some village near it, and both Queen and Government are left in the uncontrolled hands of the men who made the ruffianly attack on the Palace of Madrid some time back.

The following was received late on Tuesday by the French Government:—"Madrid, October 1.—The deputies elected at Madrid are Cortina, Martinez de la Rosa, Gonzalez Bravo, Montalva, Cantero, Morena, and Arraliet, all Moderados or Government men."

Madrid letters of the 27th mention that the examination of the votes on the election for Madrid took place on that day, under the presidency of Mazaredo. As this officer fills the situation of political chief, he of course presided over the elections; and in the operation of examining the votes the tellers set aside any number of votes contrary to their opinions. The Liberals have protested, beforehand, against the validity of the Madrid elections.

The French Government had received the following telegraphic despatches:—"Bayonne, October 3.—The elections of the provinces hitherto known are favorable to the parliamentary party." "Perpignan, October 4.—Prim entered Figueras yesterday with 5,000 infantry, 300 cavalry, and six pieces of artillery. He was there received with enthusiasm by the inhabitants." Great hopes are entertained of Saragossa submitting. Should it not do so, fears are entertained that some of the military will pronounce. At Vittoria and at Seville, too, there have been attempts at revolt. Barcelona papers of the 26th ult. announce that the patriot Pablo Por was advancing to the assistance of that city with four pieces of artillery. The division of Ametler was at Arenas de Mar, and was to have marched to Mataro with reinforcements sent by the junta of Girona. It consisted of about 6,000 men. The junta had discovered a conspiracy, having for its object to deliver the city into the hands of the troops.

By accounts from Madrid it appears that some extraordinary precautions, adopted by the authorities on the 25th, were observed on the preceding evening. Several pieces of artillery had been brought into the capital. The military authorities, whenever any disturbance should occur, were not to wait for the political chief to claim their assistance, but to repress the attempts themselves without delay. The troops are directed "to fight to the last extremity." Narvaez has been confined to his bed by indisposition. He, who is resolved to place himself on the ex-Regent's pedestal, is to be created Duke de la Concord.—*Examiner*.

GREECE.—Letters from Athens, of the 19th ult., state that the revolutionary movement was developing itself with perfect order and regularity. The royal decree excluding foreigners from public offices had given universal satisfaction. The King

made no objection to sign it, as it was not exclusively directed against the Bavarians, but included all foreigners. Three Frenchmen were included in the measure. Adhesions from the provinces were daily received, and no differences had arisen on any point of the country. The Palichares, who were marching on the capital, had halted on hearing of the success of the revolution, and returned to their respective quarters. M. Petzali, who presided at the movement of Chalcis, had been appointed Secretary of the Council of State; and a number of other persons belonging to the national party had been invested with public functions. On the 17th the King, Queen, and the Princess of Oldenburgh drove out in an open caleche, without any escort, and were everywhere received with loud acclamations.—*Ibid*.

GENERAL BOYER.—General Boyer, ex-President of the republic of Hayti, arrived in Paris on Saturday, with his family and suite, and took up his temporary residence at the Hotel Victoria, in the Rue Chauveau la Garde. The general's mother, an interesting personage, more than 80 years of age, and his nephew, accompany him; his wife, as has been already announced, died about six weeks ago. The ex-president appears to be in deep affliction at this loss, but bears his political reverses with great fortitude. The Minister of Finances, and M. Odilon Barrot, had interviews on Monday with General Boyer, at his hotel.—*Colon. Gaz.*

MANIFESTO OF BELGIAN BISHOPS.—The bishops of Belgium have issued a manifesto against the swarm of books of bad moral tendency daily reprinted (chiefly from the French) by the Belgian press. The extraordinary cheapness of these works has given them a wide circulation, and the evil seems to be rapidly spreading. The bishops also call upon the clergy of the country to form libraries for free circulation among the people. One library, which has been already formed, by donations exclusively, in Brussels, for this purpose, is said to have lent during the past year upwards of 30,000 volumes.—*Athenæum*.

THE SCULPTOR SCHWANTHALER.—The sculptor Schwanthaler is now occupied on two statues, of the size of life, of Huss and Ziska. They are to be cast in bronze, and deposited in a Bohemian Walthalla, which is to contain statues of famous Bohemians, and is being formed by a private gentleman at Lobich near Prague.—*Ibid*.

PRISON DISCIPLINE.—A new scale of dietaries has this week been received at our county gaol, from the Secretary of State. The present dietaries are more nourishing than those previously in use; and an important change has been made in those for prisoners sentenced to long periods of imprisonment. Under the old system a prisoner sentenced to a term of 18 months or two years, for instance, was treated from the commencement similarly to prisoners who were only sentenced for short periods. It has been found, however, that the strength declines as the period of incarceration proceeds; and it will be seen from the details of class 5, that convicted prisoners employed at hard labor for terms exceeding three months, will in future be placed on a better allowance than others. This change is most just and judicious.—*Gloucester Chronicle*.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.—Considerable sensation has been created throughout Poland and at the Court of St. Petersburg, by the attempt of a body of armed con

spirators—supposed to be Poles—to assassinate the Emperor of Russia on his return from the Prussian capital to Warsaw. According to the *Augsburgh Gazette*, the murderous intent was frustrated by a singular accident, the Emperor having preceded his usual travelling-carriage by eight hours. The shots intended for the heart of the Emperor were consequently fired at his aides-de-camp, but fortunately without effect, each having escaped without injury, although it is said that several balls were found in the carriage, and in the officers' cloaks. The *Journal des Débats* states that the Emperor was insulted on his passage through Posen by the people, who were at the moment much grieved at the death of General de Grohnan. According to letters from Warsaw, several persons have been arrested in that city, but the most profound obscurity covered the transaction, and no trace of the conspirators could be discovered.

In opposition to the above intelligence, the *Frankfort Journal* denies positively that the Emperor had been fired at, and states, as the origin of the alleged occurrence, that a footman, seated behind a carriage, conveying a part of the Emperor's suite, drew a musket from under his cloak and fired it in an obscure street in Posen. Now this story is in itself extremely improbable, (although our contemporaries choose to accept it as true;) and, moreover, it is the custom to endeavor to mystify the public upon all matters connected with Russia and her ruler. The *Augsburgh Gazette* follows up its original statement by additional particulars which induce a belief that, however much it may suit the policy of certain parties to deny the existence of a conspiracy against the life of the Emperor, such an attempt was made, although, owing to the extreme darkness, it was found impossible to seize any of the offenders. We therefore preserve our credence in the previous statement, that the shot was fired at, and not from, the Emperor's carriage.—*Court Journal*.

ALGIERS.—The *Moniteur Algérien* announces the discovery at Orleanville, in preparing the foundations for some new buildings, of the ruins of an old Christian church. On the porch of the edifice was found an inscription in Latin, of which the following is a translation: "Here reposes our father Reparatus, Bishop, of sacred memory, who for eight years and eleven months performed the sacerdotal functions, and who has passed before us in peace, the 11th day of the calends of August, in the 436th year of the birth of Jesus Christ.—*Athenæum*."

EMIGRATION IN RUSSIA.—A letter from St. Petersburg gives some account of an emigration, on a large scale, which is going on in the heart of the Russian empire; and presents, as the writer observes, a great resemblance to the migrations of the primitive races of the world. The movement in question aims at distributing the crown peasants, amounting to about twelve millions in number, and constituting thus a fifth of the entire Russian population, over those vast tracts of uncultivated land which are held, as yet, by a thin and scattered population. The emigrants of the best character are sent into the Transcaucasian provinces, where the climate is mild and the soil fertile. "But, in truth," says the writer, "none of these unfortunate beings are voluntary emigrants. They are all, more or less, the victims of a system of despotism which disposes, at its caprice, of the human species, as of cattle who are driven in herds wherever their owners will."—*Athenæum*.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

MOSAIC ROOMS AT DIEPPE.—We hear from Dieppe that the excavations at St. Marguerite, under the direction of M. Feret, the librarian, have brought to light six rooms in mosaic, and some skeletons of Saxon warriors, near which were found pieces of armor, coins, and fragments of vases. A complete Roman villa, in fact, has been laid bare. The size of the skeletons is small, and it is conjectured that they were young men of from 16 to 18 years of age.—*Court Journal*.

COPPER IN THE HUMAN BODY.—This subject is again canvassed, and M. Rossignon insists that in the organized tissues both in man and animals it exists. He grounds his assertion on recent experiments.—*Examiner*.

STATISTICS OF EUROPE.—At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences, M. Moreau de Jounes presented some new statistical researches as to the population of Europe. According to his calculation, the entire population amounted in 1788 to 144 millions, and in 1838 to 153 millions, which shows an increase of about 75 per cent. in a period of fifty years. The countries in which this augmentation has been the most rapid are, we believe, Great Britain and Ireland, (particularly the latter,) and Prussia and Austria. The increase of the population in France is by no means in the same ratio.—*Ib*.

FLYING MACHINE.—The ill-success of the inventor of the flying machine in England has not discouraged similar attempts elsewhere. A letter from Nuremberg, in the *Journal de Francfort*, informs us that M. Leinberger, of that place, has recently been exhibiting a model of a flying steam machine, or balloon, which has excited so much interest, that he is now constructing one 12 feet long, and 4 feet in diameter, with which he hopes to be able to perform experiments which will prove the practicability of the invention.—*Ib*.

A VOLCANO.—According to letters from Ancona, a volcano appeared last month in the rocky island of Melada, situated in the Adriatic, near Ragusa. On the night of the 14th the crew of a Roman vessel saw lava issue from the centre of the island, and flow over an extent of half a mile. The night after seven distinct craters were seen to send forth darkish inflamed matters.—*Athenæum*.

RICH LEGACY.—The town of Tournay, in France, has recently received a valuable legacy. M. Fauquez, one of its oldest inhabitants, has left to it a legacy of 410 pictures, some of which are of great value; 40,000 medals, 3,000 of which are gold, 15,000 in silver, and 22,000 in bronze; and the whole of his extensive library, chiefly composed of works on numismatics, several of which are extremely rare.—*Court Journal*.

RAILWAYS.—The *Journal des Chemins de Fer* says—"An inventor announces that he has found a composition which will reduce to a mere trifle the price of rails for railroads. He replaces the iron by a combination of Kaolin clay (that used for making pottery and china) with a certain metallic substance, which gives a body so hard as to wear out iron, without being injured by it in turn. Two hundred pounds of this substance will cost less than 12 shillings, and would furnish two and a half metres of rail. The Kaolin clay is abundant in France, and the valley of the Somme contains immense quantities of it.—*Athenæum*."

VON RAUMER.—A private letter from Berlin of the 25th September says—"Professor von Raumer is very busy in reading up for his proposed journey to the United States, where he intends to spend the months between April and October of next year. He at present thinks very favorably of the Americans, and of their institutions—so that their visitor starts somewhat prejudiced in their favor—let us hope he will return so.—*Athenæum*.

THE CORNEA.—On the application of the cornea of one animal to the eye of another—Dr. Plouvier, of Lille, states that he has a rabbit which was blind, but to whose eye he applied the cornea of another rabbit, and that the hitherto blind animal now sees perfectly.—*Athenæum*.

VENUS BY TITIAN.—In Dresden, the recent discovery of the Venus by Titian, now excellently restored, excites the greatest interest. This magnificent work has been more than 100 years concealed under a mass of rubbish.—*Examiner*.

CANAL OVER THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.—The French Government has just ordered M. Napoleon Garella, a young engineer of the Mining Department, and M. Courtines, an able member of that of the Pont et Chaussées, to proceed to the Isthmus of Panama, and seek for the best direction to be given to a canal of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Ocean.—*Ib*.

VOCAL PHENOMENON.—The *Times* informs us that in a recent number of the *Zeitschrift* appears an account of an extraordinary vocal phenomenon. The new musical wonder is a boy, who has the power of emitting three vocal sounds at a time, and can therefore execute pieces in three parts. The fact is attested by two names of considerable weight, Kalliwoda and Mayer, from whom letters are published describing the exhibition, and warranting the genuineness of the prodigy. His voice, we are told, extends over two full octaves, from a flat below the line to a flat above, in the key of G; the lower notes being generally weak, those in the middle stronger, but of harsh quality, while the upper notes are soft, and flowing as those of a flageolet. When singing more than one part the lad is unable to pronounce any words, and can only sing songs of the utmost simplicity as regards the harmony.—*Ibid*.

BLONDLOT ON DIGESTION.—The author has directed his attention principally to the gastric juice, which he regards as the principal agent in the functions of digestion. In order to obtain this juice in abundance, and in a pure state, M. Blondlot made an artificial opening into the stomach of a dog, which enabled him to extract the gastric juice, or alimentary substances, at various periods of digestion. In his work he announces that his experiments have been perfectly successful, and that he has a dog on which he made his first essay, two years ago, and which can supply him, he says, in the course of an hour or so, with more than three ounces of pure gastric juice.—*Ibid*.

SCULPTURES FOUND AT NINEVEH.—We hear from Paris, that M. Batta, the French Consul at Mossoul, has recently transmitted to the Academy of Sciences several additional drawings and fragments of curious pieces of sculpture, found in exploring the site of the ancient city of Nineveh, and having

stated it as his opinion that more important discoveries may be looked for, the Academy has been induced to request the co-operation of the Government to enable M. Batta to prosecute a work so highly interesting to archaeology. The application was so far successful that M. Eugene Flandier, who filled a similar mission in Persia, has been sent out to assist the French Consul in his further researches. From the united labors of these two intelligent Frenchmen, we may look for some further illustrations of the ancient architecture of the Assyrians, and of the sculptures which adorned the palaces of their kings.—*Ib*.

OBITUARY.

DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON. STUART MACKENZIE.—The right hon. gentleman, late Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, died on Sunday, at Southampton, in his 60th year. He was the eldest son of Admiral the Hon. Keith Stuart, second son of the sixth Earl of Galloway, by the daughter of S. D'Aguilar, Esq.; married, 1818, relict of Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, eldest daughter and co-heiress of the last Lord Seaforth, whose surname he assumed by sign manual; was Commissioner of the India Board from 1832 to 1834; represented Cromarty from 1831 to 1837, when he was appointed Governor of Ceylon. In December, 1840, he became Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands.—*Colon. Gaz.*

DEATH OF PROFESSOR BELL.—We have to announce the death of Professor Bell, professor of Scotch law, after a protracted illness. Mr. Bell also held the office of one of the principal clerks of session, which by his death has become vacant.—*Colon. Gaz.*

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

Great Britain.

Anatomy of Sleep; or, the Art of procuring sound and refreshing Slumber at Will. By E. Binns, M. D.

THAT Dr. Binns has discovered the secret of voluntary sleep we do not feel quite assured; but that he has kindly afforded to all persons the means of procuring a sound and durable slumber we are practically convinced; for, having placed his volume in the hands of a friend, while we were temporarily engaged, on our return we found him with the book in his hand, and in a state of the most profound repose, from which he was awakened with difficulty. As for ourselves, by means of sundry applications, as sal volatile, Scotch snuff, and sundry other stimulants, we contrived to keep ourselves pretty well awake in our perusal of the volume, which consists of 394 pages, of which 389 relate to various discussions of scientific subjects, not much connected with the subject matter announced in the title; but at p. 390 the real volume begins, and, filling exactly three pages and a half, then concludes. The au-

thor observes that, after 389 pages, the reader will be enabled to understand the principles upon which is founded his system of *procuring sound and refreshing sleep at will*. The system, as far as we understand it, seems to be as follows. First, let the patient take as large a dose of Dr. Binns's book as he is able, (see p. 363,) and when he begins to feel its effects, which will soon show themselves, let him then put on a warm woollen nightcap, and flannel socks to his feet; let him have a good fire in his room, (v. p. 390,) put a flannel blanket between the sheets, rub himself or herself with a coarse towel, and get into bed; then let him or her place his or her head carefully on the pillow (page 391,) so that it occupies exactly the angle a line drawn from the head to the shoulder would form; then let him or her take a full inspiration, slightly closing their lips, breathing as much as they can through the nostrils; then the lungs are to be left to themselves (p. 80), the patient must depict to himself that he sees the breath pass from his nostrils in a continuous stream, and the very instant that he brings his mind to conceive this, apart from all other ideas, (except, we presume, the idea of Dr. Binns's book,) and that instant consciousness and memory depart, and he no longer wakes, but sleeps. Such, gentle reader, is the sum total of this volume of near 400 pages, and we pledge ourselves that this is the only part of the whole relating to the subject. A more profound piece of confident quackery we never read in our lives.

Postscript. If a man attempts to think of his wife and children, we must tell him (p. 384) that he will not attain his purpose,—he will only be able to think of one child at a time; or if he thinks of the National gallery, he cannot think of the whole building, but only of separate parts of it, such as the portico, wings, or perhaps, of Mr. Wilkins, the architect. Upon these facts is founded, we are told, the doctrine of *monotism*. We forgot to say that brushing the forehead with a soft shaving brush will be found advantageous. (Vide p. 382.)—*Gent's Mag.*

Germany.

Lehrbuch der Ungarischer Sprache. (Compendium of the Hungarian Language.) Von J. N. Reméle. Vienna: Tendler and Schaefer. 1843.

Analyse Ungarischer Classiker. (Analysis of Hungarian Classics.) Von J. N. Reméle. 1842.

Ungarischer Geschäftsstyl in Beispielen. (Hungarian Commercial style, in examples.) Von J. N. Reméle. 1843.

Will the English readers, who have just sipped Magyar poetry from Dr. Bowring's translation, feel an inclination to plunge deeper into the literature, now such very inviting books as those of Professor Reméle are before them? We fear not: though indeed the plan upon which his '*Lehrbuch*' is constructed, is such as to render them extremely tempting. He does not begin with long tedious rules, but at once introduces the reader to the Hungarian tongue by abundant examples, both of words and sentences, conveying such grammatical information as is not contained in the paradigms by means of notes at the bottom of the page. The '*Analysis*,' which was published before the '*Lehrbuch*,' is not exactly on the same plan; as it is introduced by grammatical rules shortly stated. The substance of the work consists of selections from Magyar authors, with an interlinear translation.—*For. Qu. Review.*

SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Bride of Messina, with Choruses. By Schiller. Translated by A. Lodge, Esq., M. A.

Tragedies. By Serjeant T. N. Talfourd. *Mesmerism, its History, Phenomena, and Practice.*

Abyssinia. Journals of the Rev. Messrs. Isenberg and Krapf, Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society.

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Julian, or Scenes in Judea. By the Author of "*Letters from Palmyra and Rome.*"

Fidelity, or a Town to be let unfurnished: a Poem. By G. Hatton.

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Vorbericht zu K. Fr. Krünse's Vorlesungen über die reine Philosophie der Geschichte. Von H. K. von Leonhardi. Göttingen.

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Auli Persii Flacci Satirarum liber, cum Scholiis antiquis et prolegomenis. Edidit Otto Jahn.

FRANCE.

Mémoires touchant la vie et les Ecrits de Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, Dame de Bouville, Marquise de Sévigné, durant la Régence et la Fronde. Par M. le Baron Walckenaer—Deuxième Partie durant le Ministère du Cardinal Mazarin et la Jeunesse de Louis XIV. Paris.

Fêtes et Souvenirs du Congrès de Vienne, 1814, 1815. Par le Comte de la Garde. Paris.

